1933

Arrived: William D. Ticknor Jr. and Monday June 19
Elizabeth S. Ticknor with Billy Ticknor
(× his mark) and nurse, Mary Swaim, for a few days of happy loafing.

Arrived: H.R. and W.B. with Mrs. Sawyer, Friday June 23
Lowell Goud and John Laselles. Walter came with them, bringing the usual large truck load. The afternoon was spent in unpacking.

Arrived: Alexander C. Northrop and Saturday June 24
Richard J. Ames , and, in the evening, Ruth M. Dains .

Arrived: Thomas Rodd Bd , , Sunday June 25
John Nesmith . Boats were put out, and work was done on the canoes.

A "sea-y" fog settled on the lake for Monday June 26
most of the day. With the fog arrived
B. P. Schoyer (P.M.) and Bryson Merrill . Some canoes were varnished, a renegade Rangeley was recaptured and the white rowboats were launched. At lunch a sporting goods salesman appeared, hot for the chase. Something similar to the following dialogue ensued between W.D.T. and the s.g.s. "Could I interest you in tennis equipment?" "No, thank you, we don't play tennis here." "Then, perhaps you'd like to buy some golf clubs." "No, we don't play golf either." "Surely you'll need

Monday June 26 (Cont'd) some radio tubes, sir." "We have no radio." "Need 'ny 'lectric light bulbs?" The answer was too much for the salesman who was seen to grow smaller and smaller until he quite melted away.

After lunch E.S.T. read to us from Conan Doyle's "The Tragedy of the Korosko." A very exciting novel of adventure, it is all about a party of English folk who are captured by a band of fierce dervishes.

The rest of the afternoon was occupied with odd jobs such as taking stock of the contents of the Storeroom, cleaning and filling the lamps, varnishing the canoes and tidying up for Saturday, the big day when the first young recruits are to arrive. George E. Hall got here about four o'clock.

E.S.T. read some more after supper. It was great to join hands once again to sing "Taps."

Tuesday June 27 Partly foggy again. B.P.S. was accused of bringing the dirty weather with him. As if to defend him, and as if in answer to the accusation, the fog lifted in the afternoon as if by magic.

There is still plenty of work to do to keep the Faculty out of mischief. R.M.D., B.P.S. and T.R. put in a busy day in the Storeroom. A.C.N., G.E.H. and J.N. spent a good part of the afternoon in raking up the elusive leaves which had worked themselves in, among and under the pebbles in the yard.

The "Ouani" was awakened from her long winter's nap

and beached for repairs as she had several bad leaks. The canvas had parted under her shoe, due to strain.

Tuesday
June 27
(Cont'd)

E.S.T. finished "The Tragedy of the Korosko." The English party escaped to live "happily ever after," but the poor benighted heathen were all shot down without one dissenting vote. E.S.T. started P.G.Wodehouse's "Fish Preferred" at the evening reading. It offers quite a contrast to Conan Doyle's novel.

At Faculty Supper every one offered suggestions as to how the flag pole should be climbed, but not a soul offered his life.

The fishing is said to be particularly good this year, partly because a concerted attack is being made upon the voracious Wall-Eyed Pike.

A noteworthy incident which seems to have eluded chronological classification occurred this morning. A shriek from the Tutorium announced that E.S.T. and M.B.N. had found a nest of mice in a trunk of fancy dress clothes. Once the beasties were disposed of by the undertaker work was peacefully resumed.

Wednesday
June 28

It dawned foggy, and even Oak Island was obscured. The fog lifted after breakfast, however, and we had a glorious day. At eight in the evening, as the last of scores of screws were tightened in the "Ouani's" shoe, a thunderstorm of one minute's duration surprised us. Later in the evening heat lightning

Wednesday June 28 (Cont'd) was seen for a while. The breeze which followed on the heels of the storm brought with it the cohorts of mosquitoes. One poor wretch (a Prefect, not a mosquito) was particularly sought out by the critters and spent the greater part of the night slapping and scratching.

Bookkeeper and Treasurer T.R. looked unusually impressive buried in a sea of letters and ledgers in his Copley Plaza office. The contents of the Storeroom were once again checked up. Some jars of shellac were seen peeping forth from behind the peach cans. Let us hope it won't be served for maple syrup.

W.D.T. went to town to put in a call for a Mr.*** over the long distance phone. A Japanese butler (not identified as such at first) answered the call and told W.D.T. in the same breath that he was and was not Mr.***, and that Mr.*** was both at home and out of town.

Shortly before lunch arrived .

The Camp is looking more and more spruce in anticipation of Saturday, and only a few major tasks yet remain to be done, such as cleaning up the Boat House and sweeping out the dormitories.

Thursday June 29 R.G.A. felt (and looked) very sheepish when it was found that a chisel which every one had been diligently searching for had been functioning as that gentleman's seat. But R.G.A. more than redeemed himself, for later he was seen climbing the flag pole

with its halyard, aided by a pair of beckets and urged on by the cheers of a large audience. The halyard is now in place, and the flag flies by day while a lamp is hoisted for the night.

Thursday June 29 (Cont'd)

R.R. and E.S.T. went to Gardiner, returning in time for lunch.

The "Ouani" was made ready for varnishing. Twenty pounds (those who didn't repair her say fifteen) of ambroid, screws, plastic wood and white lead have been added to her bulk, and if she leaks a pall of gloom will settle upon the Camp for a long time.

B.P.S. has left for Yale-in-China (Yali) where he will teach English to the " heathen Chinee." If he were to teach Scouting to his pupils, Japan would certainly think twice before making inroads upon her neighbor.

The heat was sizzling today. Early in the afternoon the porch thermometer registered 92. But the heat seldom feels oppressive here on the Pond where a breeze is often stirring. The evening was beautiful and clear, and Sugar Loaf stood out sharply on the NW horizon.

The Camp doctor, J. A. Heyter Jr., arrived in time for Faculty Supper, but R.L.C. has not yet arrived on the scene. We hope his soul has not undergone a transmigration to the loon which whistled eerilyduring the night.

H.R., R.R. and J.R. left for Gardiner where they will spend a week before returning.

Friday June 30

Friday June 30 (Cont'd) The few odd jobs that remained to be done before the boys' arrival were soon accomplished. The brightly-hued picnic baskets were given a bath with plenty of scrubbing and soap. Various hymns and songs were gone over in anticipation of the Sundays and Sing Songs to come.

The "Ouani" was varnished this morning, and was launched after Reading while every one held his breath. Hurrah, not a leak was to be found, though G.E.H. was bitterly disappointed that she didn't sink on the spot. Times are getting harder for the Camp Jeremiah, for his baleful prophecies are no longer fulfilled.

At 3:30 the rehabilitated "Ouani" was en route for Oak Island with the follwing crew:

E.S.T.	M.B.N.
R.M.D.	J.N.
G.E.H.	A.C.N.
P.M.	S.O.D.
T.R.	R.G.A.

W.D.T.

She rounded the island in no time and returned directly to her slip. No casualties were noted except for a broken paddle, some splashed backs due to crabs (the first of the season to be caught), and a few sore muscles. A very lonely looking Seagull was seen perched on a rock just south of Oak Island. Its presence is a mystery to all of us.

We were agreeably surprised and much relieved to

Friday
June 30
(cont'd)

find upon our return, that the missing Robert H. Colmore had at last arrived.

A brief game of touch football was then indulged in by some of our more stalwart members.

A stiffish breeze sprang up after supper, and the Rangeleys had to be emptied.

R.G.A. left at ten to bring back the Boston boys.

Saturday
July 1.

Four boys arrived in time for lunch: Billy Eddison motored with his parents from Northeast Harbor, Jeff Wheelwright came with his parents from Bangor, and Freddy Hicks and Trubee Davison also arrived early.

In the middle of the afternoon R.G.A. arrived with the rest of the Ship's Company except Rumery who has been exposed to mumps. There was Soap on the Point for all hands followed by physical examinations by S.O.D.

After supper W.D.T. gave a short talk in which he welcomed everybody and explained the rules and discussed various aspects of Camp life.

After this came the regular first evening game of "Spin the Platter", with many wonderful stunts to redeem the forfeits. There was a thrilling wheelbarrow race, the two teams consisting of W.D.T. and Hicks, and S.O.D. and Chisholm however completely collapsed before the finish was reached. Billy Eddison ate a cracker and whistled with great efficiency and R.L.C.

Saturday July 1 (cont'd) and Mike Bridgman gave a wonderful rendition of a cat and dog fight.

After the forfeits were all redeemed we had a brief round of choruses ending up with the Camp Song. The new Campers joined in lustily.

With great pleasure we insert the newcomers' signatures in the Log:

F. T. Darison

W. B. Eddison

W. J. Wheelwright

F. King

S. Dunfore

A. Swaney

G G Ball

W. B. D. Putnam

G. Temple Bridgman

H. W. Carey

Frederick S. Hicks

Evan Parkins

E. Long

Warren D. Arnold

William H. Chisholm

Edward Hildreth

Sunday
July 2
Fair
T. 64
Wind E.

R.L.C. arose early to try out one of the shells, the Cygnet, and said that the water was a little rough for the sport. By breakfast time, however, the surface was without a ripple.

After service every one passed the Swimming Test with flying colors except Jeff Wheelwright who didn't try for it, as he has never had an opportunity to learn to swim.

During the morning, Professor Brown of Princeton who is visiting for a few days at a neighbouring camp called on us, with his son who may come to Camp next summer.

Between Swim and dinner many Kyaks were taken out, and the Shop was looked over.

After dinner W.D.T. and R.G.A. escorted prospective Algonquins and Iroquois over the Scouting Field to familiarize them with the boundaries.

Picnic to Merryweather Beach

Ouananiche

Wheelwright (pass.)

E.S.T.	M.B.N.
Long	S.O.D.
A.C.N.	Hildreth
R.M.D.	Davison
Calkins	Chisholm

W.D.T.

Corker	Abagad	Williwaw	Yammer	Erebus
M.P.	Putnam	P.M.	R.L.C.	T.R.
King	Arnold	J.N.	Danforth	Ball
Sweeney	Hicks	Eddison	Carey	Bridgman
R.G.A.	G.E.H.			

Sunday
July 2
(Cont'd)

Once lined up with the guiding Ouani in the center, the boats set forth for the beach. It was at first intended that the party should round Pine Island, but a slight blow roughened up the water, and, since it was the first day of Camp and every one's,muscles were not yet hardened up, we turned back for the beach just short of the island.

On arrival at Merryweather Beach, swinging birches proved as entertaining as ever, after which all hands joined in a rousing game of Wolf.

After the delicious supper had been eaten, we sang "Noah's Ark","John Brown's Body", and other of the old picnic songs.

After returning to Camp we had Hymns, which went very well, considering that it was the first Sunday evening.

To the half-past niners, E.S.T. read the customary "Feet of the Young Men" and the "Sending of Dana Da", finishing with a short story by O.Henry.

The Weather Man failed us this morning through a misunderstanding. Penitent, he has assured us that it will never happen again. The weather was fine all day and as unevantful as fine. Two exercises, one physical, the other mental, have begun: Addyhumps are in full swing, and"ghosts" and "dumb crambo" are played at lunch.

Monday
July 3

Sundry Stunts at 2:45

Ouani Round the Pond

M.B.N.	M.P.
Calkins	Eddison
Bridgman	Carey
King	R.L.C.
A.C.N.	Hicks
Ball	W.D.T.

S.O.D.

Fisheries

Worry	Williwaw	Pantasote	Erebus
E.S.T.	T.R.	G.E.H.	P.M.
Danforth	J.N.	Hildreth	Putnam
Davison	Arnold	Chisholm	Long
R.G.A.	Wheelwright	Sweeney	

Around Hoyt's Island glided the Ouananiche, getting back to her slip just before the Fisheries party returned. While she was gone the canoe and rangeleys made their way to Gleasons Cove where the party disembarked for the Fish Hatchery. There were a number of cement troughs outside the buildings, all filled with two inch salmon. The eggs had been shipped in wet moss from California. After he had answered the barrage of questions that were fired at him the warden showed three stages in the development of the

Monday.
July3
(cont'd)

salmon. In one bottle were some mature eggs with the eyes just beginning to show. In a second bottle the tiny helpless fish were shown with the yolk sacs still attached. Finally, in a third bottle were the slightly bigger fish barely able to swim. Before we left the warden gave us half a dozen two-inchers for the Acquarium. But the Aquarium must be mended, as during the winter the bottom was badly cracked by the frost, and it leaks like a sieve now.

After supper the warden came to distribute fishing licenses to the many who wished to buy them.

Quiet games were played afterwards, for the half-past eighters, followed by reading.

Tuesday
July 4
T. 64
W. NW
Bright &
Clear

All predictions of rain from yesterday's lowering sky came to nothing when the glorious fourth dawned bright and clear under a steady NW breeze. Lady crackers and salutes on the hill announced that cubicles were ship shape, stopping for only a short intermission when W.D.T. read the Declaration of Independence and we sang "America," "The Star Spangled Banner" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Instead of the chapters from Nitti's "Escape" and "Nicholas Nickelby" E.S.T. read "Zadoc Pyne" by H.C. Bunner and Rodman Drake's "American Flag."

Grand Fourth of July Special

Baseball

Minute Men	vs.	Redcoats
W.D.T.	Capt	R.G.A.
J.N.	c	A.C.N.
Putnam	p	Long
Carey	I	Chisholm
Arnold	2	King
Danforth	ss	Calkins
Davison	3	Ball
Hicks	lf	Bridgman
Wheelwright	cf	Hildreth
Eddison	rf	G.E.H.

Sweeney, sub. W.D.T.3d, water boy. E.S.T., M.P., M.B.N. and R.M.D., scorers. S.O.D., P.M., R.L.C. and T.R., Spectators-at-Large.

P.M. and S.O.D. caught the first fish of the season during the afternoon just off Pine Island. It was a twelve inch bass (total fish:one bass) and after supper several campers were inspired to try their luck with rod and reel, but with less success. "Boats" from supper till dusk found kayaks and Rangeleys out enjoying a more than usually

Tuesday July 4 (Cont'd) colorful sunset, and then the whole Camp of Citronella'd and towel-clad figures turned out to enjoy fireworks on the hill.

Firstly each of us set off small Roman Candles and Flower Pots (gifts which R.R. had sent down from Gardiner), and following this, pinwheels and rockets soared over the spot where the Minute Man had routed the Redcoats a few hours before, showering the ball field with colored balls and golden spray until time for "Taps."

Red Coats vs. Minute Men of Lexington at Concord July 4 19??

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
1			1	King	4	S/O		K		K		S/O 1						4	2	1		3
			2	Chisholm	5-7	K		K		K		K						4				
	1		3	Long	1-5	K		K			9	K						4				
2	1		4	Ball	5-4	S			F.C. 5		K	1						4		1		1
	1		5	Collins	6	K			K		K	3						4				
			6	G.E.H.	9		O		S									3	1			5
			7	Hildreth	8		K		K		K							3				
3	1		8	Bridgman	7-3		K			S/O 1		O						3	2	1		1
1			9	A.C.H.	2.		K			K		O						3	1			
			10																			
			11																			
			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	1/1	1/2	0/2	0/2	1/3	0/3	3/6										
Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..													Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
				Ball 2 Strk 4	Ball 4 Strk 5																	
Muffed fl fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.													Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.

1-base hits. 1-b. on errors. F'l'd'g errors. Batt'y errors.

Umpire..... of..... Scorer E.S.T.

Minute Men vs. Red-Coats of Great Britain at Lexington July 4 19??

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
			1	Eddison	9	S/O	K	6-4	K			K						5	1			1
			2	Wheelwright	8	S/O	S/O	F.C. 3	S/O 1			1						5	3	2		1
			3	Putnam	1.	K	S/O		S/O			F.C. 3						5	2			1
1			4	J.N.	2.	S/O	S/O		S/O 1									4	3	2		
			5	Oswald	4.	1-5	1-5		S/O		K.							4	1	1		1
			6	Carey	3.	S/O		S/O	S/O			1-3						4	3			
			7	Danforth	6	S/O		S/O 1	S/O			F.C.						4	3	1		
			8	Dobson	5	K		K	S			S						4	0			
			9	Hicks	7.		K	1	S/O			K						4	1	1		
			10																			
			11																			
			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	5/5	3/8	2/10	7/17		0/17	0/17										
Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..													Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
				3	Putnam 19																	
Muffed fl fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.													Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.

1-base hits. 1-b. on errors. F'l'd'g errors. Batt'y errors.

Umpire..... of..... Scorer E.S.T.

Junior Ball Tuesday July 4th

Amidst thundering salutes history was repeated again today, when the Minute Men defeated and utterly put to rout the British Redcoats on the famous battleground at Lexington.

From the start the victory of the Minute Men was apparent to the eager spectators from the town. Hand grenades of all sorts and sizes were so cleverly tossed by General Putnam that the enemy was scarcely able to advance. Their devastating effect was well shown by the fact that the Redcoat gunners were ousted from their stations no less than nineteen separate times. On the rare occasions when they did fire off their cannons the charge seemed to lack power, and in consequence few real hits were made.

On the other hand the constant shelling to which the Minute Men subjected their opponents ennabled the former to send reconnoitring parties all the way around the circle of enemy camps. Though these were unnecessary at first, they became in the latter part of the encounter mere pleasure excursions to relieve the monotony of the constant firing.

One of the Minute Men, J.N., sensing that the spectators, patriotic though they were, were becoming a little bored, enlivened matters instantaneously by taking a hand grenade from Putnam and hurling it at the head of R.G.A. who, though one of the onlookers, was strongly suspected of being allied with

the Redcoats. The Redcoats, by this time completely baffled by the battering barrage of bullets laid down by the Minute Men, called upon General Ball, who, quickly improvising an ingenious type of cannon, relieved their deadly position for a while. Some of the opposing Minute Men became so balled up by Ball's balls that they fairly bawled for mercy.

Their reserves were insufficient to withstand the shock, however, quickly rallying behind fence rails amidst the ineffectual railings of the Redcoats.

Wednesday
July 5
T. 59
B. 29.85
W. NW
Rain

More rain this morning called for another open fire at breakfast time, but it let up before squads, the sky remaining overcast.

A short swim gave much time for boats and "go as you please" before lunch, after which we continued with the adventures of "Nicholas Nickelby"

First Soccer Afternoon

Bluepoints	Little Necks
W.D.T.	R.G.A.
T.R.	R.L.C.
P.M.	S.O.D.
G.E.H.	J.N.
Putnam	A.C.N.
Sweeney	Ball
Hicks	Wheelwright
Danforth	Calkins
Davison	King
Carey	Chisholm
Arnold	Bridgman
Eddison	Hildreth
	Long

Just before the game Billy Sortwell and Peter Nicholas, recent Camp graduates, dropped in on their way north. The former played for the Bluepoints and the latter joined the Little Necks.

As W.D.T. remarked, this was not an off month for oysters after all, and the game ended with a 2-1 victory for the Bluepoints. T.R. opened the game with a good kick which was efficiently stopped and cleared by Ball in the Little Neck defense. The first period continued with an equally hard give-and-take and a great many out-of-bounds throws until T.R. and P.M. concentrated

Wednesday July 5 (cont'd)

their efforts on a long dribble down the field that looked bad for the clams, but the ball was lost in a muddle in front of the goal, and the first period ended with a scoreless tie.

Nicholas opened the second quarter with a short pass to A.C.N. but the advantage was momentary. Carey threw himself into a spirited attack of the opposing forward line that sent the ball to P.M. A strong but wild pass to T.R. was intercepted by A.C.N. and again Nicholas took it up in a determined rush of the oysters goal. He dodged W.D.T. and Carey, but his wily shot for a score was turned back by goalie Sweeney and the Bluepoints relaxed. W.D.T. cleared the ball, but A.C.N., taking advantage of the defenders' releif at their recent escape, tipped the pill to R.L.C. who took his time and upset goalie Sweeney with a straight swift shot that put the score at 1-0 for the Little Necks.

The Bluepoints blood was up at the beginning of the third period, and shortly after the kick-off they organized a charge that mowed down their opponents with its speed and accuracy. A pass from G.E.H. to T.R. whizzed by the bewildered Little Necks, and a careful bunt from the recipient tore between the goal-posts, making the score 1-1. The Little Necks responded with a furious drive in which their was more strength than plot.

The last period started slowly, both sides defending well with some brilliant stops by S.O.D. and Bridgman, but the"fight" was gone. A few encouraging remarks from Captain W.D.T., however, took the ball down the field, and in his zeal to save a goal Chisholm's hands went up, and it was a penalty kick for the Bluepoints. A discussion of fouls and penalties resulted in a free kick for W.D.T. from the line with both teams collected behind him and with R.G.A. alone standing up for the Little Necks. The shot was clean and hard and squeezed in at one corner of the goal above R.G.A's. outstretched arm. The score was 2-I for the oysters, and the last three minutes of play left it unchanged.

Wednesday
July 5
(Cont'd)

First Charades Evening

R.G.A.	R.L.C.	T.R.
M.P.	M.B.N.	E.S.T.
G.E.H.	S.O.D.	R.M.D.
P.M.	J.N.	A.C.N.
Long	Hicks	Calkins
Putnam	Ball	Eddison
Bridgman	Davison	King
Danforth	Sweeney	Carey
Chisholm	Wheelwright	Arnold
		Hildreth

I. "Dynasty" R.G.A.

Scene I Die. The noble Caesar (P.M.) and his ingenious right-hand man (R.G.A.) stoop to rolling the bones on the banks of the Rubicon. The Die is cast and the decision made, and the great statesman with his gorgeously-draped retinue continues on his way.

Scene 2 Nasty. We look back several years to a time

Wednesday July 5 (Cont'd) when the infant Caesar is suffering from a very loud - to judge from P.M's. blood-curdling yells- stomach ache. The anxious ladies of the house, and notably Caesar's mother (Putnam), send for the doctor, but even without his recommendation they apply the Nasty medicine, and, judging from the ensuing scene, it was undoubtedly castor oil.

Scene 3 Dynasty. Caesar soliloquizes, strides and dies before our very eyes. The crafty plotters led by Brutus (Bridgman) stab him, and from the audience rushes a new Antony (G.E.H.) with a very new oration.

2. "W.D.T." R.L.C.

An introductory speech by S.O.D. tells the audience to look not for common words but for a great personality as the basis of this charade.

Scene I W. Burlap and cotton and a great many "baas" introduce us to a sheep fold. Phyllis (M.B.N.) and Corydon (J.N.) begin the shearing and subsequently notice two missing ewes. Phyllis finds hers (Hicks) first, and presently the scene ends with Corydon's exclamation "I, too, have found a ewe (Ball)."

Scene 2 D.T. Ball and Davison as waiter and barmaid are engaged in serving numerous staggering patrons of the old saloon. R.L.C. makes a beautiful entrance and he and S.O.D., between hiccoughs, agree or disagree on the pink elephants and spotted snakes that accompany the D.T's.

Scene 3 W.D.T. The scene presents a familiar if somewhat exaggerated occurence at Camp Merryweather. Amid plates and table games W.D.T. (R.L.C.) raps for silence, makes an announcement and is clapped once more.

Wednesday July 5 (Cont'd)

3. Pigtail T.R.

Scene I Pig. Shades of evening reading when Millicent (E.S.T.) and Hugo (A.C.N.) again find the Empress of Blandings in the gamekeeper's cottage. Beech (T.R.) makes his pretended sacrifice, and the happy couple lead off the animal who, by the way, seemed to have a superfluity of legs.

Scene 2 Tail. It is a strange tale of a sick great aunt that takes the staunchest of the Harvard crew away on the eve of the race with Yale. He (A.C.N.) however, rushes off to her bedside and Tom Brown (Carey) takes his place amid the distressed moans of Coach T.R.

Scene 3 Pigtail. The Lord (Calkins) and Lady (E.S.T.) of a country estate have imported two detectives (T.R. and Eddison) to investigate strange nocturnal noises. While they are talking Mrs. Fu Manchu (R.M.D.) glides across the stage, and later the Doctor himself is caught by the trusty guards and identified by his Pigtail.

Even without half-past-niners all traces of the enjoyable evening were soon cleared away, and we heard the events at Blandings become even more complicated.

Thursday
July 6
T. 67
B. 29.64
W. N
Hazy &
Warmer

Before breakfast today the mists were hanging low on the hills across the lake, but soon afterward the wind changed to SW and the freshening breeze blew all signs of bad weather from the sky. By afternoon there was enough wind for a good game of Skowhegan and to give the "Ouani" crew a long pull to the Mills.

"Ouani" to the Mills

M.B.N.	M.P.
A.C.N.	S.O.D.
P.M.	R.L.C.
T.R.	Ball
Chisholm	Davison

W.D.T.

Skowhegan on the Ridge

Dakotas	Sioux
J.N.	G.E.H.
Putnam	King
Hildreth	Long
Bridgman	Arnold
Calkins	Sweeney
Wheelwright	Hicks
Danforth	Carey
Eddison	

Scorer: R.G.A.

Bending their backs to meet the stronger puffs of wind, dipping and even splashing, the "Ouani" crew drove her around Monkey Point, to the Mills, and across the east carry in just fifty minutes- dock to dock. An excursion into Long Pond and then back again via the more westerly carry which, it was agreed, was a shorter and more successful one. A brief recreation at the Mills' ice cream counter and then home with flags flying and the stern five standing as the "Ouani" sped into Camp with a following wind.

The Skowhegan was no less energetic, with the first

DAKOTAS

J		1			2			3			4	
J.N.	X	·			·		X			X	·	
Putnam	X	·		X	·		X			X		1
Hildreth	X			X			X			X	·	
Bridgman	X			X	·		X				··	1
Calkins	X	·		·			X	·		X	·	
Wheelwright	X			X			X	·		X		
Dunforth	X			X	·			···		X		1
Eddison	X			X	·			·		X		
	8	3	0	6	5	0	6	5	0	7	6	3
		5										
J.N	X											
Putnam	X	··	1									
Hildreth	X											
Bridgman	X	·										
Calkins	X		1									
Wheelwright	X	·										
Dunforth	X		1									
Eddison	X											
	8	5	3									

SIOUX

		1			2			3			4
G.E.H.	X	··		X			✓	·		X	
King	X	··		✓				··		X	···
Long		···	1	X			X	·		X	··
Arnold		·	1	X			X	·		X	
Sweeney			1		···		X			X	
Hicks	X	·		X			X			X	
Carey	✓			X			X	·		✓	
	3	8	3	5	6	0	5	6	0	6	7
		5									
G.E.H.	X										
King		···	4								
Long	X										
Arnold	X	·									
Sweeney	X										
Hicks	X	·									
Carey			3								
	5	8	7								

two games on the east and the last three on the west side of the ridge. Shots rang out almost as soon as the signal to begin was given, and the first game found all the Dakota team in the Boneyard and three runs for the Sioux. There were no runs in the second game, but the Sioux again won with six shots to the Dakotas' five. This time Sweeney was alone responsible for all six of his opponents' deaths. The third game ended the same: six to five in favor of the Sioux, but in the fourth the Dakotas rallied around and sent three of their band through for a run apiece. Their strength was momentary, however, as the Sioux retaliated with seven runs in the last game, Carey making three of them and King the other four. King was the highest scoring individual of the afternoon. He escaped death three times out of the five, made I4 shots and 4 runs. Long was next with 7 shots and one run while Putnam Bridgman and Danforth stood out for the Dakotas.

Thursday
July 6
(Cont'd)

In spite of an active afternoon, the dishwashing squad finished up with surprising speed and ran off to join the games on the hill. Prisoners' Base was as breathless as usual, and close on its heels followed four rounds of Musical Chairs. Wheelwright won the first, sliding easily past M.B.N. for the final chair. The second game ended with a hard fought and loudly cheered contest which M.P. finally took from E.S.T. In the third R.M.D. won for the ladies again, just beating out Ball, and in the last game

Thursday July 6 (Cont'd) the evening was brought to a dizzy close when G.E.H. and Bridgman both crashed to the floor, and the former, recovering first, won the game.

Friday July 7
T. 69
B. 29.85
W. SW
Cloudy

"Blankets on the Hill" today for the first time since Camp's official opening, and the sun came out just long enough tomake it worthwhile. Wrestling bouts started off with a flourish, there being time for just these four:

I) Arnold vs Putnam
2) Long vs Chisholm
3) King vs Bridgman
4) Sweeney vs Calkins

Putnam downed Arnold in 50 seconds; Long took Chisholm in 25 seconds; the third was a draw in 3 minutes and a quarter, and the fourth was still raging after one minute when the horn blew.

After lunch the clouds closed down, and the wind let up making an opportunity for the newly-licensed fishermen.

Fishing : Suppers Out
(take raincoats and sweaters)

Erebus	Terror	Pantasote	Yammer	Ident	Williwaw
S.O.D.	P.M.	G.E.H.	J.N.	A.C.N.	R.G.A.
Chisholm	Calkins	Ball	Eddison	King	Putnam
Davison	Carey	Bridgman	Hildreth	Long	Sweeney

Walk to NE Bog

W.D.T.	M.B.N.
R.L.C.	Arnold
M.P.	Wheelwright
R.M.D.	Danforth
	Hicks

The walk "thorough bush thorough briar" to the Bog was cheerful and spirited, but the purple-fringed orchid

was, as ever elusive. It is a long time now since the report of its existence there has been verified. There are still pitcher plants and traces of lady slippers, however and the explorers, far from disheartened, even made some show of running part way back to Camp.

Friday
July 7
(cont'd)

Fisherman's Luck favored only two of the others: Putnam landed a 16" bass, and Long hooked a bass and two perch while the rest grew envious. An intermittent drizzle around supper time sent most of the boats home although a few stuck it out, and even those who returned assured us that it had been fun and that the suppers were delicious.

W.D.T. read "Jeff Peters as a Personal Magnet" and "The Hiding of Black Bill" by O.Henry at Digestion Club and there were quiet games until 8:30. "Fish Preferred"is finished, so it was "Boston" for the half-past niners.

(Total no. fish caught: 2 perch
3 bass

Saturday
July 8
T. 63
B. 29.73
W. N.
More rain.

Sooty black clouds from the north brought a williwaw before breakfast, and by the time we were through, it had settled down to a steady rain.

S.O.D. and R.L.C. went to Waterville, and in time for swim came Samuel Sloan III from New York.

By afternoon the weather alternated between rain and shine while a battle raged on the soccer field.

Soccer

Amberjacks	Lumberjacks
W.D.T.	T.R.
R.D.C.	R.G.A.
S.O.D.	P.M.
J.N.	G.E.H.
A.C.N.	Putnam
Ball	Sloan
Sweeney	Wheelwright
Long	King
Hildreth	Hicks
Davison	Eddison
Chisholm	Danforth
Bridgman	Arnold
Calkins	Carey

During the first half the teams reminded us of the irresistable force and the immovable object. One brilliant attack after another was brilliantly repulsed, although, be it said, there were moments when both teams seemed to be taking short naps. J.N. led the Amberjack offense only to be repulsed by Goalie Sloan. G.E.H. and T.R. carried the ball back to bombard their opponents' goal, but a very neat shot off T.R.'s head fell into Goalie R.L.C.'s hands and was

cleared. Hicks suffered a period of taking swift balls on the head and chest, but the half ended happily when S.O.D. proved a match for Putnam's nonchalant effort to score.

Saturday
July 8
(Cont'd)

In the third period the crushing drive began which ended in a 4-I victory for the Amberjacks. Davison intercepted a shot from R.G.A., sending the ball to J.N. who passed it across the goal to S.O.D. who in turn put it through. Cheered on by success the Amberjacks pushed toward their opponents' goal again at the beginning of the last period. Goalie R.G.A. saw them approaching and called out to Putnam to stand fast, but even as he spoke a slight boot from A.C.N. rolled between his legs for another score. A score of 2-0 wasn't enough, and dribbling down the field, A.C.N. lured R.G.A. out of the goal, and dodging around him, shot true. This was too much for one of the Lumberjacks at least. T.R. took the ball from the kickoff, keeping it close to him, dodging Ball and sending a well-controlled kick between the Amberjacks' posts just out of W.D.T's. reach. The score was 3-I, but the high scorers weren't satisfied, and, plucking courage out of a muddle in front of the Lumberjacks goal, W.D.T. kicked the final shot and the game ended 4-I.

After soccer came the eagerly awaited influx from Gardiner. H.R., R.R., and J.R. returned to us and with them: Laurel Richards

Saturday July 8 (Cont'd) for the first time this summer. Any of us would have given a lot to sit at the family "Tink" for supper tonight.

First Sing Song

I. Overture - - - - - - - - - Chopsticks

2. Quartet - - - - - Prefects and Piano

3. Choruses - - - - - - - - - Everybody

4. Stunt - - - - - - - - - - John Blount

5. Choruses - - - - - - - - - Everybody

6. Interlude - - - Tales from the Vienna Woods

7. Stunt - - - - - - - - "The Speckled Band"

8. Camp Song - - - - - - - - Everybody

Treble trills and turns made Chopsticks a rival to Mozart, and then the hush of the whole tone scale brought hints of the moonlight and shadows of Debussy. All in all Chopsticks was so elaborately disguised by Sloan and P.M. that it kept us guessing and left us breathless at its abrupt close.

As expert in its simplicity was the prefectorial trio, made a quartet by the reliable accompaniment, vocal and instrumental, of P.M. J.N., G.E.H. and A.C.N. chose the rustic rendition of I) "She's Comin' Round the Mountain," 2) "Turkey in the Straw," and, finally, with straw hats removed and bearded chins bowed, "Cigarettes Will Spoil Your Life."

The choruses were lively and show a great improvement over last week. As a matter of fact it

would be hard not to sing your best with P.M. at the piano.

Saturday
July 8
(Cont'd)

The first stunt was the Ballad of John Blount and Mrs. Blount, a struggle as to which should "bar the door-o." Mrs. B.(Davison) decided in a clear soprano that the first of the two who spoke should do so. Three travelers (King, Wheelwright and Eddison) came in the door, ate up the victuals and even rolled Mrs. B. on the floor-o before they were rebuked by Mr. B.(Ball), but, instead of closing the door, the latter joined in a delightful dance that capped the climax of E.S.T's. artistic coaching.

More spirited choruses were followed by P.M's. really excellent rendition of Strauss's "Tales from the Vienna Woods," which, he claims, moreover, was unrehearsed.

The second stunt showed the terrified Miss Stoner (M.B.N.) finally admitted to Sherlock Holmes' rooms in Baker Street by a wary Mrs. Hudson (Hildreth). Mr. Holmes (R.G.A.) removed his feet from the mantle, and Dr. Watson (Putnam) came out from behind a newspaper as the client entered. Holmes' inevitable deductions and Miss Stoner's hair-raising history make the valient pair promise to come to Stoke Moran that night. As Miss Stoner leaves, her stepfather enters with heavy tread, black cigar, bowler hat, et al. Dr. Roylott (Sweeney) is a dangerous man to deal with (in

Saturday July 8 (Cont'd) witness whereof he bends the poker double under Mr. Holmes' very nose. He leaves as suddenly as he came, Holmes bends the poker back into shape, and the scene is over.

In Scene Two Miss Stoner leaves a light in her window and retires. Enter Watson and Holmes with pistol and magnifying glass. The bed is nailed to the floor, the bell rope is a dummy, and there is a ventilator into Dr. Roylott's room. In a moment the speckled band creeps down the bell rope, is thrashed by Holmes walking stick and returns to bite its master, judging from a shriek from the next room and the figure of Dr. Roylott, as he staggers in and falls dead.

Half-past niners enjoyed quiet pea-shelling and the first chapter of a new book, "Trent of the Lone Hand" by Wyndham Martyn.

-veaking a domestic Tragedy that the fog muzzed.

THE KEYS..

Canon, to be s ung by J.R..

Air; "My true-love hath my heart."

My nephew hath my keys,
And I have his;
By s ad exchange,
T he one for the other given;
His keys are mine,
And mine he cannot miss,
There never was a sadder
Bargain driven..

His keys for mine
He kindly doth exchange;
My keys for his
In trouser-poke bestows;
He sends my keys
All laundry-ward to range;
I hold his keys, alas !.
The source of all my woes..

My nephew hath my keys !
And I have his !

L.E.R.
July 10th.

Appointments for the Week

Inspectors - - - - King and Ball
Flag - -- - - - - Eddison
Weather - - - - - Carey

Sunday
July 9
T. 65
B. 29.7
W. NE
Open & shut

This morning was discouraging to even the stoutest hearts. It seemed as though the clouds and rain had decided to stay with us for good.

R.R. and J.R. went to Gardiner after lunch, and as "Julius Caesar" progressed in reading, the skies cleared and a water picnic was assured.

Picnic to North Beach

Ouani

R.M.D. (pass.)
E.S.T. (pass.)

T.R.	R.L.C.
Chisholm	Calkins
Arnold	Bridgman
P.M.	King
Putnam	Sweeney

W.D.T.

Abagad	Worry	Williwaw	Pantasote	Yammer
M.B.N.	M.P.	S.O.D.	A.C.N.	J.N.
Hicks	Davison	Ball	Hildreth	c Sloan
Carey	Danforth	Long	Wheelwright	Eddison
R.G.A.	G.E.H.			

Safely landed at North Beach, Campers and all took their lives in their hands in a game of Prisoners' Base. The ground was of the roughest, and it was not only the prisoners waiting to be freed who lay sprawled on the ground with outstretched arms. The "Two's" were undoubtedly the stronger team, but all our appetites seemed equally good when it was "all around" for supper. Even an earthworm and a curious young

Sunday hiefer could not disturb us
July 9
(cont'd) This Sunday's attempt to guide by the Ouananiche was a great improvement over last.

Monday
July IO
T 64
B 29.46
W SE
Hazy

Where are T.R. and P.M? They missed H.R's. talk on Scouting this morning, but perhaps just getting accustomed to Nature in Gleason's fields was a worthy substitute. Believing in setting a kayak to catch a kayak, G.E.H. paddled up for the mail this morning. A new kind of daisy (bearing a strong ressemblance to those "ennameled eyes" of which Milton speaks) disturbed him at Gleason's, and, investigating, he was rewarded to find P.M. and T.R. at the root of the thing. It was not the trip around the Horn, but a discussion as to what kind of bark the water tower grew that had tired them, so Walter had promised to carry the kayaks, and though it was three hours since, they still had faith. Perhaps that simple, effortless acceptance is one of the lessons Nature teaches.

Nothing short of a din met the adventurers when they returned just I3 hours and 20 minutes after the start. After all, they had explored where angels feared to tread and had set a kayak record around the Horn. We don't remember, but we don't think they joined the chinning:

Chinning Results

Putnam 8
Arnold 6
King 6
Wheelwright 6
Bridgman 5

Monday
(Cont'd)

Chinning Results (Continued)

Sweeney 4
Carey 3
Eddison 3
Hicks 3
Long 3
Ball 2
Hildreth 2
Danforth I
Calkins 0
Chisholm 0
Davison 0

Good fishing weather preceded suppers out all around.

Ouani Cypripedium Spectabole in Serchibus

W.D.T.3d (pass.)

M.B.N.	M.P.	(TAKE EXTRA TROUSERS & SNEAKERS)
W.D.T.3d	Arnold	
Calkins	Hicks	
Danforth	Sloan	
A.C.N.	W.D.T.	

T.R.

Fishing- Suppers out

Chub	Arklet	Hornpout	Wobbler	Yam'r	Wil'w
S.O.D.	J.N.	P.M.	R.G.A.	G.E.H.	R.L.C.
Putnam	Ball	Hildreth	King	Bridg'n	Chis'm
Wheelwright	Sweeney	Long	Eddison	Carey	Davis'n

The fishermen had only one short shower this time but no particular luck. Putnam caught one bass and Chisholm a bass and a perch. P.M. trapped a bass which was short but was kept through ignorance as to its genus. A strong SE breeze pushed up a little sea toward evening, and this was enough to disturb Sweeney's growing unrest. He is in the Infirmary for a short spell, but S.O.D. reports nothing unusual.

The "Ouani" crew were looking for orchids and tall ladyslippers. They returned with grasses and Joe Pie weed, but the expedition was as successful

as it was muddy. There's nothing more exciting than tramping over marshes when at any moment most of you may disappear underground. We stopped for supper at Chute where extra trousers and sneakers went on.

Monday (Cont'd)

L.E.W. and L.E.W.2nd stopped in for the night, joining us at Monkey in Sight.

(Total fish for the season: 9; 6 bass. And add P.M. and T.R. if you will).

H.R. finished his talk on Scouting this morning, but still there is no chance for practice games.

Tuesday
July II
T 63
B 29.76
W SSE
Rain, rain

Table games came to an abrupt halt today at lunch when the lamp over the Tink burned out its moorings and crashed to the floor. It really seems miraculous that no damage was done. The lamp bounced from the back of L.E.R's. chair to the floor and J.R. carried it out. R.G.A. put out the flames which flickered around the ceiling with a damp cloth. We cannot help admiring the collected calm of the Tink that made so little out of what might have been a dangerous much.

Soon after lunch came Gregory Wagner and, tomorrow morning he and J.R. will leave for their camping-fishing trip at Snow Mountain.

More Soccer This Afternoon

Eskimos	Fuegians
W.D.T.	T.R.
R.G.A.	R.L.C.

Tuesday
(Cont'd)

Soccer (continued)

Eskimos	Fuegians
S.O.D.	P.M.
G.E.H.	J.N.
Ball	A.C.N.
Putnam	Sloan
Wheelwright	Arnold
King	Long
Bridgman	Carey
Hildreth	Hicks
Davison	Eddison
Calkins	Chisholm
	Danforth

It seemed to be an even struggle between hot and cold this afternoon, the score resting at I-I, and both goals being made during the third period. The first half was more or less wasted in warming up. The Fuegians' attack seemed hot enough to melt the Eskimos' defense, but W.D.T. at goal, whether on his hands and knees or two feet in the air, pulled down all his opposers' dangerous shots.

At the beginning of the third period the Fuegians' flames burned brighter, and they started a war dance in front of the Eskimos' goal that caused R.G.A. to melt before our very eyes. During a mighty scrum he fell to the ground, and R.L.C. assisted by A.C.N. pushed on to a score. Although momentarily confused the Eskimo Goalie rose to his feet and successfully quenched three perfect sizzlers that the Fuegians hoped would burn through to another score. During this same attack, Stonewall Hildreth easily repulsed two scorchers from A.C.N.'s toe, and, remaining per-

Log Poetry Contest

post your poems here before to-night. The winner will become immortal in the July 10, 1933 Log.

rules 1.) The subject matter shall be the same as that portrayed in the sample poem below!

Provocation for a Mail-man

Sample Poem

In Gleason's fields the daisies grow ----
Two nature lovers wish to know
The mystery of growing Things,
And while the faithful Walter brings
Their Kayaks to the pale and wan
A blissful sleep goes on and on.
Ah, mail-man, do you think you must
Disturb the slumbers of the just?

Was it their fault that, all agog,
They took the right bank, in the fog?
When Walter saved them from the carry
Could they know that he would tarry?
Now, after paddling thirteen hours,
Let them rest amidst the flowers!
Dear mail-man, is it in your heart
That they and Morpheus should part?

(M.B.N.)

Prize Poem

HOHEN BELGRADE

(WITH IMPROVEMENTS ON T. CAMPBELL)

By Long Pond, like a knell of woe,
Hoarsely honked the carrion crow,
And dark as inkpots was the flow
of Belgrade rolling rapidly

But Belgrade heard another tone
Far different from the raucous loon,
When came amid the silvery moon
Two sons of Nessmuk, valiantly

With flames of glory fast arrayed,
Each paddler pulled his massy blade
And with a veritable cascade
Roiled the dark river.

The Nereids then must seek the deep
The tumult had disturbed their sleep
The octopi behaved like sheep
They blushed at the temerity

Then rose the waves with paddles riven
Then rushed the boats with vigour driven
The old sea-serpent sought oblivion
The frighted frogs gave cry.

No greater glory e'er shall rise
Before the nighthawk's mazed eyes
No Belgrade rolling rapidly

Other successful entries in the

Log Poetry Contest

(P.M.)

A DEFENSE OF TWO INTREPID GUYS

"We were crowded in the cabin
Not a soul would dare to sleep.
It was midnight on the waters
And a storm was on the deep."

REFRAIN – "THE TOADY HORNED TOAD HORNED."

The foaming whitecaps sliched and sqoosched
In seething Belgrade stream,
But the fearless sailors kayaked on
Though the mist was thick as cream.

Off the starboard bow a snag arose
From the deep with a terrible cry;
A Pink Sea Monster just astern
Kept ever blooping nigh.

The valiant mariners' bodies wracked
With gleeking oomshing pain
With bananas and chocolate reinforced
Kept a whip hand over the main.

They lay down for a sec in the fields,
Why not?
Were they Gods or Giants or Zaps?
After Rounding Tierra del Fuego,
Sure, a spot of repose okays.

(over)

they were mocked and flyspeed on every hand
By blubbering landlubbers — gee,
what dumb goolstickers, all of them,
not to know the Water Tank Tree!

L'Envoi

If you horn Horners hereafter,
You'll find yourselves on a rafter.
Before you horners horn
Horn the Horn at 3 in the morn.

(A.C.N.)

LINES TO FILL UP THE BULLETIN BOARD

1) From the meadows am ejecting
The paddlers mournful snores,
While the mail-man is effecting
The worst of Prefects' chores.

2) Over the Great Pond they cruised,
Down Long Pond they swept,
Through Belgrade Stream they snoozed,
And in Walter's field they slept.

3) Our heroes' ignorance was crass,
They ignored a principle,
In a kayak you can't use gas,
One needs arms invincible.

4) But let the welkin ring out loud
For they're returned home,
And have been met by such a crowd
As necessitates this poem.

Diogenes

L.E.R.

Respond the Lobster
Sir: "Three Jolly Fishermen".
There were two merry sailors
to Scotland sailed on some Corn
And they would go ~~fiddling~~ in boats
& paddling round the Horn.
Look a there! Look a There!
Look a there, my Cole, Look a there

And all night they paddled,
And nothing did they find
Except the breakers on either hand
And there they left behind
Look a there &c

And all night they paddled
And nothing did they know
Except that round the Horn appeared
An endless way to go;
Look a there &c

And all night they paddled,
Till morning 'gan to peep,
Sick then upon a grassy bank
They laid them down to sleep
Look a there

They had had enough of peddling,
It almost broke their hearts,
And so they sent the bangle home
Still ~~[illegible]~~ unsold in a cart.
Look on [illegible],

=

Now Cousin, hear my counsel!
Unless your brains are addle,
Pray do not take a bangle
Around the Horn to peddle!

fectly cool, he tipped the ball out and down the field where it was destined to score. The Fuegians were burnt out for the moment and King, cooly calculating, pushed a pass to W.D.T. who drove it through. For a moment Goalie Danforth stood up. but King and W.D.T. were too much for him, and he flickered low, making the score I-I.

Tuesday (Cont'd)

The fourth period brought more amusement than force. Five times in a row the ball bounced from head to head; W.D.T. and R.L.C. got wound up in what looked more like wrestling or football than soccer; a man with a bean shave was seen trying to tear his hair, and Bridgman was counseled by R.G.A. not to "kick with his hands." S.O.D's. accurate stops and long hard clearing from the Eskimo goal pulled up the average of play, but there was no move to work off the tie when the game was over.

In Digestion Club W.D.T. read Stewart Edward White's "Buried Treasure," and there was just time for two rounds of "Chick-a-me, Chick-a-me" before half past eight. The half past niners played what we called "Hoof and Mouth" for want of a better title, identifying (or trying to do so) eyes, noses and hands of the opposing team. T.R's. side won by a slight margin, but, of course, they may have had a better light.

Wednesday
July I2
T 64
B 29.86
W SW
Fair at
last

J.R. and J.G.W. started early this morning for Snow Mountain. R.R. went into Gardiner and returned in the afternoon with Mrs. Langdon Marvin and Don. For lunch came Mr. and Mrs. Eddison and a brother of Billy's. The nice weather has brought us visitors again. Let's hope it holds. There took place again this morning with the following results:

Wrestling

Chisholm	vs	Calkins	: a draw in 3½ minutes
Bridgman	vs	Carey	: " " " " "
Long	vs	King	: again the same results
Davison	vs	Arnold	: Davison in 2' and I5"
Putnam	vs	Hildreth	: a draw in I'.

After lunch the weather was still holding so:

Senior Ball

Biceps	vs	Forceps
T.R.	c	J.N.
Putnam	p	S.O.D.
A.C.N.	I	P.M.
Bridgman	2	Long
King	3	Ball
Sloan	ss	Carey
Danforth	rf	G.E.H.
R.G.A.	cf	R.L.C.
Hildreth	lf	Hicks

Umpires: R.L.C., R.G.A., G.E.H., W.D.T. etc.
Scorers: E.S.T., M.B.N., M.P., R.M.D.

Practice Track and Field with W.D.T.

Arnold
Calkins
Chisholm
Davison
Eddison
Sweeney
Wheelwright

The track-and-fielders learned how to do it. They practised starts for the sprint, how to broad jump, and last but not least, the 440. The Miz Tree no longer holds terror for them, judging from the way they tore around the course this afternoon. Calkins' long legs brought him in first. The champions of last year had better look to their laurels.

Second Charade Evening

I. Intermission - T.R.

SceneI: inter. A wily and colorful pirate band under the leadership of A.C.N. deposited their treasure in a deep hole. In return for a supercilious remark, one of the band (King) received a "bellyfull of steel" and was also dropped into the hole. Dead men tell no tales.

Scene 2: mission .·The devoted shepherd of a noisy flock of cannibals (T.R.) welcomes two visiting ladies (E.S.T. and R.M.D.) to see his excellent work in bringing civilization to the savages, but King Ubi Ergo (A. C.N. wasn't sure how to spell his name) is feeling the weather today, and the scene ends with a war whoop which probably brought those poor visitors to the boiling point.

Scene 3: intermission. A row of expectant children watched "our hero" (Carey) tied to a chair, face the horrible death the villain (A.C.N) has promised. But was he killed? The intermission comes at this

Wednesday (Cont'd) moment, and not for several tense minutes does the screen lift again. Then we see the pure maiden (E.S.T.) save her hero with papa's shotgun. Virtue is rewarded.

2. Cannibal - R.G.A.

Scene I. can. Two kayaks with legs which conversation shows to belong to P.M. and T.R. (per R.G.A.) decide that this is too much. They have been all the way around the horn and are exhausted. Now can they make the carry without Walter's help. Although the word is can, the decision is cannot.

Scene 2. nibble. Although this has been a beautiful clear day, they are still fishing. A row of expectants have their rods erect and their lines off stage. We expected something big to come out of such a lake, but they have only a nibble.

Scene 3. cannibal. The Professor (G.E.H.) had been wandering through the wilds for days on end accompanied by the explorer (R.G.A.). The elusive herb that they pursued was found, oddly enough, beside a pot of boiling water, and before they could move, innumerable bloodthirsty little men in bathing suits and earrings were upon them, happy to be thus treated to a meal.

3. Renigger. R.L.C.

Scene I. re. A scene in the little red schoolhouse with M.B.N. presiding. It seems that rebuff doesn't

mean " to recolor," that trees do not "relief" in the spring, that "retire" does not pertain to an automobile and that "renew" is not the place where you get a divorce. Teacher's pet (R.L.C.) however, successfully provides the sentence:"Defeat went over defense before detail."

Wednesday (Cont'd)

Scene 2. nigger. Mr. Wiggins (J.N.) visits a school friend(R.L.C.) at the latter's father's-in-law place. Pa-in-law (Ball) is charming, but he takes exception to the noise the large negro Sambo (S.O.D.) and the children (Sweeney and Wheelwright) are making. They all go out, and Mr. Wiggins inquires about the old family retainer, finding that he had become attached because he and pa-in-law had had adjoining cells in Charleston jail.

Scene 3. renigger. T.R. (Hicks) and P.M. (R.L.C.) suffer again, but this time find repose amongst the beaming faces of daisies in Gleason's fields. G.E.H. (as portrayed by J.N.) is once more a hero, as he discovers and encourages them with the same inimitable laugh.

A few choruses, and then half past eight. W.D.T. rescues a drifting boat, and Anthony Trent becomes more involved.

Senior Ball July 12

In a throbbing game before thundering thousands in the stadium atop the hill, the Blustering Biceps were barely beaten by the Forceful Forceps in a fracas full of fireworks.

After the customary bat-clutching manoeuvre in which Captain R.G.A. of the Biceps was victorious, the muscular aggregation elected the field, and the struggle began. The first three chukkers gave some indication of the calibre of the combat, for the opposing pitchers, ably assisted by stellar pasture work, ruthlessly resisted all attempts to score.

However, in the fourth frame with prying probe and lunging lancet, the Forceps rent a hole in the Biceps' defense, following successive bingles by Ball, S.O.D. and J.N. In the next two innings, in spite of Putnam's masterly twirling, and aided by good luck, errors, bumps in the ground and occasional hits, the Forceps ran up their tally-total to five, and the game seemed in the Frigidaire, so to speak.

However, it was in the sixth round that an event occurred which will go resounding through the corridors of time: a happening which equals in importance (nay, even exceeds) such epoch-making events as the discovery of America and the return of beer. R.L.C. strode to the platter, clutched the waggon tongue, swung both humeri,

and dropped a bunt a few feet from the home dish. Then, with wings like those of a bird, 'midst a cloud of flying femora, he glided around the bases like a galloping gazelle to score. Later in that notable sixth, G.E.H. grasped the old hip-bone and smote the lozenge far into the pasture, but R.G.A. upstretched an undulating ulna and enveloped the pill in all five metacarpals to retire the side.

All was comparatively quiet till the eighth when the Biceps suddenly contracted, a veritable hemorrhage of hits resulted. King, Bridgman, T.R., A.C.N., and R.G.A. all contributed. The Forceps, with their backs to the wall, applied a tourniquet and a couple of hemostats to check the eruption.

With their precious lead all but obliterated, the Forceps tightened their grip and temporarily went berserk in the first half of the ninth. J.N., that stellar defender of the platter, R.L.C. of the home-run bunt, and P.M. efficient guardian of the initial sack, all played their part in the onslaught. The resulting three runs were enough to subdue the Biceps entirely, and the game ended in an 8-4 victory for the Tweezers.

But before ending the account of this thrilling contest, let us pay homage to those, who, though losing, were glorious in defeat. Putnam's coolness in the pinches, T.R's. perfect record at bat, Hildreth's sturdy left-fielding, A.C.N's. frantic swinging, and,

above all, Sloan's brave stand at the keystone sack after being practically maimed by that lumbering ox S.O.D. are glimmering beacon lights which illuminate even the black bog of defeat.

In closing let us commemorate in print the cheer of the Forceps, decomposed by that rollicking bard P.M.

"One-ceps
two-ceps
three-ceps
for-ceps
HATCHA
BICEPS."

(S.O.D.)

Bicepts vs. Forceps of at 19

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
			1	Carey	5.	K												5	0	3		0
			2	Ball	6.													5	1	2		2
16	8	2	3	S.O.D.	1.													5	1	3		3
2			4	J.N.	2.													5	1	1		1
		1	5	Long	4.				K	K								5	0	0		1
1			6	R.L.C.	8.		K		K									5	2	3		0
3			7	P.M.	3.													5	1	2		2
			8	Hicks	9.			K			K			K				5	1	1		1
			9	G.E.H.	7.			F.C.						K				5	1	3		1
			10																			
			11																			
			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.				1/1	2/3	2/5	2/3	0/5	3/8								
Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
						1-b. on errors.																
Muffed f'l fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.												Lefton bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
						Batt'y errors.																

Umpire..... of..... Scorer MBN

Biceps vs. forceps of at 19

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
1		1	1	King	6.	K		K										4	1	0		1
2	1	2	2	[illegible]	4.	K												4	1	1		1
11	6		3	Putnam	1.				K				K					4	0	1		1
2	1	2	4	T.R.	2.													4	0	4		3
		1	5	Shaw	5.		K		K									4	0	1	1	0
			6	Hilt.C.	9.		K					K	K					4	0	0		0
			7	Daulo.C.	7.							K						4	0	1		1
2	1	3	8	ACN	3.			K						K				4	1	1		2
3			9	RGA.	8.													4	1	0		0
			10																			
			11																			
			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.								4/4	4/4								
Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
						1-b. on errors.																
Muffed f'l fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.												Lefton bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
						Batt'y errors.																

Umpire..... of..... Scorer M Ball

Thursday
July 13
T 63
B 29.92
W SW.
Fair and warm

H.R. left early today to attend a meeting of the Maine Public Health Association of which he is president. W.D.T. is unfolding for us some of the mysteries of botany at morning talks.

A hot sun and a strong SW breeze brought the first trial Scouting. W.D.T. held up the board at 2:15, and by 2:45 the Ponkapoags and the Massapoags were assembled at the south and north ends of the field repectively, each with a list of his opponents.

Ponkapoags	Massapoags
R.G.A.	T.R.
R.L.C.	S.O.D.
P.M.	G.E.H.
J.N.	A.C.N.
Arnold	Ball
Bridgman	Calkins
Carey	Chisholm
Danforth	Davison
Eddison	Hicks
Hildreth	King
Long	Putnam
Rumery	Sweeney
Sloan	Wheelwright

From the Boneyard we could hear the far off warnings of "Skipper's up", and "Go", and once more see the khaki- clad Scouters speeding toward the centre of the field. For several minutes a crackling twig from the Middle Woods or a sneeze from the Underground were the only signs of life, and then A.C.N. joined us with cap turned inside out. He was soon followed by Bridgman G.E.H., Wheelwright and Sloan, and a little later the shots stood at 5-5. By the end of the first game, however, the Ponks had killed 7 of their enemy to 5 deaths

Thursday (cont'd) of their own, and, no runs being reported they were victorious.

In the second game 12 minutes went by with no shots made before Long appeared, the first ghost. At the end of the game the shots were the same on both sides, but King, Calkins and Putnam reported a run apiece for the Massas who won 3-0. In the third game Putnam appeared at the end of 6 minutes, amd then Arnold, S.O.D. and Hicks. Toward the end Bridgman as a rubber ghost showed the Boneyarders how dangerous their talking could be. Chisholm reported a run when the game ended, and on the strength of this the Massas won 1-0.

The afternoon's games gave the old Scouters a chance to warm up and the new ones the opportunity of practicing what had been preached. It was particularly valuable in fixing the boundaries in every one's mind and calling attention to the swimming rule and to the fact that the N end signal-relay man must be touched off. King led the individual performances with a run and 6 shots. J.N. shot 5, and several others sent four bullets home.

Soap-on-the-point, cereal supper, dishwashing and quiet games followed. In Anagrams Putnam and W.D.T. had a hard fight, in which the latter's intricate technique and acumen baffled all. Sleep came quickly to most of us. On the way to bed Sloan stumbled into the wrong cubicle (Hildreth's we believe) and, in his

PONKAPOAGS

	I Killed	I Shots	I Runs	II Killed	II Shots	II Runs	III Killed	III Shots	III Runs
R. G. A.									
R. L. C.									
P. M.									
J. N.									
Arnold									
Bridgman									
Carey									
Danforth									
Edmison									
Howarth									
Long									
Rumery									
Stodn									
	5	7	—	7	7		8	7	

MASSAPOAGS

	I Killed	I Shots	I Runs	II Killed	II Shots	II Runs	III Killed	III Shots	III Runs
T. R.									
S.O.D.									
G.E.H.									
A.C.N.									
Ball									
Carkins									
Chisholm									
Davison									
Hicks									
King									
Putnam									
Sweeney									
Wheelwright									
	7	5	—	7	7	3	7	8	1

sleep, the inmate cried " Don't tell anybody, please don't tell anybody." We're still wondering exactly what was on his guilty mind.

Thursday (Cont'd)

Another sunlit day. Even the float man is in a good humor at breakfast in this weather. More wrestling today with only one decisive victory.

Friday July I4
T 62
B 29.88
W W
Clear & Sunny

Wrestling

King	vs	Chisholm	-	King in IO"
Sweeney	vs	Wheelwright	-	draw, 3'
Hildreth	vs	Putnam	-	draw, 3'
Bridgman	vs	Long	-	draw, 3'
Chisholm	vs	Calkins	-	draw, 2'

Sundry Suppers Out

Ouani to Hamilton Pond
Sweeney (pass.)

E.S.T.
R.L.C.
J.N.
Danforth
Carey
W.D.T.

M.B.N.
T.R.
Ball
Sloan
Bridgman

Stay-at-Homes

H.R.
L.E.R.
R.R.
M.P.
R.M.D.
Arnold

Fishing

Arklet
S.O.D.
Calkins
Chisholm

Hornpout
P.M.
Eddison
King

Chub
G.E.H.
Long
Wheelwright

Under the auspices of a good souwester the fishermen were five times successful. S.O.D. was rewarded with a bass and two perch; P.M. and King with a perch apiece. All the suppers were good anyway.

Friday (Cont'd) Slowly but surely the "Ouani" battled her way past South Beach toward the landing for Hamilton Pond. Captain W.D.T. thought it better to land sooner and walk farther, so we walked down a little wood road, splashed with pine needles and sunlight, to the Pond. We admired a very dainty little island about fifty yards out and then an undaunted few took swims among the pond lilies. The "Ouani" ran free back to South Beach where we played a new kind of game with a rope and R.L.C.'s sneakers; which reminds us that the noble man played the ingenue this afternoon just long enough to wonder " how they get their drinking water at the camp on Pine Island."

Camping Trip
July 14

Hicks
Hildreth
Putnam
Davison
R.G.A
A.C.N.
—
Williams
Yammerschooner

Returned to Camp to find the stay-at-homes blissfully undisturbed by our absence. Tea at the Rest House and parchesi on the piazza were delightfully peaceful. "Monkey in Sight " for half-past-eighters, Poe's "Helen," one of our favorites, read to us by L.E.R., then Trent became one of the living dead. Again sleep came, even too quickly for some of us.

Camp Panama

On Friday, July 14, after morning reading, the Identical and the Williwaw left the floor for a camping trip to Little Pond. In the former boat were A.C.H., Putnam, and Davison, in the latter R.G.A., Hildreth, and Hicks.

With a fair wind, our passage to the mouth of the brook was quick and uneventful. After a short while we found that our oars were no longer of any use whatsoever, as a motive force but, thanks to H. R.'s warning, we had brought paddles, and so were able to navigate the tortuous curves successfully.

Kind people have removed many of the obstacles such as tree trunks and beaver dams, but the trip up the brook is not yet a sinecure. The current still remains and, so it seemed to many of us, was running with greater rapidity than it has in the last few years. However, we may be prejudiced.

At quarter-past one we stopped for lunch. Our basket had on the outside a slip of paper with the words "6 good lunches" written on it. The contents of the basket more than lived

up to our expectations.

After a rest we started off again and then - joy of joys - we saw the waters of North Pond through the trees. A half hour later we were all splashing in the refreshing water of Little Pond. Alternating between the water and the warm sand of the beach we passed a delightful half hour and could have passed a much longer time. However, tents had to be set up and wood gathered for the fire. When this was done there still remained some time before supper, and it was then that Messrs. Hicks, Hildreth, Putnam, and Davison began the magnificent damming operations which gave the Camp its name.

After supper there were more damming operations and another swim. Afterwards we started a game of "I packed my trunk" but the mosquitoes got so ravenous that they forced us to bed at nine o'clock. As Putnam and Davison will testify they were extraordinarily friendly all night long - probably being afraid that we might find things a little too dull if they left us.

The next morning it was rumored that Hicks, a boy scout, could not light the fire, but obviously such a scurrilous report could have had no foundation whatsoever. We leave it to anyone who knows, as we do, that he is a 1st class scout and has a shirt decorated with all sorts of merit badges including one for

fire manship!

At any rate, when the time came to get breakfast, there was a fine fire.

About half-past nine we got underway for the trip down the brook. Scarcely paddling at all, we drifted leisurely down with the current and played "spelling" and "dumb crambo." Landing on North Beach we had a long swim followed by lunch, and then at a little after three, we started home — arriving here about half past four.

Skowhegan on the Ridge- Saturday

Abenakis	1 K	1 S	1 R	2 K	2 S	2 R	3 K	3 S	3 R	4 K	4 S	4 R	5 K	5 S	5 R
J. N.			II			I	X	•		X			X		
Ball			II			I			I		••	II		••	II
Bridgman	X			X	•			••	I	X			X	••	
Carey			II	X		I		•	I			II	X		
Danforth	X	•		X				•	II	X			X		
King		••	II	X	•				II	X	••			•	III
Rumery			I	X			X					I	X		
Sweeney		•	I		••	I		••	I		••	I	X		
	2	7	10	5	5	4	2	7	8	4	7	6	6	6	5

	K	S	R
J. N.		••	III
Ball		•	II
Bridgman			IIII
Carey			IIII
Danforth	X		IIII
King	X	••	III
Rumery			IIII
Sweeney		•	III
	2	7	28

(OVER FOR PENOBSCOT SCORES)

Pseudbrota	1 K	1 E	1 R	2 K	2 E	2 R	3 K	3 E	3 R	4 K	4 E	4 R	5 K	5 E	5 R
G. E. H.	X	•		X	•	1	X			X			X	••••	
Long	X			X	•		X	••		X			X		
Calkins	X	°		X	•	1	X			X	••	1	X	••	
Chisholm	X					1	X			X		1	X		1
Eddison	X			X			X			X			X		
Long	✓			✓			✓			✓			✓		
Sloan	X				•	1	X			X	•	1	✳		
Wheelwright	X			X			X			X			X		
	7	2	0	5	5	4	7	2	0	7	4	3	7	6	1

	K	E	R
G. E. H.	X		
Long	X		
Calkins	X		
Chisholm	X	••	
Eddison	X		
Sloan	X		
Wheelwright	X		
	7	2	0

Saturday
July I5
T 60
B 29.8
W W
Clouds &
cold

Clouds and cold turned to sun and warmer by swim time yesterday. Before lunch the Princess Wata Waso and Young Chief came to Camp to display all kinds of Indian handicraft from watch fobs to bludgeons. Young Chief sang a few songs sitting on the flagpole rock and gave the war whoop of his Oklahoma tribe. The Princess reported that old Joe Gabriel who used to visit Merryweather with her is quite well, though too feeble to get the most out of their trips.

Mrs. Carey and John came just before Reading and again for supper and Sing Song.

Skowhegan on the Ridge

W.D.T.
Arnold (asst.)

Abenakis	Penobscots
J.N.	G.E.H.
Ball	Long
Bridgman	Calkins
Carey	Chisholm
Danforth	Eddison
King	Long
Rumery	Sloan
Sweeney	Wheelwright

Gasyp

R.L.C.	E.S.T.
S.O.D.	R.M.D.
P.M.	M.P.
T.R.	M.B.N.

For several minutes the occupation of gasyp was a mystery to all of us, but we went as we pleased and were right. L.E.R. and R.R. made a trip to Waterville in one conveyance, E.S.T. and M.B.N. going in another. Their findings were successful in spit of

Saturday (Cont'd) hot pavements and Saturday afternoon shoppers.

Skowhegan according to all reports, written and verbal, was a bit one-sided. The scores in the six games, Abenakis to Penobscots were: IO-0, 4-4, 8-0, 6-3, 5-I, and 28-0. There were lots of excellent individual performances; so many, in fact, that we must look elsewhere for the outstanding events. In the fifth game Sloan was a suicide, and in the sixth the Penobscot guard was more interested in raspberries than shots. One of the Abenakis confessed that instead of adding to the 28 runs on his side, he was so curious about the guard that he began a systematic search for him.

Second Sing Song

I. Overture - - - - - - - - Grand March from Norma
2. Stunt- - - - - - - - - - - A Radio Broadcast
3. Choruses --"My Heart's in the Highlands"and "A Capital Ship"
4. Piano Solo - - - - - - - - Prelude, Chopin
5. Stunt - - - - - - - - - - Liebe Liese
6. Choruses - - "Ouananiche" "Fishing Song" and "Scouting Song"
7. Stunt - - - - - - - - - - The Toast

The Grand March from Norma, although usually played as a supper march, served equally well in the able hands of P.M. as a curtain raiser.

The first stunt took place in the announcing room of Station N-U-T, and as the screens parted T.R. made his radio audience aware of the programs to come. Presently our heroine (Wheelwright) blonde,

high-heeled and lovely, entered, but enforced silences and announcements prevented her admirer from telling her what she longed to hear, so she left in a huff, first giving her newly-made pay-roll into his safe keeping. There comes the announcement of the Children's Hour with the Bandits (not real ones, of course, so don't be afraid). Maybe this was tempting Providence, but anyway two hardboiled Chicago crooks (Sloan and Danforth) come in and hold the poor man up. Inspiration born of necessity comes to our hero, and he jams down the switch that connects him with the broadcasting room. The Children's Hour has come to the place where the bandits are pursued by police whistles and a noisy mob; the real bandits think it's the real thing and leave quickly. The Lady returns, but again there is no rest for the weary, and T.R. goes on announcing as the curtain falls. The story is by E.S.T.

Sam Sloan gave us Chopin's Prelude no.7 with the moderation and softness that is so important a part of it to us and so often disregarded.

"Liebe Liese" was presented in music box form by M.B.N. and A.C.N. with more eye for makeup and costume than for tune and tone.

More choruses and then a tragedy condensed and directed by R.L.C. He as the young Prince of Brandenburg learns of the hereditary affliction in his family from the old physician (P.M.). He believes

Saturday (Cont'd) that he himself feels the first symptoms of the disease, but before he succumbs, the principalty must be freed from the two generals who are gradually usurping the rule. With murderous intent the generals (J.N. and S.O.D.) enter, but the Prince and doctor feigning that the former is in the midst of an attack, put them off. The doctor says the Prince will die in a month, and the generals are glad to have avoided murder. Before they go, however, the Prince persuades them to drink a toast with him to Brandenburg; for he has forgiven them since they only will be able to govern Brandenburg after his death. The three drink, and the wine had been poisoned. The Prince has rid himself of his two enemies, but, true to his word, he too drinks the toast, and with the two revolutionists, dies the last of the Brandenburgs. The noble Prince has not died in vain, for the influential doctor will carry on in his stead.

At last, his period of quarantine safely over, arrived :

Richard G. Rumsey

Appointments for the Week

Inspectors - - - - Carey and Long
Flag - - - - - - - - Chisholm
Weather - - - - - - Wheelwright

Sunday
July I6
T 62
B 29
W SW
Cloudy

For a moment before lunch it looked as though the sun would shine for our picnic. Mrs. Carey and John came in time for Service, and Dr. and Mrs. Risley from Waterville joined us at dinner.

The third act of "Julius Caesar" is under weigh.

Picnic to Lord's Hill

Ouani
Mrs. Carey
R.M.D.
Arnold
E.S.T.
Rumery
King
J.Carey
M.B.N.
W.D.T.

M.P.
Wheelwright
Bridgman
Long
Calkins

Abagad
Ball
Danforth
Hicks
R.G.A.

Worry
Sloan
Putnam
H.Carey
G.E.H.

Williwaw
R.L.C.
P.M.
Chisholm
Davison

Ident
A.C.N.
T.R.
Eddison
Sweeney

Pantasote
J.N.
S.O.D.
Hildreth

We pushed off to sea during a light drizzle, but, before we reached Lord's Hill it had stopped. A game of "Wolf" amid the rocks and stubble brought many an upset but no real casualties. Hungry and thirsty we stumbled back to the supplies.

There was plenty to eat, but here, alas, is the tragedy of the day: there was liquid to drink - - but no cups. Fortunately for the Fair (ladies are never to blame - outwardly at least) T.R. alone suf-

Sunday (Cont'd) fered the consequences. As a matter fo fact the tops of the cans were excellent cups, and the incident is happily past.

After food, A.C.N. and R.L.C. wrestled. Nicely-braced weight against consummate skill prevented a throw, but we think the decision favored R.L.C. At least no one was eager to try when they finished.

Hymns went well, and L.E.R. read "The Ballad of East and West" to the half-past-niners. Trent seems even more inextricably hemmed in.

Monday July I7 W SW Rain to shine Skipper's Birthday.

The continued downpour seems to have discouraged the weather man as there was no report today. "Escape" is finished and E.S.T. is reading "Microbe Hunters" in the mornings.

Mrs. Carey left soon after breakfast, and just after lunch a very sporty looking green car brought Julia W. Shaw and Bob Shaw for the Skipper's birthday and fortunately a few days besides.

Skipper's or Noah's Birthday

Ouani

W.D.T.

Arnold	Bridgman
Chisholm	Davison
Eddison	Hicks
Sweeney	Long
	E.S.T.

Worry	Abagad	Cobb	Abol	Monday
R.G.A.	G.E.H.	R.L.C.	J.N.	(Cont'd)
Ball	Sloan	M.P.	M.B.N.	

Terror	Yammer	Ident	Pantasote
P.M.	A.C.N.	S.O.D.	T.R.
Putnam	Carey	Danforth	Hildreth
Calkins	King	Rumery	Wheelwright

There were two fishermen in Gleason's Cove at three o'clock today, but when the Merryweather Fleet arrived in full force to practice the execution of one manoeuvre after another, they took the wisest course and decided that the fish must be better elsewhere. By four o'clock the fleet was drilled into shape. The command "Line ahead" was given and the Ouananiche, followed first by four canoes and then by four Rangeleys, nosed around the Point toward Pickerel Rock. " Columns Pairs," and the fleet formed in twos behind the flagship. The Ouani wheeled to face the float, and the rest came up parallel to her, two canoes and two Rangeleys on a side, in a battle front formation facing the Float. A strong souwest breeze tugged at the Ouani's flags and blew the spray under each bow. The sun came through just at this moment and flashed on the dripping blades of the presented paddles. From the Float the Skipper acknowledged the salute with long toots on the horn. The rest of the intricate manoeuvering was equally successful - the sun now, and not the rain, cheering us on.

Faculty Stunts in the evening brought back the out-

Monday (Cont'd) standing events in Camp history and gave us the old words of some of the songs that a lot of us have never heard before.

I) Auld Lang Syne
2) Camp Song
3) "The Skipper"
4) A scene from the awakening Camp
5) Picnic Song
6) Camp Chantey
7) Mr. Gardner goes a-Scouting
8) Scouting Song
9) Another scouting song
I0) Hal Davis in a Moab
II) Song of the Water Rats
I2) Berries and Baseball
I3) The Defense of Oak Island
I4) Graduates' Song
I5) "Monk" and the canoe
I6) Camp Song

To the tune of Auld Lang Syne, I933 gave place to I920 and so on until I900 showed and we heard the original Merryweather song. Once upon a time, we were later informed, the Skipper's clock failed and he woke up the Camp at 5:30. Captain John (R.G.A.) was the hero of the proletariat. More songs and then Mr. Gardner (T.R.) again becomes more interested in a Greek book than in Scouting (a warning reminiscence to be kept in mind). Mr. Davis (R.G.A.) plunges unwittingly into a moab, and it was full of water this time too. Campers are still indiscreet: Too many blueberries (or were they blueberries?) spoil a baseball game before our very eyes, and there is much more energy for tossing a hot water bottle than a ball. The spirit of Camp Renoia (E.S.T) meets a Merryweather "facticle" on Oak Island and

"talks his ears right out of joint" (to the tune of "Renzo"). And we notice that there have always been hardships in going Round the Horn. Mr. Terry (A.C.N) walks a mile too far in the carry to Ellis Pond; unlike his contemporaries he carried his own canoe. "Roses and Radishes" and then all up for the Camp Song. The clouds had all cleared by this time. The sun sinking behind the hills, and later, the stars, promise a good day tomorrow - - as there have been glorious days in the past.

Monday (Cont'd)

Tuesday
July I8
T 70
B 29.75
W SW
Clear & Warm

An important early-morning event today was the shattering of the egg eating record. A.C.N. had eaten eleven when some one suggested that three more would exceed the old record by half an egg. A.C.N. grinned, broke the record, and in a brief speech assured the breakfasters that he wouldn't have broken the record had they not egged him on. Unfortunately - or rather, providentially- Augustus Thorndyke is no longer here to defend the record which had been his for many years.

J.W.S. drove H.R. and R.R. to Gardiner, the latter returning just in time for supper.

Ideal weather brought the first Scouting afternoon. The Campers stand divided:

Algonquins	Iroquois
T.R.	R.G.A.
P.M.	S.O.D.

Tuesday (Cont'd)	Algonquins (cont'd)	Iroquois (cont'd)
	A.C.N.	G.E.H.
	R.L.C.	J.N.
	Arnold	Hicks
	Danforth	King
	Putnam	Sweeney
	Sloan	Chisholm
	Ball	Carey
	Long	Bridgman
	Rumery	Wheelwright
	Davison	Calkins
	Hildreth	Eddison

Although the Iroquois won all three games this afternoon the margin on each was very slight, and the teams seem exceptionally well balanced. In the first game the shots were 8-7, the runs I-0 favoring the Iroquois. In the second there were no runs but 8 Gonk deaths to 7 dead Iroquois. The last game was 4 runs to 3 favoring the Iroquois, the shots being 7-7.

Hildreth was the individual star, with 5 shots and a run to his credit. T.R. and Sloan made the other Gonk runs. Hicks, Carey, Calkins, J.N. and R.G.A. were the Iroquois scorers. Merryweather is on the warpath again. Both teams are sure that the Cup won't spend next summer over the fireplace.

A brief respite after supper when W.D.T. read "The Body Snatchers" by Robert Louis Stevenson. "Going to Jerusalem" once more. The first game ended with E.S.T. pushing W.D.T. off the small corner of the chair on which he was precariously perched. In the second game J.W.S. drove Ball hard, but the

ALGONQUINS

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shot	Runs	Killed	Shot	Runs	Killed	Shot	Runs
T. R		●						●●	1
P. M.	✓								✓
R. L. C.		●							
A. C. N.								●	
Arnold								●●	
Danforth		●			●				
Putnam		●						●	
Sloan		●							1
Ball		●			●				
Long	✓								
Rumery					●				
Davison		●							
Hildreth					●●●●			●	1
	3	7	0	8	7	0	7	7	2

IROQUOIS

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shot	Runs	Killed	Shot	Runs	Killed	Shot	Runs
R. G. A.	✓				●●				1
S. O. D.					●				
G. E. H.								●	
J. N.		●●	1					●	
Hicks									1
King									
Sweeney								●	
Chisholm					●				
Carey		●			●●				1
Bridgman					●				
Wheelwright								●●	
Calkins					●			●●	1
Eddison									
	7	3	1	7	8	0	7	7	4

latter emerged victorious. The wind tonight seems to hold some promise of Canoe Test tomorrow. We sleep in hopes.

Tuesday (Cont'd)

Nothing important occurred this morning, but perfect weather this afternoon for:

Wednesday
July I9
T 66
B 29.8
W NE
Fair & Windy

First Trial Track and Field

The first event was the I00 yard dash for both classes. Class B ran off in three heats with Chisholm and Carey, King and Davison, Wheelwright and Rumery qualifying for the finals. From the two Class A heats Danforth and Ball, Putnam and Sloan qualified. The finals of the dash were won by King with Chisholm second and Carey third in Class B. The time was I4" flat. In Class A Putnam took first with Sloan second and Danforth third in I3.8 !

In the beginning there was some difficulty in the take off for the broad jump, but after the trials there were few fouls. Putnam took first with a I3'5½" leap; Ball second with I2'2½"; Sloan third with II'8¼". In Class B the placing jumps were much closer. Carey finally won with II'9½"; King just missed him by ½", making II'9" for second place, and Rumery took third with II'8".

In the high jump Class B winners went higher than those of Class A, although neither of the first place men jumped as high as they could. In Class B King

Wednesday (Cont'd) cleared 4'3"; Carey, second, failed after 4'2", and Rumery, third, after 3'10". Putnam won in Class A with 4', Sloan and Hicks tieing for second at 3'9". Hildreth, Danforth and Ball got to 3'6". The onlookers see room for improvement in this event.

In the Class A shot put, Putnam (with a 12 lb. shot) won first place with a 19'11" heave; Hildreth came second with 17'6½", and Sloan put the shot 17' for third place. The Class B contest was again closer: Long put the same shot 19'4½" for first place, while King won second place with 19'3" and Carey third with 18'5".

Putnam finished a successful afternoon coming in first in the Class A 440 in 1'20". Ball was second in this event and Danforth third. Class B's fastest was King's 1'22 and one fifth"; Carey was second and Rumery was third.

Tabulated Results

Class A

	100yd.	440yd.	H.J.	B.J.	Shot
Putnam	1	1	1	1	1
Sloan	2	-	2	3	3
Ball	-	2	-	2	-
Danforth	3	3	-	-	-
Hildreth	-	-	-	-	2
Hicks	-	-	2	-	-

Class B

King	1	1	1	2	2
Carey	3	2	2	1	3

Tabulated Results (cont'd)

	100yd.	440yd.	H.J.	B.J.	Wednesday (Cont'd) Shot
Rumery	-	3	3	3	-
Chisholm	2	-	-	-	-
Long	-	-	-	-	I

Mr. and Mrs. Seabury and their two daughters, George Ball's uncle, aunt and cousins, called by sea during the afternoon. Just after supper came J.R. and J.G.W. by land, with stories of wonderful fishing luck and 20 fine trout for breakfast tomorrow to prove it.

Third Charade Evening

I. Expert - R.L.C.

Scene I : "X." The terrifying Captain X is transferred bodily from half-past-nine reading to the North Parlor. It is the dinner hour. Shrieks outside announce the shark's meal, but X (R.L.C.) restores order somewhat coldly.

Scene 2: pert. Copley Plaza goes to bed a little earlier than usual, amd we see R.L.C. and J.N. battling with exasperatingly fresh Campers.

Scene 3: expert. Little Johnnie (R.L.C.) certainly has a toothache, and his mother (Hicks) implores the dentist to be gentle. In spite of enormous appliances the deed cannot be done without the aid of an expert, and one (J.N.) is called in in time to save the boy's life for better or for worse.

Wednesday (Cont'd)

2. Prehensile.-T.R.

Scene I: pre-hen. The adventures of two scientists (A.C.N. and T.R.) come to a climax with the discovery of a bird (King) and its egg who are the ancestors of the modern chicken (and certainly the clucking was most convincing).

Scene 2: Sill. Father Sill is disappointed in the Kent crew as they practice for the Henley Regatta, but R.L.C. (Carey) from Princeton returns to help his alma mater, and though his steering brings them into contact with one of the Queen's cygnets, still he has left behind an inspiration which must lead them to victory.

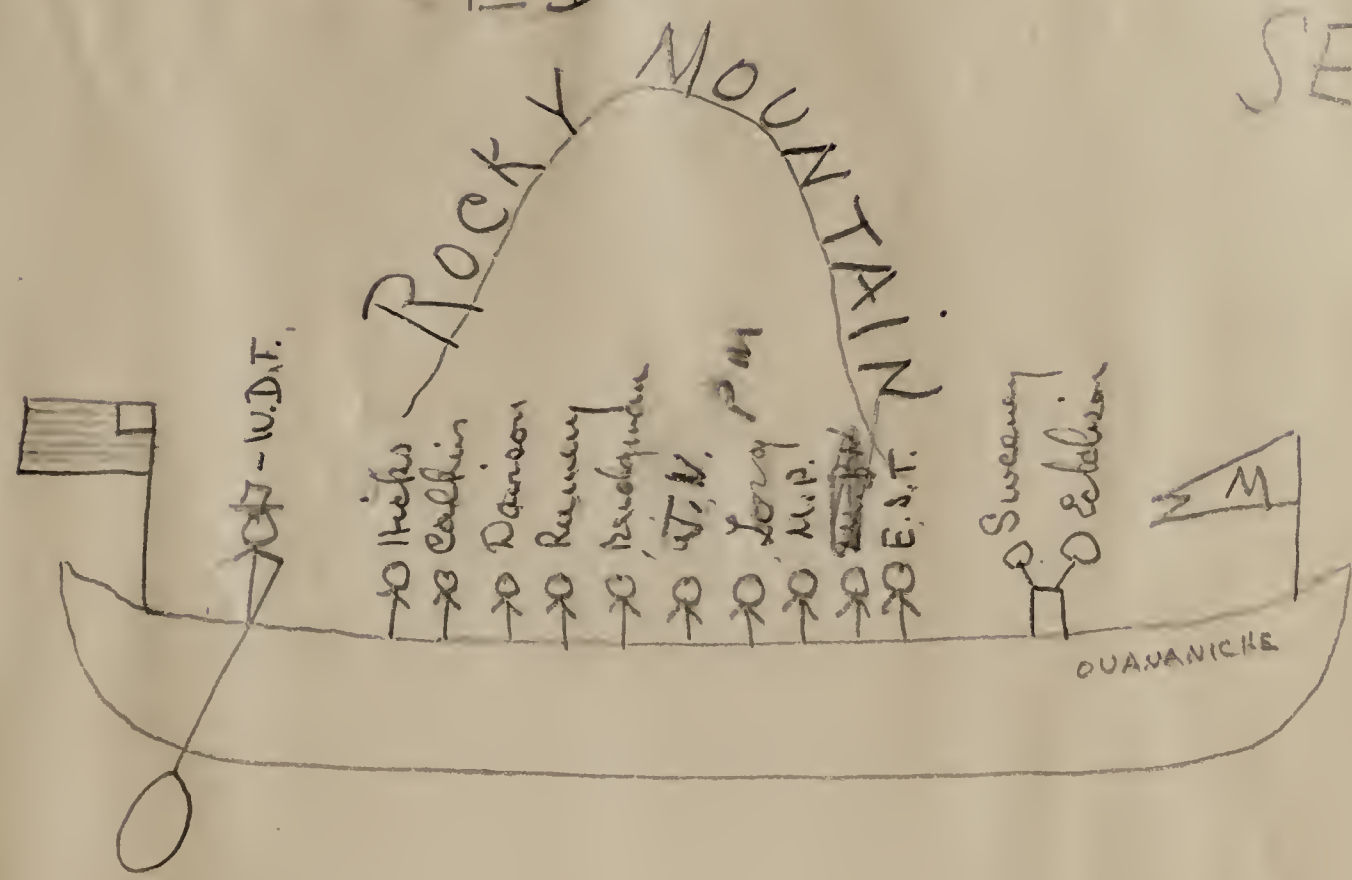
Scene 3: prehensile. In spite of the warnings of the Sage (A.C.N.) two Greek warriors (T.R. and Calkins) hunt frobidden food, but as they and theirs(E.S.T. and R.M.D.) are about to partake, the Harpies descend.

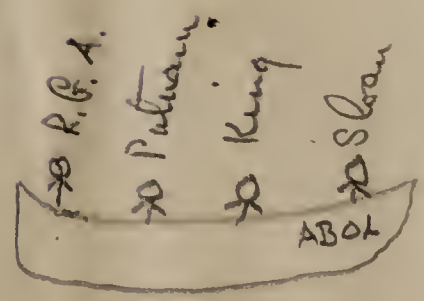
3. Innocent - R.G.A.

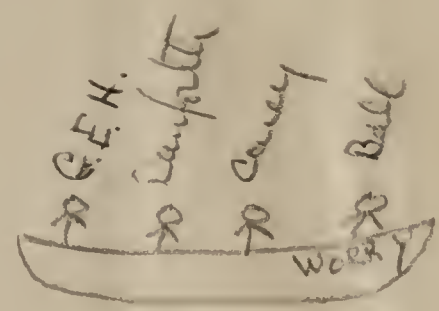
Scene I: Inn. Sneer (R.G.A.) and Pidgeon-toe (Putnam) bring stolen jewels to their captain (P.M.) at the Greasy Spoon Tavern.

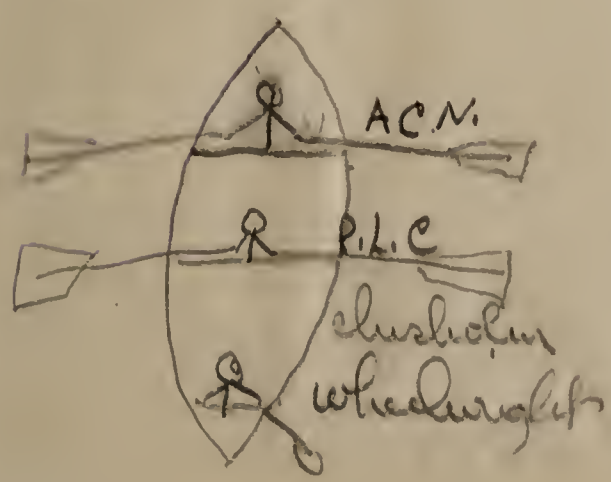
Scene 2: know scent. The jewels have been hidden in the captain's chest, but Sneer and his accomplice come to get them for themselves, at the same time incriminating Sabre Slash (G.E.H.) by leaving a handkerchief smelling of his special brand of perfume. Before the curtain falls, the captain has found the

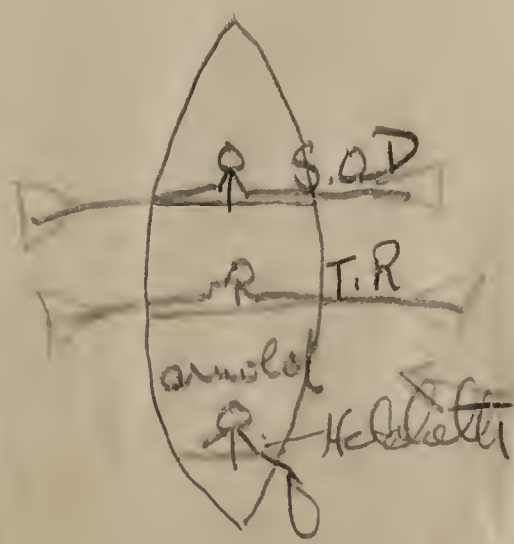
All Day Expedition By Land & Sea

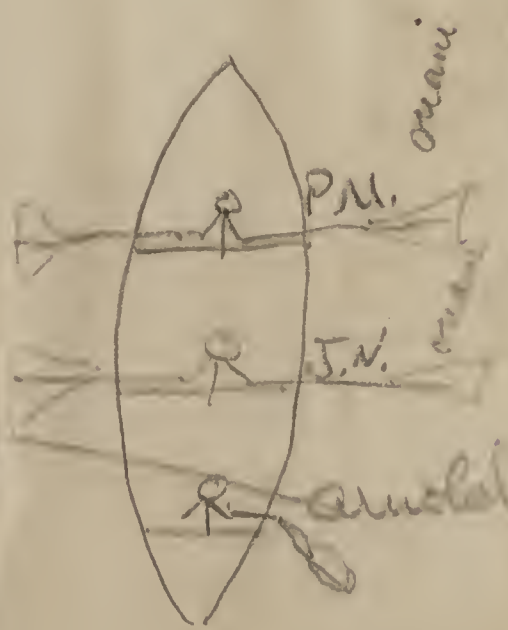












THREE TOASTS

I.

Twinkle, twinkle, Merryweather,
Faculty and boys together;
All the shining summer through,
Life and luck and joy to you.

II.

Sky to our liking,
Wave to our wish,
Here's to the health
Of the First Expedish.
Rocky and Muskrat
Our goal and ambition:
Oh, glory and luck
To the First Expedition.

III.

We are the Boys of Thirty-three;
Never were seen such boys as we.
No, sir, none, sir, ever before:
So here's to us and to Thirty-four.

- - - - - - - -

Graduates young and graduates old,
Graduates brisk and graduates bold:
Splendid fellows we hear you be,
But <u>we</u> are the Boys of Thirty-three.

L.E.R.

7

handkerchief, and recognizes the scent. The plot thickens.

Wednesday (Cont'd)

Scene 3: innocent. Sabre Slash is guilty by circumstantial evidence. He starts to walk the plank, but just then the captain smells the perfume bottle which Sneer has in his pocket; the jewels are there too. "Not Guilty" saves Sabre Slash just in time, and the villain walks the plank instead.

There was a glorious sunset after charades, not sot, but brilliant crimson edging the almost royal blue clouds: transient beauty, alas.

Thursday
July 20
W SW
Hot &
fair

No news from the weather man today, but, as ever, this was good news, and we set out on our first All Day Expedition.

All Day Expedition by Land and Sea to Rocky Mountain

With a baking sun, and with the surface of the Pond unruffled, the fleet left for Rocky Mountain shortly after ten. The trip to the Mills and the carry into Long Pond were made in good time. Long Pond is very low this year, and we all had some difficulty (the "Ouani" especially) in avoiding the rocks which protruded at the entrance to Beaver Springs where we had a delicious lunch (some of us later regretting that we had partaken so freely). After lunch we struck off through the woods for Rocky.

Thursday (Cont'd) A hard and rough tramp was well rewarded by the magnificent view which met our eyes, once we had reached the summit. Great Pond, Ellis, Messalonski, the Mills and the southern tip of Long Pond could all be easily distinguished.

At four we started back for the Springs. A gracious landowner forbade us to cross his woods, and in detouring we went somewhat astray. But all got back to the Springs safely and in time enough for a refreshing dip before embarking.

It was at first intended that we have supper on Oak Island, but we supped instead on a sandy beach south of Camp Runoia. A southerly breeze sprang up as we were paddling and rowing back to Camp where we arrived soon enough for every one to have another welcome dip . After Monkey in Sight the half-past-eighters said goodnight. The first all day "ex" had come to a happy conclusion.

There were substantial rumors that A.C.N., P.M., and G.E.H. rounded the Horn in a canoe last night in seven hours. Following this with an "all-dayer" it is little wonder that several of the half-past-niners missed the denouement of "Trent" tonight.

The Home Folks spent a very peaceful day. Two large Bald Eagles provided some excitement, however, and J.R. and J.G.W. provided the educational side

of the day with a description of how the trout they caught had been kept fresh. To keep fish fresh one must clean them as soon as they are caught and then wipe them as dry as a bone. The latter, it seems, is very tedious but most necessary. A little salt down the backbone, and then each fish individually wrapped does the trick. We refer any sceptics to the perfect flavor and condition of the fish (trout) which we had for breakfast and which had been caught near Snow Mountain on Monday.

Thursday (cont'd)

Where, oh, where is our weather man this week? R.R., H.R., and J.R. went to the Hallowell Gardiners' for lunch.

Friday
July 21
W SE
Overcast

The chinning capacity of the Campers increased noticeably after the announcement that any one who could not chin themselves four times would be obliged to run a 440. The results were:

Putnam 7
King 6
Carey 5
Eddison 5
Wheelwright 5
Arnold 4
Bridgman 4
Hildreth 4
Long 4
Rumery 4
Sweeney 4
Ball 3
Hicks 3
Calkins 2
Chisholm 2
Davison 0

Danforth and Sloan were still training minds rather than muscles in the Tutorium.

Friday (cont'd)

With Blankets on the Hill came three wrestling bouts:

Wrestling

Eddison vs Chisholm: draw in 3'
Carey vs Calkins: Carey in 3' by decision
Bridgman vs Long: Bridgman in 2'28"

Fishing - Suppers Out

Yammer	Chub	Hornpout	Arklet	Williwaw
W.D.T.	S.O.D.	P.M.	R.G.A.	A.C.N.
Rumery	Ball	Calkins	Chisholm	Eddison
King	Bridgman	Carey	Long	Putnam

Terror	Wobbler	Go-as-you-please
G.E.H.	T.R.	Run to Fourway at 4:30
Hildreth	Sweeney	
Sloan	Wheelwright	R.L.C. Davison
		Arnold Danforth
		Hicks

This was a great day for hook and line. Twenty-seven fish caught is just 3 times the total up to date. R.G.A. and Chisholm landed 5 apiece, one bass to the former and three to the latter. S.O.D., Long and P.M. each landed three. Ball, Bridgman and Calkins, Carey, Sweeney, A.C.N., Eddison, and Hildreth got a fish apiece. Passengers and pilot of the Yammer-schooner report a phenomenon they are anxious to have explained: there were few fish for them at Oak Island, but on the shore was a goat. There seems to be no doubt but that it was a goat, just as there are no explanations as to how it got there. Another phenomenon, now blushingly explained by S.O.D., was the terrific fish he fought which suddenly became meta-

morphosed into an anchor rope.

Friday (Cont'd)

Mr. and Mrs. Radford Abbot and Mr. and Mrs. Garfield came for a brief moment from their haunts on Blueberry Island.

We left a lovely sunset of soft colors and mist to join half-past-nine games. First there was a telegram of the letters of "Pretending" on the subject of the parting of Dido and Aeneas. The five most loudly acclaimed were:

To Dido from Aeneas: Precious, regret ensuing time elapsing not directly imbued near girl.

Aeneas to a friend: Pretty rough eternally trying entertain niminy Dido. I now go.

Dido to a friend: Precious rascal eludes tender embraces. Nothing doing in nuptial game.

Dido to Aeneas: Please remain. Every one thinks end near. Damning ignorance necessitated grouch.

Aeneas to his pilot: Palinurus, rush extra trireme. Engagement nul. Dido is Nestor's girl.

Following there was a game of consequences with these highspots:

Morbid G.E.H. drinks sterterously up the flagpole.
Insignificant J.R. sniffed occasionally on the springboard.
Silent H.R. ruled insipidly at Camp Runoia.
Rumpled M.P. leered unctuously in the incinerator.
Stupid T.R. snores drunkenly in the Storehouse.

- - and so to bed.

(Total fish 36: I4 bass)

Saturday
July 22
T 66
B 29.9
W SW
More rain

Not very nice weather for J.R. who left early this morning to drive to Barnstable, nor for us who are sad to see him go.

Another battle on the soccer field this afternoon:

Soccer.

Aqua Pura	Aqua Regia
W.D.T.	T.R.
R.L.C.	R.G.A.
S.O.D.	P.M.
G.E.H.	A.C.N.
Sloan	Ball
Carey	Putnam
Arnold	King
Calkins	Bridgman
Danforth	Chisholm
Eddison	Davison
Hildreth	Hicks
Rumery	Long
Wheelwright	Sweeney

Pretty strong defenses and not enough offensive push on both teams resulted in a 0-0 draw. Putnam kicked off to start the first half which was as slow as it was scoreless. Carey alone seemed conscious that the pont of the game was to get the ball through the opponents' goal and not just to run in and kick at it and give up when you miss. Again and again Carey drove through and was repulsed by the Aqua Regia's robust "facticle" backs. As a result he spent a good bit of time flat on the field, but somehow the fearless never get hurt.

The second half brought a great deal of improvement on both sides. Sloan's lazy movements became

less frequent, and he was nicely assisted by Rumery and backed by Hildreth and Wheelwright. Ball, King and Bridgman came to Carey's assistance. Davison tried hard and perhaps next time we will see that "where there's a will there's a way". There were two attempts to score in the third period. Chisholm passed to Ball who shot hard but wildly, and shortly afterwards Putnam tried a diagonal boot that just grazed the back of the goal posts. Following up would have done the trick, but no one did.

Saturday (cont'd)

George Ball's birthday tonight brought Mr. and Mrs. and the two Misses Seabury to supper with us. Afterwards came Mr. and Mrs. Garfield and Mr. and Mrs. Abbot to watch Singsong.

Third Singsong

1. Overture - - - - Movement from Sonata 10, no. 2 Beethoven
2. Choruses - - The Poacher, John Peel, Loch Lomond
3. Stunt - - - - - - - - -"My Man John"
4. Stunt - - - - - - - - - Two of LaFontaine's Fables
5. Choruses - - Fishing Song, Picnic Song, Merryweather Chantey.
6. Stunt - - - - - - - - - "More Truth than Poetry"
7. Camp Song.

The Overture was as always ably and expressively rendered. The choruses went well and with a swing.

The first stunt was produced and directed by R.R., and was perfectly delightful. My man John (Calkins) had just the right mixture of wisdom and deference

Saturday (cont'd)

in his attitude towards his lovesick master. The latter (Putnam) was a convincing suitor, and we were not surprised when the charming Lady Fair (Hicks) could not resist the keys to his heart. The costumes and sets were simple and most effective.

The next stunt consisted in two of LaFontaines Fables which had been retold in English and set to music by P.M. The cast was large, and the costuming of the simplest.

The first fable was the well known one of the lion and the roebuck. The lions friends (S.O.D., Bridgman and Chisholm as Cow, Goat and Sheep respectively) bring home the bacon - or, more exactly a large roebuck. The Lion, by right of his superior birthright, strength and bravery, takes all four portions, leaving his partners hungry. The moral to this highly moral fable was neatly pointed in an original epilogue.

The second fable of the monkey and the fox, first introduces the monkey (R.L.C.) who is made king upon the Lion's demise on account of his large head size. The Fox (Calkins), however tricks the poor monkey king, who is demoted to a mere commoner. This fable also had its moral pointed in a rather abrstruse epilogue.

"More Truth than Poetry" was written and directed by M.B.N., and was a satire on the present financial situation. In scene one our heroine the Dollar (Ball)

is wasting away because her husband Gold (Arnold) can no longer support her. The latter enters without having sold any more of his inventions, such as Silver Standard, Scrip and No Hoarding, so he pushes these burdens off onto the Taxpayer's (Eddison's) shoulders. Beautiful Dollar gets angry and leaves Gold in spite of the plea that "together we stand, divided we fall prey to the monster Inflation." Her suitcase (Foreign Exchange) she makes Taxpayer carry. And now the black villain Noble Experiment, (Putnam) enters with his dragon, Inflation (King) who consumes Gold before our very eyes and prfesses to be still hungry, so they go after Dollar.

Saturday (Cont'd)

In Scene Two Dollar enters, fleeing from the villain and tries to hide under the sentry box of two palace guards Wheat, Wool and- (Carey) Other Commodities (Rumery). When the villain enters, the guards are too rash in their defense and their support, "The Market" crashes, and they reach a new low.

Scene Three shows Dollar being chained down by Noble Experiment. The bandaged guards try to help but are easily forced down again by the villain. The dragon enters to get his prey, but just as he is about to eat her, little Taxpayer starts throwing his burdens. Noble Experiment is killed by the first missile and the dragon Inflation is struck by the others. Be-

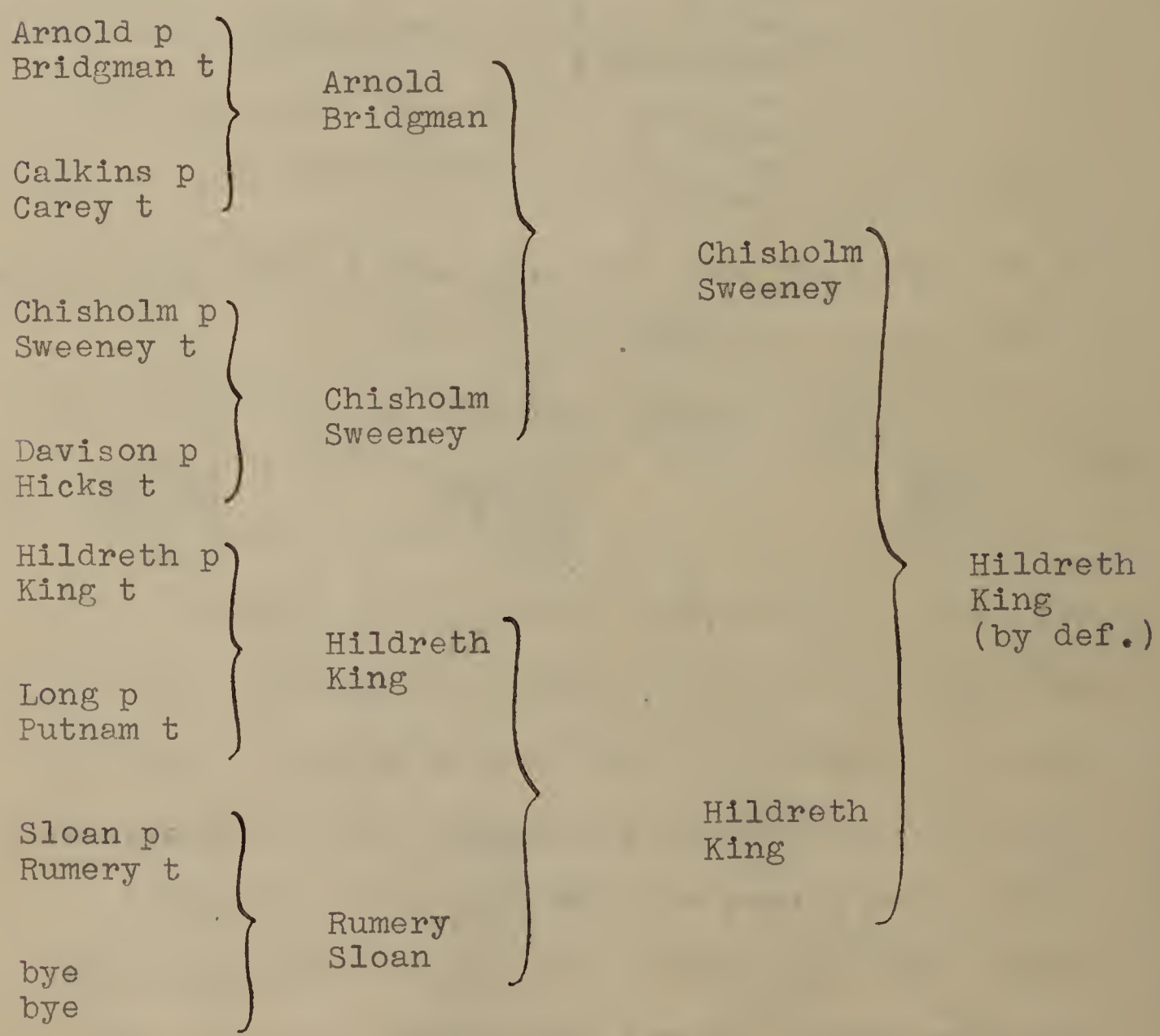
Sunday
(Cont'd)

Standing in Kayaks Race

Hicks Putnam Sloan

Apart from the fact that Hicks lost his balance after a few strokes this was a real race. Putnam and Sloan struggled on, first one in the lead and then the other. A few feet from the finish Putnam had the race but Sloan threw himself into a couple of strong sweeps that sent him foaming past Putnam's bows, and the laurels were his.

Tilting



The first match was decided on the gunwhales but after that the tilters stood in the boat. The Rumery-Sloan vs Hildreth-King match was so long and well divided that it was finally decided on the gunwhales.

Sunday (Cont'd)

Enemy in Camp

Arnold	Hicks	Putnam
Bridgman	Hildreth	Rumery
Calkins	Long	Davison
vs	vs	vs
Carey	King	Eddison

Putnam's canoe alone got in safely. Carey and King were both successful in swamping their crews, making the count 2-I for the enemies. King sank his first, but they were nearer the Float than Captain Arnold's when Carey poured in the dipperful that did the trick.

Tug o' War

Sloan	Hicks
Arnold	Hildreth
Bridgman	King
Calkins	Long
Carey	Putnam
Chisholm	Rumery
Eddison	Sweeney
Davison	Wheelwright

Captain Sloan's team swam the handkerchief down to their end of the Float but not without strong resistance and several would-be casualties in the process. No one drowned, however, and the victory was a fair one.

The afternoon ended with the Call to Matins. The following was the order of the day:

Sunday (cont'd)	King	Carey	Long
	Arnold	Hildreth	Rumery
	Putnam	Eddison	Calkins
	Sweeney	Chisholm	&
	Bridgman	Sloan	Hicks
	Davison	Wheelwright	

King's speed was 3'5" which is a minute and nine seconds over Mr. Wiggins' record which seems to stand for all time. Sloan was disqualified for scant bathing apparel and Sweeney had lost his neck-tie. Putnam was second in time, but admitting shady behaviour, he takes his place after Arnold. They were both almost thirty seconds longer than King. And to think that the Prefects do it every morning.

Picnic in the Parlor because of a drenching shower, then rounds and E.S.T. read "And No Bird Sings" by E.F.Benson. For half-past-niners L.E.R. and R.R. read O.Henry's "The Love Philtre of Ikey Shoenstein" and Kipling's "The Recrudescence of Imray" respectively.

Monday
July 24
T 69½
B 29.83
W SE
Misty

Another scorching day with no relief until the Nor'wester won out after supper. The urge to get in the water called forth several impromptu facticle tilting matches after swim. The contestants were fully dressed and a loser had to change to dry clothes before competing again. S.O.D. paddled by Carey plugged away at T.R. under King's navigation until the latter toppled overboard. A wet suit of clothes is discouraging but T.R. changed and came back at S.O.D. swearing revenge.

Meanwhile P.M. took on the Doctor and swamped his canoe, but the medical man just had time to spring to the Float from his sinking vessel and keep comparatively dry. Whether this was a victory or not is a moot point, but S.O.D. retaliated and plunged P.M. and paddler King into the stream. By now T.R. is returned in glorious clean array, and the battle-scarred S.O.D. is nothing loath. They charge furiously, but the renovated man is stonger and after several strong thrusts S.O.D. bows in defeat. They didn't finish the match (two out of three) but we noticed that T.R. spent the afternoon putting new burlap on one of the tilting poles at least.

Monday (Cont'd)

M.P. drove R.R. to Augusta - to the dentist's, alas. But even so they seemed to enjoy it. Later in the afternoon came

Laura Elizabeth Wiggins

Charles Wiggins 2d

but for only one brief night.

Fishing - Suppers Out

Yammer	Chub	Hornpout	Wobbler
W.D.T.	P.M.	J.N.	R.G.A.
King	Bridgman	Wheelwright	Eddison
Hildreth	Calkins	Sweeney	Rumery

Monday
(Cont'd)

Fishing - Suppers Out (cont'd)

Arklet	Williwaw
S.O.D.	G.E.H.
Carey	Davison
Chisholm	Long

Shell Navigation

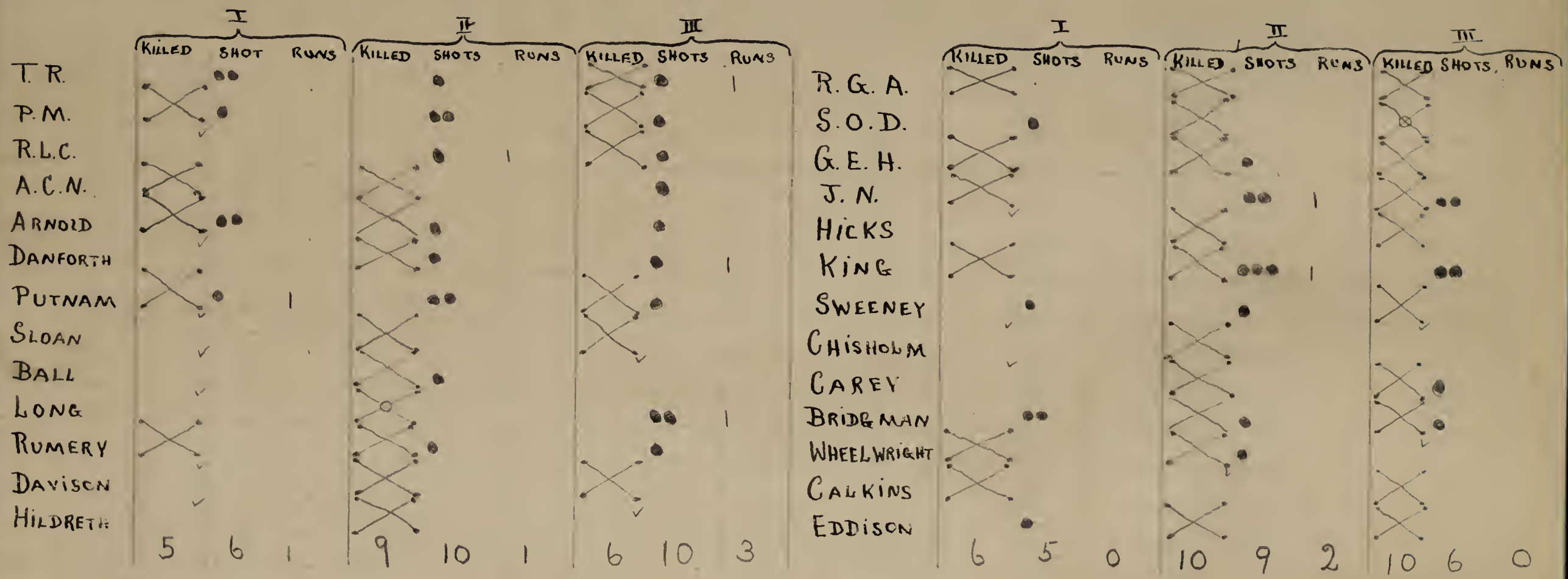
R.L.C.	A.C.N.
Danforth	Arnold
Hicks	Ball
Sloan	Putnam

"Don't try to get back in the shell when you've tipped over" was the current expression and ABC of navigation this afternoon. Danforth and Ball were the only Campers who didn't leave their shells to join the waves at some point in the afternoon.

The fish were biting this afternoon. 49 were brought home: II in the Yammer, 3 in the Chub, 5 in the Hornpout, I6 in the Wobbler, 9 in the Arklet, and 5 in the Williwaw.Just 5 bass in all, two of them 2-pounders. Good luck to the fish-cleaning squad.

Sweeney's birthday cake was delicious for the Stay-at-Homes.

A new book for the half-past-niners: "William Cook, Antique Dealer," by Richard Keverne. L.E.R. read "Sea Fever."


I
II
III
KILLED SHOT RUNS
KILLED SHOTS RUNS
KILLED SHOTS RUNS
T. R.
P. M.
R. L. C.
A. C. N.
ARNOLD
DANFORTH
PUTNAM
SLOAN
BALL
LONG
RUMERY
DAVISON
HILDRETH
5 6 1
9 10 1
6 10 3
I
II
III
KILLED SHOTS RUNS
KILLED SHOTS RUNS
KILLED SHOTS RUNS
R. G. A.
S. O. D.
G. E. H.
J. N.
HICKS
KING
SWEENEY
CHISHOLM
CAREY
BRIDGMAN
WHEELWRIGHT
CALKINS
EDDISON
6 5 0
10 9 2
10 6 0

Wrestling this morning with these results:

Tuesday
July 25
W SW
Clear &
warmer

Wrestling

King vs Arnold: draw in 3'
Chisholm vs Sweeney: Sweeney in 50"
Davison vs Hildreth: Hildreth in 40"
Bridgman vs Long: draw in 3'
Wheelwright vs Rumery: Rumery in 2'7"
Putnam vs Hildreth: Hildreth in 2'20"
Carey vs King: draw in 3'I5"

Those on the first Doodlebug squad of the season enjoyed a brief excursion under R.R.'s able direction.

There was quite a wind after lunch, and at 2:I5 the Scouting board was displayed and khakis donned. The games today showed again how nearly equal the two teams are this year. The Gonks took the first game on the strength of Putnam's one run. They also had 6 shots to the Iroquois' 5. J.N. and King scored for the Iroquois winning the second game for them over R.L.C!s one run for the Gonks. The shots were IO to 9 for the Gonks in the second game and IO to 6 for them in the third. No runs for the Iroquois in the latter, but T.R. Long and Danforth pushed the to a 3 to 0 victory. Rumor hath it that Danforth was on the verge of a rare and enviable second run, but "All in" stopped him a few yards too soon.

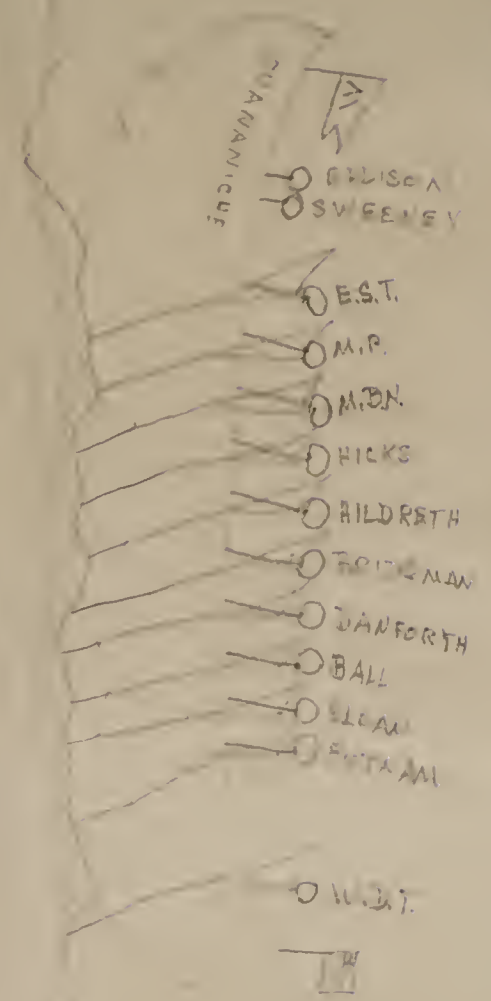
King's afternoon was the individual high spot with 5 shots and a run to his credit. Second to him came J.N. and Putnam with 4 shots and a run apiece.

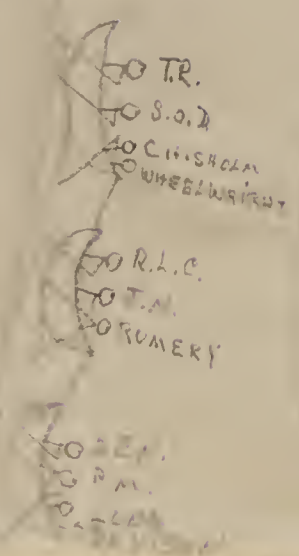
Tuesday (Cont'd) S.O.D. and Long both succumbed to stray shots and were quite insistent that we ask slayers to take more careful aim. The score in games for July stands 4 to 2 in the Iroquois' favor.

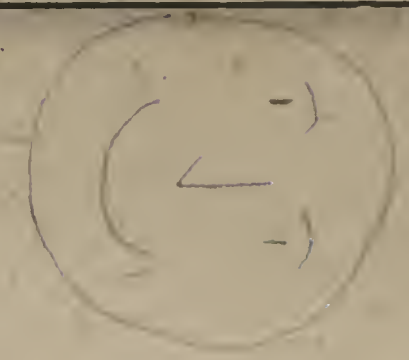
During the Indian skirmishes on the ridge R.M.D. unhurt to Gardiner, and E.S.T. with M.B.N. went to Waterville to restore an ailing Camp timepiece.

Digestion Club after supper, and then a game of Observation. After the three seconds' glimpse of the tray King wrote down nine articles successfully, Putnam was second with eight and Sloan third with seven. The thirty seconds' gaze brought different results: Chisholm got highest with eighteen out of twenty-five objects and Danforth and Ball were able to remember seventeen of them. This was after a Scouting game too.

"William Cook, Antique Dealer" turns out to be of the Fair Sex. We wonder that some of the regular half-past-nine snoozers haven't asked what has become of Trent.


E.S.T.
M.P.
M.B.N.
HICKS
BILDRETH
DANFORTH
BALL


T.R.
S.O.D.
WHEELWRIGHT
R.L.C.
T.N.
RUMERY



The Niceties of Temperature and Barometer were forgotten today in the face of a second All Dayer, this time to Hornbeam.

Wednesday
July 26
W NW

The Ouani and three Rangeleys sped across to the Mills and through Long Pond to the little stream with the rickety bridge and square-sterned row boat, land marks that end the water trip. We had lunch in a sunny spot in the woods- (much too much lunch it seemed a little later) - and then set out by land for the Hill. A better road and a surer guide made the trip seem shorter than Rocky last week, but the last IOO yards of the Hill were a bit of a pull to say the least. Finally we straightened up on the top where the view of the lakes, the stiff breeze and even the raspberries refreshed the weary travellers. We came down in good time and filled our canteens and drank at the well at "Journey's End." Mr . and Mrs. Jackson were hospitable as always, telling stories of former Campers and exhibiting tame frogs and turtles for our entertainment. By 3:30 we were back at the landing, and the fleet, somewhat diminished by the Camping Trip, pushed back to Oak for supper. A short but enjoyable swim, and from across the Pond we heard the Five Minute Bell and the Horn as we fell to on our own supper.

Coming back to Camp we found Mrs. Hildreth and Eddie's sister. Also Mr. and Mrs. Harry Eldridge. Mr.

Wednesday (Cont'd) Eldridge was at Camp in 1918 and is now with the F.C.Huyck Company in Albany which supplied Merryweather with its first forest-green blankets. J.R. has come back to us again.

Monkey in Sight again, and then more mysteries about William Cook. Oh welcome Taps.

CAMPING TRIP - JULY 26

KING.
ARNOLD.
CALKINS.
CAREY
R.G.A.
G.E.H.

WORROMONTOGUS
ABAGADASSETT

Thursday July 27 W N&S Once more the Weather Man failed us, but the day was a continuous battle between the NW and SW breezes.

Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge came in time for swim. J.R. went to Oakland this morning and to Waterville this afternoon.

Skowhegan on the Point
(with S.O.D.)

Montaugs	Quahaugs
Ball	Bridgman
Chisholm	Danforth
Davison	Eddison
Hicks	Hildreth
Long	Putnam
Rumery	Sloan & Wheelwright
Sweeney	

Camp Groundwarp

On a very clear, Northwest July 26th the "Abagadassett" with R. G. A., Carey, and Calkins and the "Worromontogus" with G. E. H., Arnold, and King headed for the Hills; Fazing Pow Point on Long Pond their destination.

The paddle across to the Hills was uneventful, and the carry was done in good time before the all-dayers were coming up on us. Finding a good North Wind on Long Pond, we spread the canvas ground cloth between the canoes and sailed down to the narrows. We made amazing speed this way, and moved just as fast, if not faster than we could have paddled. We passed through the narrows, and headed for the Islands on the East side of the pond. Most of the Islands were overgrown or inhabited, and were not very inviting, but at last

a small round island appeared. It was covered with pines, and the shore fell off sharply - a perfect place to swim. So we had a swim and lunch along with a discussion by King and Collins whether "lunches" meant a lunch for six or six separate lunches, a matter of no importance as we all had plenty of excellent lunch or lunches as the case may be.

We fished after lunch off the rocks got many strikes and caught two small bass, and a sunfish(?). We soon got under way, and crossed to the West shore to search for a camping place. We found an excellent spot and started to make camp, when a shout was heard from Arnold who had almost stepped in a groundhog's nest. He was seen biding about furiously much to the amusement of some and the pity of others who

were themselves stung.

We found this a delightful spot, however. Arnold and Carey found plenty of firewood and the rest found Hemlock for the beds. R. G. A.'s skillful method of ~~exciting~~ mosquitoes saved us nothing from mosquitoes and we spent a good night.

Next morning we broke camp early and set off to climb Royal from the back side. We were unsuccessful, but we had a nice walk, which gave us a longing for swim on hands. We portook in there just both of the narrows, and then paddled home, every-one feeling they had had a most pleasant trip.

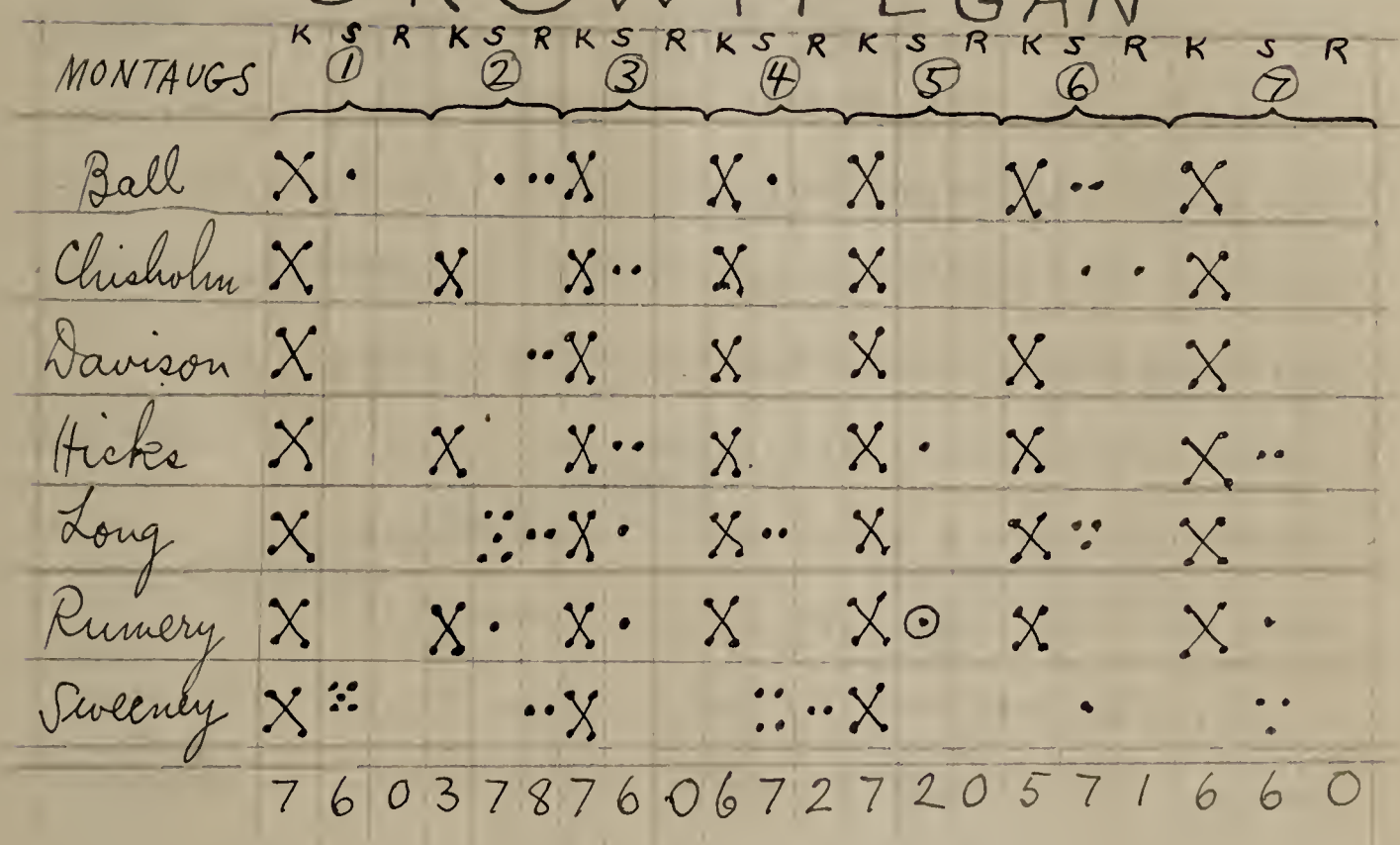
7

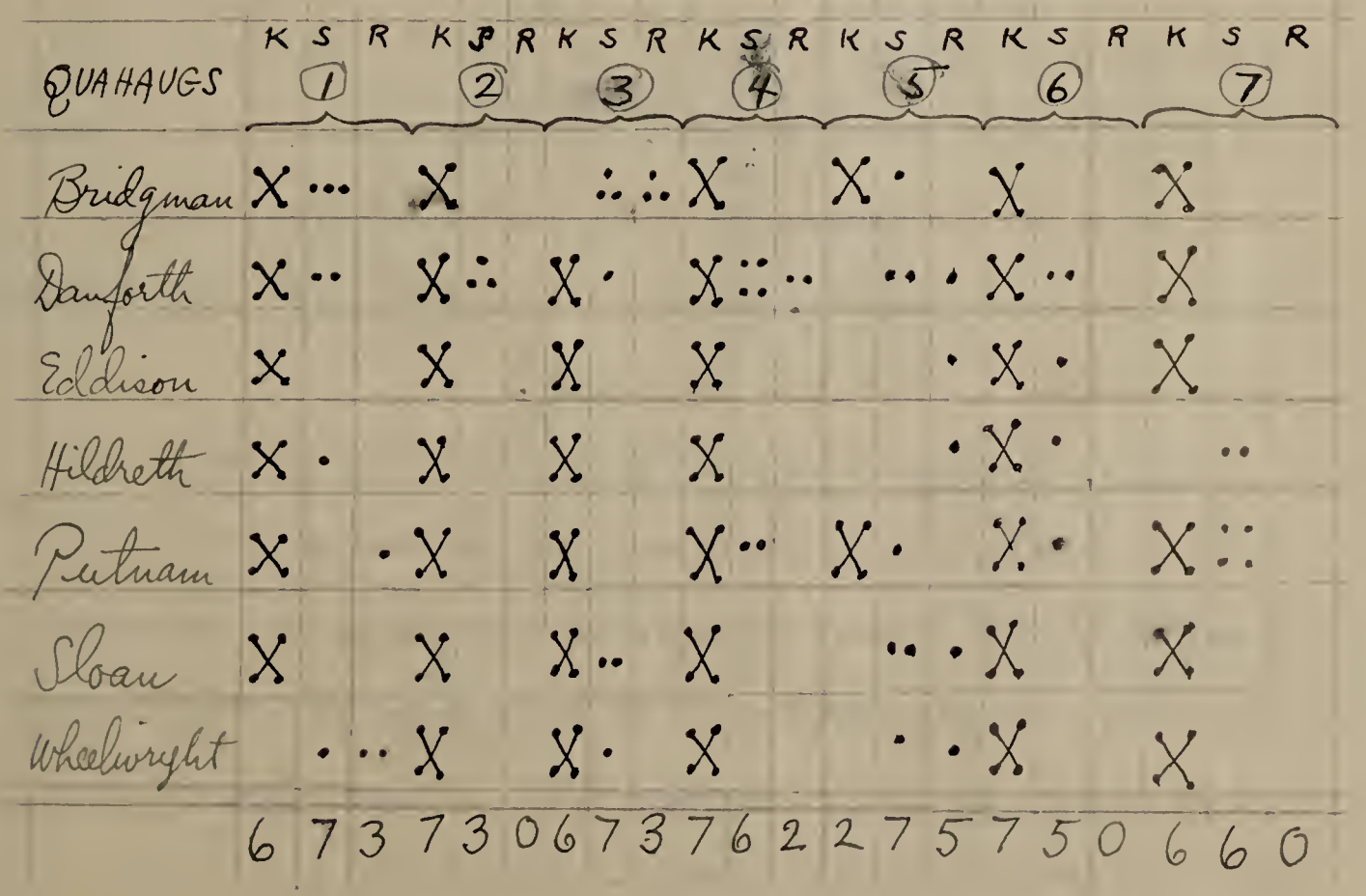
Shell Devotion

Thursday
(Cont'd)

R.I.C.
J.M.
A.C.W.
?

SKOWHEGAN





Thursday (Cont'd) The Montaugs and the Quahaugs struggled hard for supremacy on the Point, and at the end of six games the score was 3-3. A seventh game to decide the matter once and for all was a hard fought battle resulting in no runs and 6 shots apiece so the afternoon's total remained a tie. In the first game Wheelwright scored two runs and Putnam one for the Quahaugs. In the second Ball, Davison, Long and Sweeney ran over the enemies' goal thrice each making the score 8-0 in their favor. The third game was a track meet for Bridgman who made 3 runs for his team, but in the fourth the runs were a tie, Danforth and Putnam scoring on one side and Sweeney twice on the other. The Montaugs were ahead by a shot. Game five found wheelwright, Sloan, Hildreth, Eddison and Danforth running to win for the Quahaugs, and retaliating in the sixth Chisholm gave the Montaugs a winning run. In game seven both teams were held at bay with no runs and 6 shots apiece, when time was called. Sweeney had the best individual record with 4 runs and I3 shots.

Chas. Anderson was discouraged this morning to find his bill payed with an unsigned check that was seven dollars short anyway. He professed a firm belief that our secretary is in a "perpetual fog," but we know Mr. Anderson didn't make allowances for the morning after an All Dayer - 'nough said.

On the hill this morning there was:

Friday
July 28
T 63
B 29.73
W SE
Cloudy

Wrestling

Calkins vs Chisholm - Calkins in 2'40"
Carey vs Long - draw in 3'20"
Rumery vs Sweeney - Rumery in I'20"
Eddison vs Chisholm - Chisholm in 40"
King vs Bridgman - draw in 4'
Chisholm vs Sweeney - Sweeney in 30"

There was a stiff breeze this afternoon, but between the puffs the ball sizzled over home plate on the hill, and the Ouani dipped proudly around the Pond:

Senior Ball

San Antonios		Puerto Ricos
W.D.T.	c	T.R.
J.N.	p	S.O.D.
P.M.	I	R.L.C.
Carey	2	Putnam
King	3	Rumery
Ball	ss	Sloan
Bridgman	rf	Long
G.E.H.	cf	A.C.N.
Hildreth	lf	Danforth

Ouani-round-the-Pond

M.B.N.	M.P.
Arnold	Chisholm
Davison	Eddison
Calkins	Hicks
Sweeney	Wheelwright

R.G.A.

The Ouani started N with a strong following breeze and skimmed along on the crests of the waves around Ram and the tip of Hoyt's. It was a little harder work pushing up the W side of the Pond, but we rounded Monkey Point in good time and spirits. Circling Oak we started our drive for home, raising the stroke and feeling once again the wind at our backs.

Friday (Cont'd) Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge had their farewell supper with us tonight. Bill Chisholm's mother and father (an old Camper) came in after supper, and Anne C. Thayer J. A. Thayer and Jimmy Thayer are staying for two nights.

There were Games on the Hill in which one Dodge Ball side eliminated the other in as little time as I'5". Then followed Musical Chairs in the Parlor. Bridgman took the first game from A.C.N. and Sunshine Alley won the other two, first with M.B.N. beating Hicks and then with E.S.T. taking the last chair from Ball.

Three teams (A B & C) of half-past-niners wracked their brains in the blackboard relay. A totalled 8 victories, C, 3, and B, just one. Some of the winning sentiments were:

Books are the solace of life.
Soon will the moon softly sink.
Why do you like home talent?
Rascally runners often ruin themselves entirely.
Gentile ladies shouldn't ever demand doughnuts.

Sometimes we even stooped as low as:

A mouse eats fat old men
or Sunday means a lot of beef to me.

Half-past-nine, and we sang Taps to the memory of July. It has been as glorious as it has been swift, and the terrific wind rain and lightning tonight shows that the month doesn't turn without its regrets. M.P. leaves tomorrow.

Baseball: Puerto Ricans vs San Antonios

That banana oil is stronger than Texaco was proven up on the old field this afternoon in a battle not quite so gruelling as usual. The Pitcher-Medico twisted a mean pill over the polygon and Long Tom (T.R.) as catcher had all the bases covered with his lengthy reach. The Motor Oil battery was made up of W.D.T. as catcher (his lusty encouraging shouts alone kept the Texans from becoming completely demoralized) and J.N. as pitcher. J.N. had not had much practice on the old hillock as had the wiry wily S.O.D. and was not as accurate as that worthy twirler, but the flames in J.N.'s eyes (and hair) never flickered throughout the game, and he fought a brave battle. As a matter of fact, he of the rufus hair, customarily a sterling catcher, had been impressed as pitcher.

Thievery was rampant (rife, too) and bases were being constantly stolen by and from each side. The oily San Antonian waters were unruffled for the most part, though a slight swell could be distinguished when W.D.T. and J.N. each made two runs. But the banana oil was fairly ambroidal and seething: S.O.D. made 4 runs (I a homer), "Platano" R.L.C., A.C.N., and T.R. made 3 runs apiece. For the Steer Throwers Carey and Ball were least asleep, and for the Latin Islanders, Rumery and Putnam.

Let us hope that next time "Effervescence" and not "Oil" will be the watchword.

Pinto Pirates vs. San Antonio of _____ at _____ 19__

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
1			1	Rumery	5	K		0			F.C.			1-3				6	1			
4			2	Fitzgerald	4	F.C.		K	K		F.C.		0	6-3				6	1			
8	1		3	Rose	3	F.C.		4-3		0		F.C.	0					5	3	1		3
	3		4	S.O.T.	6	K		0		0		0	0					5	4	1		2
	6		5	T.R.	1		0			0		0						5	3	4		1
			6	Clay	6		2-4	1-3		1-3		1-3	1-3					5		1		
			7	H.C.N.	8		0		0	K		K		0				5	3	2		3
			8	Dunbar	9		K		2-3	K			1-3	2-3				5				
			9	Craig	7		K		1-3		1-3		0					5	1			
			10																			
			11																			
			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	1/1	2/3	2/3	1/6	3/9	0/9	3/11	4/15	1/16								
Balks.	Hit by pito. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
						1-b. on errors.																
Muffed fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.												Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
						Batt'y errors.																

Umpire _____ of _____ Scorer _____

San Antonio vs. Pinto Pirates of _____ at _____ 19__

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
11			1	P.M.	3	2-5		1-3				F.O.						5	1	3		
3	3		2	J.N.	2			0				0	F.C.					5	2	1		
			3	G.E.H.	8	2-3		1-3		K		K		K				5				
1	5		4	W.D.T.	1	K			0			0		1-3				5	2	1		
1	1		5	Carey	4		K		3-4	K								5		2		
1			6	King	5		5		F.C.		1-5	K						5				1
			7	Pinto	7		1-3		F.C.		2-3		1-3					4		1		
			8	Hilbert	9		K			1-4	K		K					4		1		
			9	Fall	6			K		0								4	1	1		
			10																			
			11																			
			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	0/0	0/0	1/1	1/2	1/3	0/3	2/5	0/5									
Balks.	Hit by pito. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
						1-b. on errors.																
Muffed fl fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.												Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
						Batt'y errors.																

Umpire _____ of _____ Scorer _____

SATURDAY - JULY 29
~ SKOWHEGAN ~

PENOBSCOTS	1 K	1 S	1 R	2 K	2 S	2 R	3 K	3 S	3 R	4 K	4 S	4 R	5 K	5 S	5 R	6 K	6 S	6 R	7 K	7 S	7 R	8 K	8 S	8 R	9 K	9 S	9 R	INDIVIDUAL SCORE
J. N.	X	:		X	:		X	·		X	·		X	:		X			X	:		X			X	·		9 X 12 shots
Ball		:		X	·		X						X						X	:		X			X	:		6 X 9 shots
Thayer	X			X			X			X			X			X			X			X			X			9 X
Wheelwright	X			X			X			X			X						X			X	·		X			8 X 1 shots 1 run
Rumery	X			X			X						X			X			X			X			X	·		8 X 1 shots
King	X	:		X	·		X	·					·			X			X	⊙		X			X			7 X 7 shots
Hildreth	X			X			X	:		X	·		X			X			X			X			X			9 X 4 shots
Eddison	X						X	·		X			X			X	⊙		X			X						7 X 2 shots
TOTAL	7	7	0	7	4	0	8	6	1	5	2	0	7	3	0	7	1	0	7	6	0	7	1	0	8	5	0	

NOBSCOTS	1 K	1 S	1 R	2 K	2 S	2 R	3 K	3 S	3 R	4 K	4 S	4 R	5 K	5 S	5 R	6 K	6 S	6 R	7 K	7 S	7 R	8 K	8 S	8 R	9 K	9 S	9 R	INDIVIDUAL SCORE
A. C. N.	X						X			X				·				·	X					·			·	4 X 1 shot 3 runs
Sloan	X	·			:	·	X			X	·			·			:		X			X			X			6 X 7 shots 1 run
Bridgman		:			·	·	X	:		X	:			:		X	·		X	·		X			X			6 X 12 shots 1 run
Sweeney	X	·			·			·	·					·		X	·		X				: ⊙		X	·		4 X 10 shots 1 run
Putnam	X			X			X						X	·				·	X							:	·	5 X 3 shots 2 runs
Long	X	:		X	·			:	·	X	·						:			:	·					:	·	3 X 12 shots 3 runs
Hicks	X	·		X	:		X	·		X			X	·			:	·	X	·			:		X	:		7 X 13 shots 1 run
Chisholm	X			X	·		X			X	·		X					·		:	:				X			6 X 5 shots 3 runs
TOTAL	7	7	0	4	8	2	6	7	2	6	5	0	3	7	0	2	8	4	6	7	3	2	7	1	5	7	3	

This morning the Weather Man must have been too busy packing to stick to his post.

Saturday
July 29
W SW to NW
Fair & slightly cloudy

There were no casualties from last night's two storms. The white boats near the Merryweather Light were drawn up, and the other boats and the Float rode out the storms nobly. As we arose this morning the sky was clearing and the terrific wind had died down.

Alas M.P. has left as have the July boys: Evan Calkins, Stevie Danforth, Warrie Arnold, Rex Carey and Trubee Davison. We were so sorry to see them go after the happy but short month they had spent with us.

John Redford Abbot Jr. | John A. Burnham Jr arrived from Boston at 3:30 to spend August with us.

The Skowhegan this afternoon, unlike the last games played, was very uneven. The Nobscots defeated the Penobscots 8 games out of 9, tying the first. The playing was sloppy and the participants were careless about stray shots, reporting, talking in the Boneyard, reversing caps, etc. The Nobs appeared better organized than the opposition. On one occasion the Penobs were completely annihilated in 5' with 3 Nobs left in the field, so the game had to be cut short.

Miss Eleanor Ferguson, a cousin of the Richards, visited Camp for a short while during the afternoon.

After many rehearsals and some last-minute misgivings, the Sing Song got under weigh with great eclat:

Saturday
(Cont'd)

Fourth Sing Song

I. Overture - - - Selection from Haydn Sonata no.7
2. "Three Toasts," by L.E.R. sung by the Prefects
3. Choruses: The Hiram Q. & My Heart's in the Hi'lands
4. Stunt - - A Bab Ballad directed by R.R.
5. Choruses: Canoe Test Song, Merryw'r Boys and Song of the Ouananiche
6. Stunt - -A Picnic Tragedy in 2 Acts - - E.S.T.
7. Camp Song

After the Overture, the Prefects sang the four Toasts which L.E.R. had written while the Campers were away on the first All Dayer. After the first group of choruses came R.R's. admirable dramatization of a Bab Ballad with the following cast: Elvira: E.S.T., Ferdinando:R.L.C., Military Cousins: Ball, G.E.H., Long and Eddison, Aunt:S.O.D., and Pastry Cook and Wife: P.M. and Hildreth respectively. The stunt was a real success, and the producer R.R. and the actors are all to be congratulated. The next stunt was an unusual and original skit in two acts, written, produced, and costumed by E.S.T. with the cast as follows: Sandwiches: A.C.N., Chisholm, Hicks, and Putnam. Doughnut: Wheelwright, Chocolate: Bridgman, and Date: Sweeney. The Sandwiches are nice but ordinary people, but the Date, Chocolate and Doughnut are quite superior. The first chorus (air - Upidee):

The loaves of bread were gathered fast,
Sandwiches, sandwiches,
The butter softened up at last,
Sandwiches, hooray.
Miss Davis cut the bread so slick,
Miss Peabody spread butter thick,
Sandwiches of ham and jam,

Fourth Sing Song (continued)

Saturday
(Cont'd)

Sandwiches, sandwiches,
Sandwiches with cheese to please,
Sandwiches hooray.

Miss Nichols added up the count,
Sandwiches, sandwiches,
Each basket got the right amount,
Sandwiches, hooray.
The bacon with its crisp appeal,
The butter and the minced-up veal.
Sandwiches of ham and jam, etc.

Then, the Second Chorus (air - Gaily the Troubadour):

We are the ornaments of the menu,
We're supercilious; delicious too.
We are the bananas doughnuts and cheese
Others may satisfy; we strive to please.

First in attractiveness comes the choc'late,
Second to her, my boys, th'exotic date.
All that is poetry to tongue or eye,
Few are the Philistines that pass us by.

Then, as the picnic supper is about to be served, comes the Third Chorus to the air of Begone Dull Care:

Oh, please choose me to start your delicious meal,
Oh, please choose me, I've an extra amount of veal.
Long time we have been waiting here and fain we would be eat,
Oh, please choose me, you never will find my beat.

Oh, please choose me, the others are silly and slight,
Oh, please choose me; I'll make a most scrumptious bite
Of fine white bread and butter sweet and everything that's pure,
So please choose me, you'll never regret it, I'm sure.

Alas, Sandwich A.C.N. is not chosen, and he sings (to the air of Among My Souvenirs):

There's nothing left of me, of charms that used to be,
Digestibility, nobody wants me now.
The bacon all is gone, and I'm alone forsworn
And here grow stale alone:nobody wants me now.

I once was young & fair; my butter spread with care,
So gaily debonair, nobody wants me now,
So here I lie in state, awaiting my sad fate,
To serve the fishes' bait; nobody wants me now.

Saturday (Cont'd)

Fourth Sing Song (continued)

Finally the spirits of the eaten sandwiches join hands in a farewell chorus (air: Auld Lang Syne):

Our spirits come to greet thee, mate(A.C.N.),
We envy you your lot,
We are the sandwiches they ate,
We wish that they had not.

We have been mashed and chewed and ground
And jostled into place,
And then we're joggled up and down
In much too small a place.

This admirable stunt then drew to a close with the cast singing the first verse and last chorus of Auld Lang Syne.

It might be said that, though some of us were prone to clip the words of the choruses short, the singing went very well, notably two new and hard songs: The Hiram Q, and the Canoe Test Song.

With the Camp Song the half-past-eighters retired, and to the older people L.E.R. read Shelley's lovely "To Night."

Sunday July 30
B 29.65 & slightly rising. W W
T 70

More rain; more wind. The Float Man made a nice smudge to keep the Soap-on the-Pointers warm and dry.

The woods had been soaking for so long that Promethianism was the verdict for the afternoon.

Promethianism at 3:30

Burnham (capt)	King (capt)	Putnam (capt)
Chisholm	Bridgman	Ball
Sloan	Hildreth	Long
Wheelwright	Sweeney	S.O.D. (judge)
T.R. (judge)	R.G.A. (judge)	

Hicks (cap't)
Abbot
Rumery
Eddison
R.L.C. (judge)

"Picnic on Katahdin at 6:15 "

King, an old hand at fire making, led his team to victory. With fine technique the fuel was ready to light in a very short time, and the water was boiling 14 minutes after the first match had been struck. Although water boiling records are not listed in the Record Book, we all think that King's team broke all previous records.

Burnham's team was the only other team to get the water boiling and the potatoes cooked. Some of his uninitiated team mates brought wet leaves, red pine and sodden thick birch bark, and there was some difficulty in getting the the fire started. The time was 1 hour and 35 minutes. We are told that Freddie Hicks once won a Boy Scout prize for extinguishing a fire in a remarkably fast time, so we are not surprized to find that the potatoes came back raw. Birch bark alone (this was the lesson he learned) will not set the pot a-boiling.

The next time Eddie Long takes part in Promethianism, he will bring two handkerchiefs with him: one to wrap the matches in and one to sneeze into.. Wet matches and leaves will not set the pot a-boiling either.

A sad departure this morning; a happy arrival before supper. The Thayers left for Ipswich believing (as many of us believed) that good weather would escort them home. But unfortuneately such was not to be the case, as we later found. J.R. arrived shortly before supper from Indian Point where he had luck enough to escape our tempestuous rains. Just after J.R. came J.W. with

Sunday (Cont'd)

Lana Wiggins . R.R. left with J.W. for a few days'stay at Deer Isle. We picnicked in the parlor and then sang rounds. Then E.S.T. read two ghoulish stories at Digestion Club; both by W.W. Jacobs. Every one sang hymns with enthusiasm. All of us feel sure that tomorrow will see an azure sky, and a NW wind.

Monday
July 3I
B 29.75
T 70
W N to S

The early morning breeze nearly ceased at noon, then, at 8 in the evening it suddenly veered S where it has remained ever since.

Bungie King left as we were sitting down to breakfast, and we were all sorry to see him, the last of the July boys, depart from our midst.

Most boys are building Dustpans by now, and during go-as-you-please time the Shop emits all sorts of carpentering noises.

It was so calm and hot after lunch that the sport chosen for the afternoon was:

Monday (Cont'd) — Trial Boat and Canoe

I. Junior Sitting Doubles
2. Senior Standing Singles
3. Junior Standing Singles
4. Senior Standing Doubles
5. Junior Standing Singles (finals)
6. Kayak Race
7. Senior Standing Singles (finals)
8. Rangeley Race
9. Coxswains' Race
IO. Four Paddlers' Race

Junior Sitting Doubles

Time: 4'2I.4"

I. Chisholm and Bridgman	-	Squannacook
2. Eddison and Long	-	Hecuba
3. Rumery and Sweeney	-	Pink

The course for all races except the Coxes' Race and the Four Paddlers' race extended from the Float to the Point, from the Point, past the Float, to a point off the Copley slip, then back again to the Float. The Coxes' Race was rowed over half the course and the Four Paddlers paddled twice the distance.

All canoes were off to a good start. At the Point the Pink was ahead, and the Hec had difficulty in rounding her buoy. From the Point to the Float the Pink and the Squanny were neck and neck with the Pink a poor third. Perfect negotiation of her Copley slip buoy won the race for the Pink as the Squanny was a close second.

Senior Standing Singles

4'20.4"

First Heat:

I. Sloan
2. Burnham

Sloan took too short strokes and Burnham stood too far forward. Burnham, al-

Senior Standing Singles (Cont'd) Monday (Cont'd)

ways slightly ahead; wins in 4'38.6".

Second Heat:
I. Ball
2. Hicks Ball had the upper hand all the way, though the race was a close one. The importance of rounding buoys properly was demonstrated in this race as it was in many others. Hicks' poor turn off the Copley slip lost the race for him. Ball's time was poor - 5'I9".

Third Heat:
I. Abbot This heat was the closest of the three,
2. Putnam
Putnam only just winning in 4'34".

Final Heat:
I. Burnham As he passed the float on the way north
2. Ball
3. Putnam Burnham was ahead with Putnam second. Burnham won in 4'20.4", Putnam was second and Ball a poor third.

Junior Standing Singles

First Heat:
I.Bridgman This was a very closely contested race.
2.Long
On the last quarter Bridgman summoned greater energy than Long and won in 5'I0.4".

Second Heat: Sweeney rounded the Point flag first
I. Eddison
2. Sweeney and won easily though Eddison was game till the finish.

Third Heat:
I. Rumery Chisholm failed to profit by Burnham's
2. Chisholm
experience and stood too far forward, having great difficulty in keeping a straight course. For this reason Rumery won by a good 60 yards in 6'I0.8".

Monday
(Cont'd)

Junior Standing Singles (cont'd)

Final Heat:
I. Bridgman
2. Sweeney
3. Rumery

Bridgman rounded the Point buoy first and was far ahead at the Float with Rumery second. Bridgman, keeping an even pace, won in 5'IO". Sweeney was a poor third.

Senior Standing Doubles 4'4"

I. Burnham and Hildreth	-	Pink
2. Ball and Sloan	-	Squanny
3. Putnam and Hicks	-	Hecuba

The Squanny got the lead at the Point keeping in better stroke than the others. The Pink was badly out of stroke at the Point and capsized. With perfect synchronizing the Squanny easily won in 4'4" with the Hec a poor second.

Kayak Race 4'34.2"

I. Hicks	-	Kittiwake
2. Chisholm	-	Avocet
3. Long	-	Nessmuk
4. Wheelwright	-	Phalarope

Hicks with longer reach than the others, and taking long sweeping strokes kept always ahead. Chisholm had difficulty making the turns, but gave Hicks a stiff battle over the last quarter of the course. Long was third, and though Wheelwright was fourth, he paddled a remarkably good race, since this was his first time in a kayak.

Rangeley Race 4'30"

I. Rumery & Long Wheelwright (cox)	-	Pantasote
2. Bridgman & Chisholm Eddison (cox)	-	Identical

Rangeley Race (cont'd)

Monday
(Cont'd)

The Pantasote was ahead from the start, keeping better stroke than the Identical. The winning boat made better turns, and perhaps Wheelwright's shouting: " One-two, three-four, etc." may have helped. The Pantasote won easily and snappily.

Coxswains' Race 3'32"

I.Eddison	-	Pantasote
2. Wheelwright	-	Terror
3. Sweeney	-	Identical

This was a very close race for Sweeney and Wheelwright who were neck and neck all the way. In fact they finished in a dead heat, colliding as they crossed the line.

Four Paddlers' Race

6'I3"

I. Abbot, Long Sweeney and Burnham	-	Worromontogus
2. Hildreth, Eddison Bridgman & Sloan	-	Abagadassett
3. Putnam Chisholm Rumery and Ball	-	Cobbosseecontee

First around the Point and ahead at the Float was the Abagad, with the Cob (listing from port to starboard and badly out of stroke) way behind all the way. The Abagad kept its position and won, but the Worry was a serious threat to it.

Every one was much relieved as W.D.T. shouted: "All in for a swim" after two hours of exciting sport.

As it was still calm at 7 the evening was made a Boat Evening. S.O.D. and Ball; and P.M. and Wheelwright

Monday (Cont'd) went trolling. The first-mentioned pair trolled off the bar between the Point and Pine Island, while the latter pair chose to troll close to shore between the Float and Fourway. George Ball caught a I4-I5" bass; P.M. and Wheelwright returned empty-handed.

It had been a perfect day from every point of view. Some of the half-past-eighters took part in a game or two of Monkey-in-Sight before 8:30 struck.

Tuesday
August I
B 29.8
T 70
W SSE
Cloudy &
probable
showers

Cloudy, and, as the weather man predicted (with the usual reservation, however) showers later in the morning. The fishermen hoped and hoped and finally their prayers were realized, for Fishing became the afternoon's sport. The non-fishermen and naval designers worked on their boats.

Fishing - Suppers Out

Arklet	Chub	Hornpout	Wobbler	Williwaw
W.D.T.	R.G.A.	P.M.	A.C.N.	S.O.D.
Abbot	Long	Sloan	Sweeney	Ball
Burnham	Chisholm	Hildreth	Rumery	

Boat Building

R.L.C.	Bridgman
Eddison	Putnam
Hicks	Wheelwright

W.D.T's and P.M's boats fished off the bar until the Hornpout made for Oak Island, heaving anchor near the Chub and the Wobbler. S.O.D. and George Ball tried their luck S of the Mousetrap, dropping N to join the rest at 6 o'clock. We all had moderate luck except W.D.T.'s crew which was unfortunate enough to pull in 4 undersized fish one after another, and A.C.N.'s crew which had the misfortune to land only two perch. The Chub brought home 8 perch and one bass; the Williwaw 7 perch, and the Hornpout 5 perch and two bass (caught by Hildreth on a ten cent spinner). The day's catch to-

Tuesday
(Cont'd) talled 25.

At about seven o'clock a sudden squall came up-us, and we thought it best to make for Camp, where we arrived shortly after, soaked to the skin but otherwise none the worse for it.

Oh, fishermen, do not follow the example of one of your number (who shall be nameless) who left his rod on the Float and spent the afternoon twiddling his thumbs.

We apologize for some poor chronology: Mrs. Rumery visited us this morning , arriving at swim time.

Steaming hot cocoa, prepared so thoughtfully for the drenched ones and two games of Monkey in Sight brought the day to a happy close.

(Total fish caught: 6I - I8 bass).

Wednesday Aug 2
B 29.65
T 80
W WNW
Probable increase in wind

Quite a stiff wind was blowing at eleven, and prospective Canoe Testers prayed fervently that it might reach the twenty mph mark. S.O.D., T.R., R.L.C., J.N. A.C.N. and P.M. practiced going around the course after swim time. After lunch the wind lessened and all felt that there would be no Canoe Tests in the afternoon, but, instead,

Scouting

Without the assistance of the July braves, but with the staunch Iroquoians Burnham and Abbot in

ALGONQUINS

	I Killed	I Shots	I Runs	II Killed	II Shots	II Runs	III Killed	III Shots	III Runs
T.R.								●●	1
P.M.					●			●	
R.L.C.		●			●●			●	
A.C.N.					●				
Putnam					●●			●	
Sloan									
Ball								●	
Long								●●	
Rumery		●			●●				
Hildreth		●●●						●●	1
	5	5	0	6	8	0	4	10	2

IROQUOIS

	I Killed	I Shots	I Runs	II Killed	II Shots	II Runs	III Killed	III Shots	III Runs
R.G.A.					●				
S.O.D.								●●	
G.E.H.									
J.N.		●			●	1		●	1
Hicks		●						●	1
Sweeney		●							
Chisholm					●●●				
Bridgman		●			●				
Wheelwright									
Eddison									
Burnham									
Abbot		●	1						1
	5	5	1	8	6	1	10	4	3

their places the first game was under weigh. It was a closely contested game with 5 killed and 5 shot for each team. Somehow, however, Johnnie Abbot slipped through the Underground for a run, and the game was the Iroquois'.

In the second game, as in the third, the Gonks did more shooting than their opponents, but the Gonk shore guard was killed and J.N. got through for a run. Every Iroquois except Captain R.G.A. was killed in the third game. Nevertheless a party of three (J.N., Hicks, and Abbot) crossed the Gonks' line, again via the Underground, while the Gonks made only two runs: T.R. made one in the Swamp and Hildreth made another along the shore. So, though it was something of a pyrrhic victory for the Iroquois, (23 Iroquois were killed; I5 Gonks), yet the afternoon was theirs, and they now lead by 7 games to 2.

J.N. was the leading scorer, making 2 runs and 3 shots. Abbot came next with 2 runs and one shot. For the Gonks Hildreth starred with one run and 5 shots, with T.R. (one run; 2 shots) second.

Shortly after charades began R.R. returned to our midst, and we were happy also to see:

Charles Wiggins 2nd. | Charles Wiggins 3rd.

who spent the night with us.

J.A.Hutchinson ('I8,'20) dropped in for lunch.

Wednesday
(Cont'd)

Fourth Charade Evening

R.G.A.: Nicholas Nickleby- Dickens

Scene One: Visiting professor R.G.A. conducts a class (Putnam, Chisholm, Bridgman and Long) in the Edinburgh high school. The ant pupils have no difficulty in spotting CO_2 and $NaCl$, but only Putnam recognizes the formula for Nicholas (Nickelous) Chloride.

Scene Two: Bee Keeper G.E.H. sells some bees to Farmer P.M. who, though he first declares he cannot afford 2 cent and 3 cent bees, finally purchases some nickel bees.

Final Scene: A scene in Dotheboy's. Mr. Squeers (R.G.A.) and his wife (L.E.W.) reprove Nicholas (P.M.) and then feed brimstone and treacle to their hungry pupils.

R.L.C.: Hypnosis

Scene One: In a terrific scrimmage J.N. dislocates his hip. Enter the doctor (S.O.D.) who with his assistants pulls the hip back into place to the distress of the screaming maltreated J.N.

Scene Two: The gallant Sloan and his girl (Ball) hold hands in the parlor, but her brother (Hicks) won't leave the lovers in peace. When Ball asks him to leave he replies "No, siss," and leaves only upon Sloan's giving him the price of an ice cream soda.

Final Scene: The doctors despair for the life of the dying Wheelwright, M.B.N.'s son, but Rasputin finally cures him by hypnosis.

Scene One: Three couples (A.C.N. & Rumery; T.R. and Hildreth; Abbot & Eddison) are out walking. Corey (taken from Edward Arlington Robinson's "Richard Corey" and played by Burnham) is out for a walk too. He is rich and supposedly happy. This scene is introductory.

Scene Two: But Corey is found a suicide. He is now " ex- Corey."

Scene Three:Hoary-headed Ben Gunn (T.R.) buries his pieces of eight, murmuring that "John Silver won't get my gold." Silver (A.C.N.) and his minions enter but Ben simulates the deceased Captain Flint's voice and the party makes a hasty exit.

Final Scene: Eliza (E.S.T.) refuses to see Uncle Tom whipped before her, but leering Legree (Burnham) insists, and Tom is brought in pleading " Don' whip me, massa." Nevertheless T.R. and Rumery excoriate him until Abbots arrives on the scene to knock down the villain.

H.R., J.R., and W.D.T. who had left charades to attend a meeting of the Belgrade Lakes Association, returned just before Faculty Supper drew to a close.

Here are the results of the morning's chinning. A compulsory 440 for those failing to make 6 has already improved the chinning a good deal.

Wednesday
(Cont'd)

Chinning Results

Abbot - - - - - - -8

Ball - - - - - - - 4

Bridgman - - - - 6

Burnham - - - - - IO

Chisholm - - - - - 0

Eddison - - - - - - 6

Hicks - - - - - - - 3

Hildreth - - - - -5

Long - - - - - - - 6

Putnam - - - - - - 8

Rumery - - - - - 6

Sweeney - - - - - 4

Sloan - - - - tutee

Wheelwright - - - 9

R.G.A. chinned himself I8 times, and W.D.T. I4 times.

C.W. 2nd and "Wagger" left us during the morning lecture. Later R.G.A'.s family, and Mrs. Oakes Ames and "Oaksie" (a former Camper but no relation of R.G.A.) visited us, as did Dr. Robert Huntington, A Yale graduate, now interning in New Haven. The visitors had a picnic on the Point to which some of us were invited.

Thursday
Aug.3
B 29.84
W NNE
Cloudy &
Clearing
T 70

Though it was overcast, there was little wind, and it was decided that there would be:

Philipp Mountain - Suppers Out

Ouani		Abagad
M.B.N.	L.E.W.	Abbot
Chisholm	Sweeney	Long
Putnam	Ball	Rumery
A.C.N.	P.M.	R.L.C.
S.O.D.	T.R.	
W.D.T.		

Worry	Yammer	Pantasote
Sloan	R.G.A.	G.E.H.
Bridgman	Hildreth	Burnham
Hicks	Eddison	Wheelwright
J.N.		

With a powerful Ouani crew, the fleet landed N of Blueberry Island. Rain threatened but we set out for the summit undaunted. Little did we realize the extent of Great Pond till we saw it in its entirety from the mountain top. Descending by a roundabout way we returned to the beach shortly before six. W.D.T. pitched horseshoes

Thursday (Cont'd)

with R.G.A. under the huge oak where we soon after partook generously of an ample and delicious supper, shared, incidentally by an affectionate Collie mongrel which had escorted us during the hike. Though a light and steady rain set in as we formed a circle for supper, we were kept dry by the sheltering branches of the tree. Shortly after the last doughnut had been devoured, the fleet embarked aided by a slight NNE breeze. Once back at Camp, a dip and change of clothing for all; then some choruses before 8:30.

Alas, J.R. and R.R. might have had a much more enjoyable afternoon. They left at 4 for Indian Point where they hoped to see a fine sunset. Not only was there no fine sunset, but on the return trip they met with motor trouble and didn't get back till II:30.

W.D.T. is going to talk on Air Pressure tomorrow, having discussed the general properties of air and water this morning.

As we retire, it seems to us that the rain will be with us for some time.

A nasty rainy morning. R.G.A'.s cousins, James and Phyllis Ames, arrived for lunch. To our surprise and delight the sky had completely cleared when the command to "buttle" was given. For the afternoon we threw ourselves whole-heartedly into a game of:

Friday
Aug 4
B 29.68
T 60
W NNE
Rain

Soccer

Galloping Gaels	Fighting Irish
T.R.	R.G.A.
P.M.	R.L.C.
S.O.D.	A.C.N.
J.N.	Abbot
Ball	Burnham
Bridgman	Chisholm
Eddison	Rumery
Putnam	Wheelwright
Sweeney	Hicks
Hildreth	Sloan
Long	

Hallux Incresceus

G.E.H.

An Irishman can use his fists to advantage in close quarters, but that he has no chance when pitted against a Galloping Gael was proven this blazing afternoon up on the old racetrack. The F I's were not vanquished without a struggle, of course, but Irishman that they were, more passion than system was theirs. The first bull's eye for the Gaels was a nifty one made by the avalanching Putnam and Red Nesmith (J.N.). Wheeling around R.G.A. that same Red kicked the spheroid past Goalie Sloan for the second point, shortly afterward.

Friday
(Cont'd)

Soccer

Though R.L.C., A.C.N., Abbot and Burnham defended and offended with intrepidity for their team yet, from the first, it seemed that hooves would be superior to fists.

Behold admirable team work between T.R. and Putnam when the latter passes to that lean and lank worthy, who boots the pumpkin forthwith betwixt the posts for goal number three. Sadly for the F I's S.O.D. kicks a goal (no. 3) past Goalie R.L.C. while R.G.A. is recovering himself from a tumble.

At last R.G.A.'s long-awaited tonsorial diploma arrived in the mails to prove his preeminence as an artist-barber, and long-haired Campers are now less timorous. Eddison and Hicks are now vaunting two neat and nearly-shaven heads.

Boats after supper, and trolling for S.O.D., Wheelwright and Ball; P.M. and Putnam; and Burnham and Sloan. Wheelwright caught two I4" bass and a smaller one, but the others were unsuccessful.

Many of the Campers wandered far from the fold, and it was not till after 8:45 that they were all in.

R.L.C. and S.O.D. set off for a trip around the Horn at IO:30. Alas they found the window weights and paid no attention to our parting admonition:" Keep to the right in Belgrade Stream." At the same time A.C.N. and P.M. left for a stroll around the Pond.

At midnight arrived four devoted and well-loved Old Campers:

Friday (Cont'd)

John R. Abbot, Abbot Stevens, R. G. Henderson and Geo. E. Abbot.

It is a clear night with a very full moon - may the voyagers on land and sea come back swiftly and safely.

Saturday
Aug 5
B 30.9
W NW
T 60

By breakfast time all the travellers had returned, though some with wider margins to spare than others. It was a beautiful clear day (though for several minutes before the Big Game rain threatened) and there was shell navigation after swim. Those that have been out in shells are Sloan, Ball, Rumery, Abbot, Putnam, Hildreth, Long and Hicks, and all are showing keen interest and constant improvement.

Princess Wato Wasa and Young Chief visited us again and sold various articles of Indian handicraft. Young Chief intoned some strange chants and gave us some war whoops as he had done on his previous visit.

It was announced after Reading that there would be a mighty (and it promised to be bloodthirsty) game of:

Baseball

Kidnappers		Racketeers
J.R.A.	c	J.N.

Saturday
(Cont'd)

Baseball (cont'd)

Kidnappers		Racketeers
S.O.D.	p	T.R.
R.G.H.	I	J.R.
Abbot	2	Putnam
A.S. (capt.)	3	W.D.T.
Rumery	ss	G.E.A.(capt.)
Sloan	rf	Burnham
R.G.A.	cf	A.C.N.
R.L.C.	lf	Ball

Scorekeeper: E.S.T.: Umpire: P.M.

Walk to Bickford Hill at 2:45

G.E.H.	Long
Chisholm	Sweeney
Eddison	Wheelwright
Hicks	Bridgman

Hildreth

During the game arrived

Mildred L. Sweeney
Curtis Sweeney
John Sweeney.

Mr. Sweeney is an Old Camper and Johnnie holds high hopes of coming to Camp next year.

At seven-thirty, the echoes of that epochal battle having barely died away, came the:

Fifth Sing Song

I. Overture - - - - - - - - 3 College Songs
2. Merryweather Quartet - - There's Music in the Air, The Pope, Clementine, and "Impetigo"
3. Choruses - - - Mush,Mush,and A Capital Ship
4. Stunt - - - - - - - - - - - - - E.S.T.
5. Choruses - - Graduates' Song, Camp Chantey and Scouting Song
6. Stunt - - - - - - - - - - The Prefects
7. Camp Song.

Baseball - Kidnappers vs Racketeers

The presence in Camp of four master criminals recently escaped from Atlanta and Ossining, and J.R. the arch-fiend, made a conflict between the pineapple hurlers and the baby filchers inevitable and bloody. G.E.A. burdened with four scaling ladders and wielding a mean brass knuckle, connived with J.R. to snatch the cradle from the reeking shards of the pugilistic public enemies under the roisterous regimen of that monarch of the underworld, A.S., who maintained the hot corner with several carloads of laughing gas. J.R.A. and R.G.H. united to propel three oversize dornicks in a wild effort to stall the malevolent murderers' row of the infant purloiners, but in vain, for S.O.D., their stellar orb in the casting of Irish Birthday gifts, had just returned from a very long ride and his salary whip was showing the results of lurking down too many dark alleys.

The primary fracas was marked by a virulent street fight,and a third ward machine gun volley by S.O.D. was particularly devastating, though four successive Charley Rosses by a like number of sanguine playroom pilferers recovered one more back yard than their adversaries; a process expedited by a salutary bit of second story work by the Blackhand's especial banes - G.E.A. and J.N. A similar exchange of unpleasant civilities was continued on St. Valentine's Day, the second semester of this

gory fray, but this time the sinister maulings of J.R.A., S.O.D., Abbot and R.G.A. pushed their opponents into the limbo of a Chinatown squib factory, garnering one more opium den in this session than the canny kidnappers, and equalizing for the ultimate time the number of cadavers, lost, strayed and stolen.

The third stanza played on an archaic gatling gun by the sapient scarfaces resulted in one large empty beer barrel. In a like manner, a vacuous crib rewarded the hectic housebreaking of the abductors' less fancy filchers. Then followed a hiatus in the hostilities of the Herrin, Illinois, pet poultry intimidators for a period of three short terms in the County Calaboose. Meanwhile the nemesis of the nursery, G.E.A., was leading his nefarious neophytes in three raids which netted the neat total of ten red and green kiddie cars.

In the seventh intermission, however, the denizens of gangland returned to the turmoil and redeemed what was turning into a febrile fiasco with a solitary yet effective highjacking to the left side of the loop by R.G.A., which resulted in augmenting their total by the count of one. This renewal of vitality pushed seven cases of Johnnie Walker over the platter, aided and abetted by the facile firesticks of the lawyers' delights; and several faulty bullet proof vests anda tendency to inaccuracy on the part of the kindergarten despoilers.

Baseball (cont'd)

Even so the belated stimuli of A.S's social parasites came to naught and these brash brigands were incarcerated to a man by the conquering kidnappers.

Of note during the conflict was the abducting of R.L.C., taken in error for Jackie Coogan but returned post haste when a few stray whiskers were discerned by some latter day dead-eye. He, together with S.O.D., had just returned from visiting a few friends near Puerto Rico, el Rio Belgrado. G.E.A. was, of course, the most pellucid luminary of the encounter, featuring with the rattle and slinging the globule with an artistic eye. He was amply helped by Putnam in the field , and A.C.N. vied with him in artistry with his uncanny skill in trying to clutch the spheroid with his eyes shut.

Particularly gem-like was the inspired umpiring of P.M., substituting for Winkem of Winkem, Blinkem and Nod Incorporated. Despite the carping of the minions of G.E.A. and A.S. his portentous aplomb was unruffled. It has been intimated that this singular indifference to diatribe and invective was partly owing to an advanced stage of somnolence. Be it so the game was of gargantuan proportions, the final score, I6-I3, indicating clearly that titans had striven for the mastery.

T.R.

Rackettes vs. Knickerbockers of Hoboken at Madison Sq. Garden 19__

Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
1	J.N.	2			1-3										6	5	4		1
2	T.R.	1								1-2					6	5	3		2
3	G.E.A.	6								1-3					6	4	4		4
4	W.D.T.	5	K			K		K							5	1			2
5	A.C.N.	8		K					K						5		2		4
6	J.R.	3	K			3	K		3						5				
7	Pelham	4			F.C.	K	K								5				
8	Burnham	7	K		K				K						5	1	1		
9	Hall	9		1-3			K	F.C.		7-3					5				
10																			
11																			
		Runs total.	3/3	2/5	0/5	2/7	5/12	3/15	0/15	1/16					Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
		1-base hits.																	
		1-b. on errors.													Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
		F'l'd'g errors.																	
		Batt'y errors.																	

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.
		3
3	6	2
3	1	1
		2
		1
10		6
4	6	

TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Strnck out..
				4	7

Muffed fl fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn. b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.

Umpire P. M of Sleepy Hollows Scorer E.S.T.

Knickerbockers vs. Rackettes of Chicago at Madison Sq. Garden 19__

Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
1	J.P.A.	2				4-3									6	4	2		4
2	S.D.D.	1						1-3		1-3					6	3	3	1	3
3	A.W.T.	4		4		6-3		1-3			K				6	1	1		2
4	R.B.A.	8					1-6								6	2	1		2
5	A.S.	5	F.C.		F.C.				4-3		K				6				
6	R.C.H.	3	4-3				F.C.			1-3 K					5		1		2
7	Rumsey	6			K		K		K	4-1					5	1			1
8	Sloan	7		F.C.	F.C.				1-3		4-1				5		1		
9	R.L.C.	9		K		1-3		K							5	2			3
10																			
11																			
		Runs total.	2/2	4/5	0/5	0/5	0/5	0/5	1/6	4/10	3/13				Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
		1-base hits.																	
		1-b. on errors.													Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
		F'l'd'g errors.																	
		Batt'y errors.																	

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.
3		1
	5	1
		1
	1	
		1
9		1
		2
	1	1
		1

TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Strnck out..
				6	12

Muffed fl fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn. b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.

Umpire P.D. of Sleepy Hollows Scorer E.S.T.

Fifth Sing Song (cont'd)

In order to please the three factions, one Yale, one Harvard and one Princeton song were played for the overture. Following the two spirited choruses came the Merryweather Quartet in its first appearance. The outstanding song they rendered was one written by R.G.A., played to the air of Jingle Bells:

Impetigo

A day or two ago, the doctor gave bad news
He said that several boys in Camp
Had impetigo Blues.

Rumery was first, then came "Chisel" too;
Who will be the next? - Oh, dear,
It may be me or you.

Impetigs, Impetigs, don't be blue, we pray;
Marks like yours aren't leopard spots,
They soon will go away,
Impetigs, Impetigs, though you be our brothers
Please don't be too generous and give your
spots to others..

Then came a stunt of E.S.T. (who read the argument): "Ben Allah Achmet" or "The Fatal Tum", a Bab Ballad. Sweeney, wrapped in a red kimono, his head swathed in an imposing turban was the terrible Turk. Long took the part of Dr. Brown, while the part of the ravishing maiden, Emily Macpherson, was played by the beautiful Abbot, who was courted by the two. Ben "rolled around in pain excessive" most realistically, as the Doctor comes to prescribe his medicated flannel (a large roll of beautiful adhesive tape borrowed from the Infirmary). Now Ben has a rival Dr. Brown whom he mis-

Saturday (cont'd)

takes for this Dr. Brown, and he runs him through. The Doctor, dying, declares with equanimity "You Turks are so extremely hasty", whereupon the Turk apologizes. Both die, one by the sword, the other by the tummy ache.

Then the "Grads" gave us a splendid and polished rendition of the Graduates Song. The Messers. Abbots, Stevens, Henderson, J.R., W.D.T., R.G.A., and J.N. sang.

The Prefects' Stunt then followed, a skit the cast of which was as follows:

Slump - - - - - - - A.C.N.
Dump - - - - - - - - G.E.H.
Vamp - - - - - - - - J.N.
Simp - - - - - - - - T.R.
(M.B.N. - - - Argumentor)

This wonderfully nonsensical skit was taken from Leacock's "The Sub-contractor". Slump, a habitual drinker of sprott, ends his career by blowing up, having overindulged in dynamite sticks. Dump is a hypochondriac who declares "I am too sick to be comfortable" in his heart-rending distress. Vamp is Slump's unstable wife, who, however, to make up for her ficjkleness, has a thrush-like soprano voice. Simp is Slump's maidservant, coy, and dressed in white. She found some difficulty in controlling her fits of laughter, as did her master in not losing his whiskers. The skit, though one can scarcely guess it, is a satire on Ibsen.

After the Camp Song came Boston for the half-past-niners - a merry and multitudinous company. At Faculty Supper there was some light talk about going Round the Horn that night which ended, to our surprise, in the Messrs. Abbots' actual setting forth with R.G.A. and G.E.H. in another canoe.

Saturday (Cont'd)

We were sorry to see R.G.A.'s cousins and Mr. Rumery leave us. The first-mentioned came for supper and left after Boston, while Mr. Rumery stayed only for lunch.

Sunday dawned as fair as could be and the Round-the-Horners had returned in good time. It was calm enough after swim for shell navigation, and A.C.N. and J.N. took out the double scull. Before lunch a bat's nest was discovered behind a board in the lamp stand. An attempt to catch some of the young ones failed.

Sunday
Aug 6
B 30.08
T 60
W NNW
Clear

During the Shakespeare reading there was posted on the Parlor door:

Picnic to Drydock on Hoyt's Island at 3:45

Ouani

E.S.T.	M.B.N.
Hicks	R.M.D.
Sloan	S.O.D.
L.E.W.	A.C.N.
P.M.	

R.L.C.

Sunday
(Cont'd)

Picnic to Drydock (cont'd)

Abagad	Worry	Terror
Ball	Burnham	W.D.T.
Bridgman	Long	Putnam
Sweeney	Rumery	Wheelwright
J.N.	T.R.	

Erebus	Pantasote
G.E.H.	R.G.A.
Hildreth	Abbot
Chisholm	Eddison

We reached Hoyt's in no time and went close to shore to find the landing place which wasn't so difficult to find as we had expected. A brief walk brought us to a meadow, overgrown with small bushes and furnishing an ideal place for some games of "Wolf." At six we formed a circle under the hemlocks near shore and partook of the usual delectable supper. Then we set out after a few songs and reached Camp soon, the stern four of the Ouani standing up after canoes and boats had gone ahead. The afternoon had passed with extraordinary speed.

We were sorry that the visiting Old Campers could not join us for the picnic; they had to leave unfortunately just as we pushed off. But upon our return we were delighted to see Clarence H Corning who is going to spend a couple of nights with us. Would he could stay longer. There was a dip for all hands before half-past-eight, followed by hymns.

The wind has shifted to SW. We hope for an All Dayer tomorrow.

A Camping Trip today, with much talk and excitement from the elect. Many of us thought: what's weather for a Camping Trip is weather for an All Dayer, and, sure enough, our hopes were confirmed:

Monday
Aug 7
B 30.I
T 62
W SW

All Day Expeditions

Ouani

W.D.T.

P.M.
R.L.C.
Putnam
Hildreth
(pass.I way) Hicks
Eddison & Chisholm

S.O.D.
Abbot
Ball
Sloan
Rumery (pass. I way)
L.E.W. (canoe I way)
(pass's.)

Worry

R.G.A.
E.S.T.
A.C.N.

Abagad

G.E.H.
M.B.N. (Ouani I way)
J.N.

Little Pond

R.G.A.

Chisholm
Eddison
Ball
Rumery

L.E.W.
M.B.N.
G.E.H.
P.M.

Beech Hill

W.D.T.

Abbot
Hicks
Hildreth
Putnam
Sloan

E.S.T.
A.C.N.
J.N.
R.L.C.
S.O.D.

Just as the Camping Trip Rangeleys were disappearing in the west, the All Dayer set out with a stiffish south breeze behind it: stiff enough to necessitate our going closer to shore for protection from the large waves which caused the canoes to yaw badly and even to ship a little water from time to time. We were up the Tiber and on foot again in a short time. Leaving the

Monday (Cont'd) suppers behind in the boats, we hoisted the the lunches on our shoulders, and then our ways parted, the Beech Hillers going west; the Little Ponders east.

The Beech Hill party set off at a good clip which it kept till half way to the Hill where it stopped for lunch in the cool woods. Soon after all were off again and a long slow climb to the summit was well rewarded by the view and a session at the pump. The farmhouse fauna interested us all too. After a half hour's rest we were off again and back at the landing place nearly half an hour before the others. It had been a good hard walk of at least I4 miles, and we were only too glad to wait for the Little Ponders.

The latter party failed to take a certain left turn, but soon discovered its error. H.R. and C.H.C. met them in the latter's car, and giving more explicit directions as to the way to the beach, returned to Camp. We could not have failed to take the next vital turn since the gentlemen who had set us arights had marked it with many sheets of newspaper strewn on the road and weighted down with stones. A refreshing dip off the clean and sandy beach preceded lunch, after which some of us found an old Rangeley overturned in a couple of feet of water. We righted her, and lo, she floated. Of course, with boards as paddles, we didn't venture far, but we had great fun with her just the same. On the

way back we stopped at a "Haunted" House. The only things that haunted the tumbledown old cottage, as far as we could make out, were leaves from the 1879 "Churchman" which had been pasted on the walls.

Monday (Cont'd)

CAMPING TRIP - AUGUST 7
—— " ——
BURNHAM,
BRIDGMAN
LONG
SWEENEY
WHEELWRIGHT

T.R.

IDENTICAL
PANTASOTE

The wind was really strong as we paddled back, and we had to hug the shore quite closely. We got safely to the northern tip of Chute's however, having shipped very little water. There we had supper, and thus reinforced, we were well prepared for the hard paddle home. Hugging Chute's, we finally left it to cross over to the mainland north of Otter. Between Stony Point and Fourway, the canoes thought it best to land and empty, and they did so in no time at all. We reached Camp just a few minutes after, with no one any the worse for the trip except the stoical ladies who got rather wet, and a few of us who were just a bit stiff.

There were two Monkeys in Sight after the dip. It might be said that one of them was almost endowed with protective coloration, but most of us found them both.

Monday (Cont'd) While we were away, some friends of "Mike" Bridgman came to call on him. To their dismay they found that he had gone off on the Camping Trip.

J.R. has left to spend the night with the Wiggins' at Northcove, North Deer Isle.

There is little doubt that we shall all sleep soundly after such a happy and strenous day.

Tuesday
Aug 8
B 29.7
W SSW
T 67
Probable rain with increase in wind

A little rain this morning was followed by a generally overcast day. C.H.C. left this morning after a far too brief stay; this afternoon E.S.T. and M.B.N. went to Waterville. Since rain did not seem imminent after lunch there was decreed the first:

Robinson Crusoe

Numbers	Letters
J.N. (capt.)	G.E.H. (capt.)
Abbot	A.C.N.
Ball	Putnam
Eddison	Sloan
Hicks	Chisholm
Rumery	Hildreth

The Numbers got in ahead of the Letters in an exciting and often puzzling afternoon. Here were the clues for the Numbers:

I:"A hiding place for wolves sprung up in the night among the swinging birches." Without much hes-

itation the team decided that Merryweather Beach must be the place, for we had played "Wolf" there. The clue was found in the hut.

Tuesday (Cont'd)

2:" The place where the next clue is hidden is a place named for a famous fishing town." Johnnie Abbot guessed this one: it was found in the hammock.

3:"There is a little fisher without any body, but there isn't any body without a little fisher." This one was found in W.D.T'.s Chevrolet.

4:"Now the smokes of Council rise." First the searchers tried the three Faculty Coffee spots, then tried Fourway - and with success.

5:"Not an 'own plate' but very close to it." This one was comparatively easy: the Home Plate. Ball found it.

6:" Thar' she blows." The Crows' Nest occurred to Abbot where, sure enough, he found the clue.

7:"Sleigh bells tinkle in the night,
Will the reindeer here alight
With the treasure and the sack,
Carried on an old man's back."

This clue was found in the fireplace, in the Parlor.

8:"The Sons of Prometheus practice here
While adding to our Sunday cheer."

Where? On the Point.

9:" A quail seldom has a hat like this." George Ball soon thought of the covering on the Bob White.

IO:

I	2	3	4	5
M	I	K	E	L
6 A	F	I	R	E
7				
E	S	T	E	R

Tuesday (Cont'd) This clever original cross word puzzle has the following key:

Horizontal: I. This is what you want.
6. We say Scotland is like this.
7. Leave out the "h" in a girl's name and you get a chemical compound.

Vertical: I. A well-known laundry lady's first name.
2. These often play a large part for such little words.
3. You always take one camping.
4. Before.
5. A very well known writer.

Under the Mikel, a derelict Rangeley which has been placed against the south wall of the Boathouse, the prize, molasses kisses, was found.

Now here follow the Letters' clues:

A: The first two verses of "Mary had a little lamb" were written out, and every one quickly guessed the schoolhouse beyond Cook's. They were right.

B: "Not a boat; not a canoe,
But will be a salmon before it is through."

After some bewilderment the clue was found in the Grayling.

C: "Marsten and Wells would be glad to know of it."

Every one had a hard time trying to figure out what the firm (they assumed, and rightly, that it was a firm) manufactured. A glance at the telephone book did the trick, and the clue was Firecracker Rock.

D: " As young Abe Lincoln labored of yore,
Here the tutors labored and swore."

Found in the log cabin beyond Fourway by Bill Putnam.

E:" When it is out she comes right in;
When it is in she stays right out." Tuesday (Cont'd)

This clue was found while the search for the clue in the Grayling was on. The plug in the Ouani is meant.

F:"Old Jeff Wheelwright's going strong,
He'll be stronger before long."

This one was easily guessed and found at the Point.

G:" Avoid cemetaries at night; they are safe in the day time." G.E.H. and Putnam looked with success in the Boneyard.

H:" A clash of metal, a creak of the grinding wheel as larger grew the Ghastly Pile. The dirty work was done for the day." Putnam went to the can dump and there found the clue.

I:" Perches and pout, perches and pout;
The first is with; the second without - what?"

The answer is scales, and the particular scales were found to be the Boathouse scales. Some people first tried the Horn.

J: "They grow them in cellars, but not like this."

The salt cellars were searched in vain, then the mushroom anchor occurred to Putnam. The prize was in the anchor, sure enough, and the anchor under the Shop.

The Camping Trip returned at five thirty and in fine shape - all had thoroughly enjoyed themselves. T.R. was lavishly welcomed, and we think he quite deserved such a greeting. There were Games on the Hill after supper, and the day was brought to a close with Quiet Games.

Wednesday
Aug 9
B 29.78
T 64
W NW
Windy &
Clear

The barber (or rather two barbers) came this morning to shear about a dozen heads. Up till this morning, R.G.A. had been Barber Extraordinary to the Camp. The morning was cool, the breeze steady and from the west, and most of us felt that Scouting would be the afternoon's sport. We were right and it was:

Scouting

The last encounter had left the score 7-2 in favor of the Iroquois. At the close of today's fray the score had become 8-3. The Algonquins won the first game, tied the second and lost the third. In the first game R.L.C. and Putnam (the former a guard until late in the game) each made a run for the Algonquins. At the same time 6 Iroquois were killed to only two of their enemy, so the game, despite Sweeney's run through the Underground, went easily to the Algonquins. The second game was quite uneventful; the third was distressing to the Algonquins, for J.N. and G.E.H. each made a run. The former killed the shore guard, and Hildreth, who was guarding up the slope, descended from his tree on murder intent. Unfortunately G.E.H. happened along just as Hildreth was finding out who had killed the shore guard.

The Algonquins must work very hard indeed if they expect to overcome the long lead the Iroquois have piled up. Even if they win the next (and last) six

ALGONQUINS

	I Killed	I Shots	I Runs	II Killed	II Shots	II Runs	III Killed	III Shots	III Runs
T.R.	X	●		X	●		X		
P.M.				X	✓		X	●	
R.L.C.		●			✓			●●	
A.C.N.		●			✓		X	X	
Putnam		✓		X			X	●	
Sloan				X				●	
Ball		●		X			X	●	
Rumery	X	✓		X				✓	
Hildreth	X				●●			●	
Long		●●			●		X	●●	
	2	6	2	4	4	0	6	9	0

IROQUOIS

	I Killed	I Shots	I Runs	II Killed	II Shots	II Runs	III Killed	III Shots	III Runs
R.G.A.		✓		X			X	●	
S.O.D.	X	●			●		X		
G.E.H.	X	●			●			●	
J.N.	X			X			X	●	
Hicks	X				✓		X		
Sweeney					✓		X		
Chisholm	X	✓			✓		X	●●	
Bridgman	X				●		X	●	
Wheelwright	X	✓			✓		X		
Eddison		✓			✓		X	✓	
Burnham				X	●				
Abbot	X			X			X		
	6	2	1	4	4	0	9	6	2

games, they will only win by one game. But we have seen miracles happen before.

Wednesday (Cont'd)

During the Scouting, some friends of T.R., Mrs. Willis Terry, her son Baldwin (a student at Yale), and a sister of Mrs. Terry came for a brief visit.

Fifth Charade Evening

Pilfer: T.R.

Scene One: Pill. E.S.T. brings her little niece Evelina to dancing school. Professor T.R. is dancing master, and his pupils are, boys,: Hildreth and Burnham, and, girls,: Rumery, Eddison, Hicks. But poor Evelina proves a wall flower to the bewilderment of her aunt, and the two leave. Could it be that Evelina lacked the je ne sais quoi which made the other girls so attractive.

Scene Two:" fer." There is a gathering of farmers in the country store. They discuss the severe winter etc. Enter E.S.T. and R.M.D. to purchase some caviar. There is no caviar, but there are some fine sardines in stock. The ladies are disgusted and leave. The farmers tell them how "fer" it is to the place they wish to reach.

Final Scene: A.C.N. and T.R. are endeavouring to get some food from Farmer Brown's (Burnham's) table, but there is not enough for them, they are told. The farmer and his family retire, leaving their guests to sleep on chairs. Now T.R. steals

Wednesday (Cont'd)

surreptitiously to the larder. He is heard moving about by the farmer who cries out "Who's there?" There is a miaouw in response, and the farmer assures himself it is only the cat. But A.C.N. is not so successful: he answers the challenge with a " it's only the cat."

Truculent: R.G.A.

Scene One: Truck.P.M. drives a truck with Putnam and Long seated beside him. He stops for gas and oil and is supplied by Chisholm and Bridgman. G.E.H., in a roadster, is knocked down by the truck, but P.M. places the blame on him, and Milquetoast-like, G.E.H. retires, abashed.

Scene Two: Cue. Memories of E.S.T.'s Sandwich Skit. At a rehearsal Axel (R.G.A.) forgets his cue and blunders through his solo. R.G.A.'s impersonation is good: his hair is reddened with red lead, his sweater is one of A.C.N'.s, and he eats a banana while he sings.

Scene Three:Lent. Captain G.E.H. and P.M., a close confederate, discuss plans for Scouting. The game is about to start but no Scouts have sufficient khaki clothing. Some clothes are lent them.

Final Scene: Truculent. Wednesday (Cont'd)

R.L.C. (P.M.) rings the Tutorium bell to call his pupils. They are very refractory this morning, and R.L.C. loses his patience and throws them out

Tomato: R.L.C.

Scene One: Toe. S.O.D. tells us he actually dreamt what unrolls itself before our eyes. Axel, portrayed by J.N., offers to extract G.E.H.'s sore toe. The Doctor (S.O.D.) is dubious, but gives his consent. With the aid of a draw shave, a plane, and an enormous pair of pincers, the toe is extracted. J.N. declares:"I like to cut toes."

Scene Two: motto. Pirates R.L.C., Hicks, Wheelwright, Sweeney and J.N. dig for buried treasure, telling mottoes (such as " Curiosity killed the cat, satisfaction brought it back") as they dig. They come upon a trunk full of rubbish .

Final Scene: Tomato. At a fashionable garden party, R.L.C. is turned down by the lovely George Ball, "Miriam." R.L.C. in despair, eats a poisoned love apple.

There was time for one song after Charades were over, and we sang "John Peel."

Thurday
Aug. IO
B 29.78
T 62
W NW

The wind soon changed to SW and there remained for the rest of the day. While G.E.H.'s toenail was being examined (not in a dream this time, but in actuality) in Waterville, the clash of arms was to be heard up on the field where there was in progress a terrific battle of:

Junior Ball (at 3:00)

Rubes		Boobs
S.O.D. (capt)	c	T.R. (capt)
Putnam	p	J.N.
A.C.N.	I	Sloan
Abbot	2	Long
Bridgman	3	Rumery
Ball	ss	Burnham
Chisholm	rf	Eddison
Hicks	cf	Hildreth
Sweeney	lf	Wheelwright

Scorers: E.S.T., R.M.D., L.E.W., M.B.N.
Waterboy: J.N.

Oari Repairibus
W.D.T.
R.G.A.

W.D.T. and R.G.A. accomplished much on the Rangeleys, installing most of the new blocks for the new oarlocks in a good afternoon's work.

There was an efficient and gay squad of dishwashers after supper, and , when they had finished, several rehearsals for Saturday evening got under weigh. We formed a circle in the Parlor for Boston after the rehearsals were over, and we played with much merriment till 8:30. Shortly before supper, there arrived to spend the night, an Old Camper with a friend:

Baseball - Boobs vs Rubes - Aug. IO

In a game, notable chiefly through the large quantity of errors, the truly deserving Rubes were swindled out of a victory by the moron aggregation by the close score of I4-7.

The leader of the nitwits (T.R.) won the toss and elected the field. In the first stanza, the low IQ's were lucky and got three ill-deserved runs off the cunning slants of pitcher Putnam. But in the course of the next few innings the Rubes displayed that hardy courage characteristic of all agricultural peoples (who, after all, gentleman, are the backbone of this fair nation of ours) and amassed 6 chalk marks to the opponents' paltry 5.

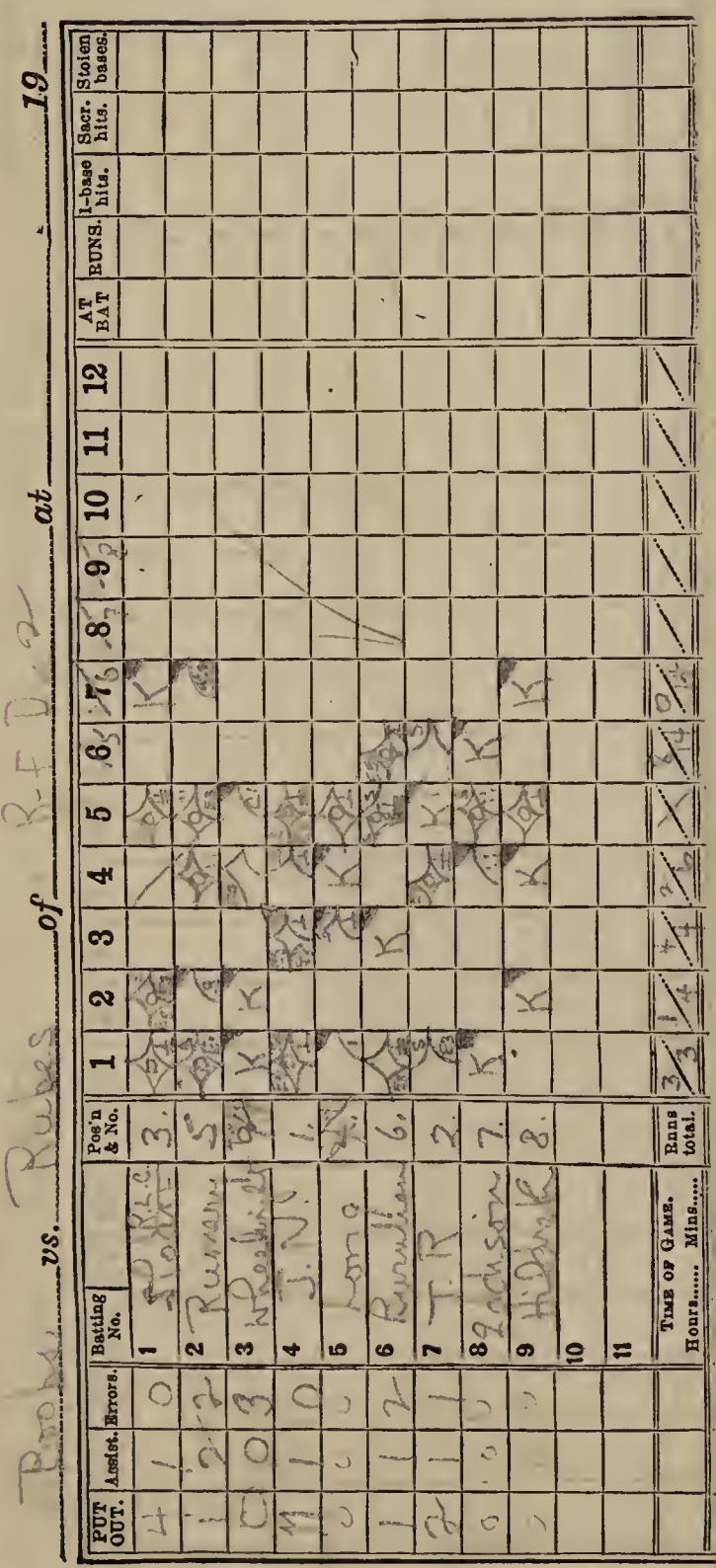
In the last half of the fifth an amazing incident occurred. T.R., desperate because of repeated rebuffs at bat, strode to the platter, and with a Mephistophelian leer, drove a ball at pitcher Putnam. The latter, with that sinister grace which marked his every motion, eluded the diabolic thrust with but a slight wound in one knee. The ball, unabashed, continued its course and eventually came to rest upon the zygoma of Umpire Sloan who promptly enjoyed a short nap. The gentle healer (S.O.D.) carried the mangled remains of Sloan to the Infirmary while R.L.C. (Bish to his few friends) plugged the gap left by Sloan.

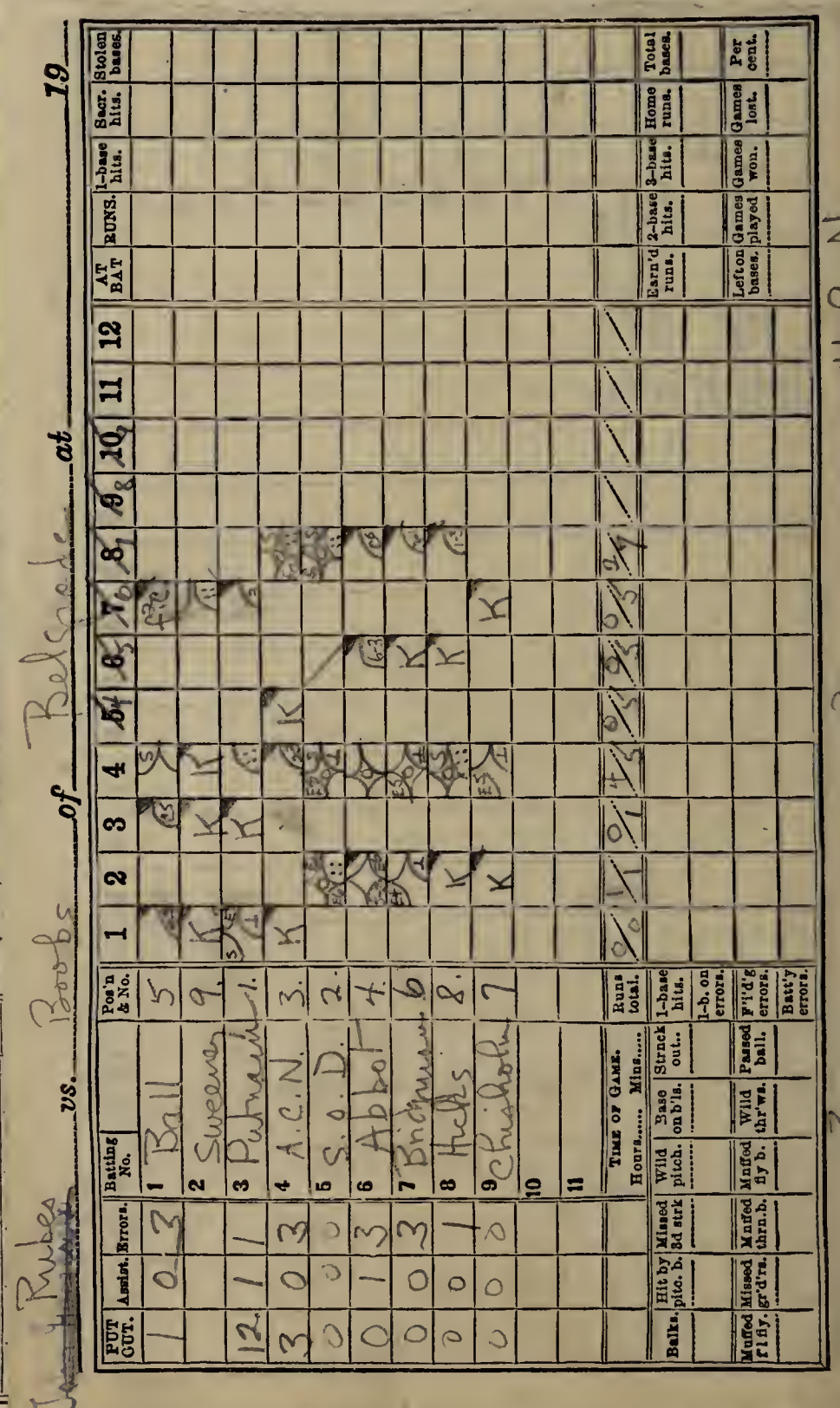
After Sloan had been decently buried, S.O.D. returned to the game to find the score about I4-5 in favor of the anencephalics (brainless). Just what happened in the interim no one seems to know, but the writer suspects foul play.

Baseball (Continued)

Saddened by Sloan's untimely end, the Rubes allowed the contest to run its natural course and forebore to hit the spherule too hard lest further assasinations take place. The final score, I4-7, merely reflects the Rubes' greater regard for human life than any disparity in baseball ability.

S.O.D.





Thursday
(Cont'd)

William Hayes Brown
David M. Thompson '29 & '30

Friday
Aug II
B 29.78
T 62
W NW

This morning Short Dormitory moved in with Copley, and now R.L.C. alone inhabits the former.

W.D.T. and R.G.A. have now put all the new blocks on the Rangeleys, and S.O.D. and P.M., who trolled in the evening, found that the new oarlocks fitted them perfectly.

This afternoon R.R. and E.S.T. visited Camp Runoia, and here at Camp all partook in a sport rarely indulged in but always enjoyed:

Tricky Track and Foolish Field

Order of events: Potato Race (Ist. heat, Nurmis; 2nd. heat, Venzkes)
Blindfold Race: all hands
Hobble Race: " "
Tug o' War: two teams
Leap Frog Race : two teams
Shoe Race: all hands
Three Legged Race: two teams
Football Jamboree (2 out of 3): 2 teams
Stepping Stones: two teams
Obstacle Race: I) Ball vs Burnham, 2) Putnam vs Sloan, 3) Hildreth vs Hicks, 4) Abbot vs Bridgman, 5) Wheelwright vs Chisholm, 6)Long vs Eddison and 7) Rumery vs Sweeney.

Friday (Cont'd)

The teams:

Nurmis	Venzkes
Ball (capt)	Burnham (capt)
Abbot	Bridgman
Wheelwright	Chisholm
Hildreth	Eddison
Long	Hicks
Putnam	Sloan
Rumery	Sweeney

Potato Race

There were seven buckets (bright red newly-painted fire buckets), seven rows with six potatoes for each; seven Nurmis , each provided with a spoon and standing at the head of his row, as the day's sport began. Those that placed were I) Rumery, 2) Long and 3) Ball. The time was 4I 4/5".

Next the Venzkes went through their paces, those placing being I) Bridgman, 2) Hicks and 3) Chisholm. The time for this was I/5th of a second faster.

Finals: This race could hardly have been closer. Though Hicks had some difficulty in picking up his last potato he won in 38 3/5", with Bridgman, Ball and Rumery tying for second place.

Blindfold Race

This, as one may imagine, was an amusing race. The course was from the start of the I00 yard dash to the pine tree behind the home plate. Chisholm won, with Burnham second and Abbot third. Ball took off his handkerchief to find himself in the sweet fern between the Bonfire and Mammoth Cave, thinking all the while that he was in the fern east of the home plate. Dick Rumery strayed east, finding himself where Ball had thought he was.

Hobble Race

The course was approximately 50 yards. Wheelwright, in spite of his comparatively short stature, beat Sloan and Putnam, who were second and third respectively.

Tug o' War

The Nurmis won this with little difficulty despite the efforts of Sloan and anchor man Burnham.who resembled Laocoon in the toils of the serpent. The technique of Hildreth, the opposing anchor man, was

as faultless as his strength was invincible. The time for the conquering Nurmis was 2'53 3/5".

Friday (Cont'd)

Leap Frog Race

The Venzkes won this race. It was a well-leaped race though some of the participants were tempted to hurdle instead of leap as the race was drawing to a close. The time was I'7 3/5".

Shoe Race

The fourteen pairs (no, there were twelve, since Chisholm with his impetigo was disqualified and Long volunteered to drop off his team) of shoes were placed in a pile, and , at a given signal, their owners made a dash for them. Once the right pair was found it had to be put on and tied, and then its wearer finished at the starting point. The participants finished in this order:

I) Burnham	7) Sloan
2) Abbot	8) Putnam
3) Rumery	9) Hildreth
4) Hicks	I0) Bridgman
5) Ball	II) Wheelwright
6) Sweeney	I2) Eddison

Wheelwright and Eddison took a very long time to finish. Burnham's time was I'40".

Three Legged Race

The order of finish was as follows:

I) Sloan and Burnham
2) Hicks and Bridgman
3) Ball and Putnam
(4) Wheelwright and Abbot)

Pair number four's third leg came apart just as they started, so they were out of the race. Sloan and Burnham, with the desirable lengthy stride, outdistanced the others in I7".

Football Jamboree

At the first try, Sweeney dropped the ball, and the Nurmis won. Burnham's team won the next try, but Sweeney's butter fingers caused the Nurmis to win for the second time.

Stepping Stones

There was confusion toward the end of this event, and many got up before they had been jumped over. Nevertheless, it was decided that the Nurmis were conquerors.

Friday (Cont'd)

Obstacle Race

This event was, of course, the most amusing to both players and audience. The course lay as follows. From the Shop to and under a ground cloth pegged east of the south goal posts; to the northeast corner of the soccer field (running); crab walk to the north goal posts; running backwards to the ladders held on their sides near the south goalposts; between the rungs; back to Shop; hopping to H.R. who stood by south goal posts with fierce things; a fierce thing to be consumed by each participant; that done, the eater to whistle before finishing near the Shop whence he had started.

The pairs as they started were as follows:

1) Burnham vs Ball
2) Putnam vs Sloan
3) Hicks vs Hildreth
4) Abbot vs Bridgman
5) Wheelwright vs Chisholm
6) Long vs Eddison
7) Rumery vs Sweeney

The finish:	Ball	defeated	Burnham
	Putnam	"	Sloan
	Hildreth	"	Hicks
	Abbot	"	Bridgman
	Wheelwright	"	Chisholm
	Long	"	Chisnolm
	Rumery	"	Sweeney

Bridgman took a long time over his fierce thing thus setting Chisholm behind. Chisholm himself was slow too, so that Long defeated Chisholm before Bill Eddison was presented with a fierce thing.

The sequel to the race, a contest between R.G.A. and A.C.N. to see who could whistle the first after consuming a fierce thing was won by R.G.A., A.C.N. being so dishonest as to attempt to deceive H.R. by whistling through his teeth instead of with his lips.

There were more rehearsals after supper until Digestion Club on the Point where R.R. recounted some Camp history.

And now we insert an incident which has evaded strict chronological order. While we were away on the last all dayers, the Stay at Homes picked a large mess of mushrooms which they found - - on the Baseball Field.

Saturday
August I2
B 29.
T 62
W NW to SW
Slightly cloudy
clearing later

Another almost perfect day of which we have had several in succession. Work has started in putting new blocks on the white boats, now that the Rangeleys are done. There were two visitors today: Mr. and Mrs. Wheelwright, who motored from Bangor to see Jeff. R.R. and R.M.D. motored to Waterville this afternoon to buy a black wig and cocoanuts for a certain Sing Song stunt. There was much clamoring from the Campers for some more Skowhegan, and their wishes were fulfilled when they saw posted after Reading:

Skowhegan-on-the-Point at 2:45

J.N.	A.C.N.
Abbot	Burnham
Bridgman	Ball
Chisholm	Eddison
Hicks	Hildreth
Rumery	Putnam
Sweeney	Long
Sloan	Wheelwright

G.E.H.: scorer

During Skowhegan the Faculty and L.E.W. worked up in the Shop on their boats.

At last, at 7:30, came the:

Sixth Sing Song

I. Overture - - - - - - - - - The Blue Danube (P.M.)
2. A Spanish Ballad (L.E.R.) - - - - - - - - - R.R.
3. Choruses: March of the Cameron Men, October, Skye Boat Song
4. Alphonso and Arabella (L.E.R.) - - - - - - - -R.R.
5. Black Jumbo, Black Mumbo, Black Sambo -- - - - L.E.W.
6. Choruses: The Hiram Q., Ouananiche Song, and Roses and Radishes
7. The Raft (an interlude) - - - - - - - M.B.N. & R.L.C.

Saturday (Continued) Alphonso and Arabella, though most of us may know it, we shall print here:

ALphonso, - -Alphonso - -
Alphonso and Arabella - -.
They happened to meet a man in the street
Who carried a gingham umbrella.

Alphonso possessed neither manners nor grace;
He made at this person a hideous face:
But how different the conduct of sweet Arabella,
Who praised with politeness the gingham umbrella.

The man was a nobleman deeply disguised;
The compliment graceful he pointedly prized:
"Sweet creature"(he said) " come away from this fellar,
And take both my heart and my gingham umbrella."

The very next morning they met at the church,
And foolish Alphonso was left in the lurch;
For they said:"The next time you'll know how to tell a
Great Lord from a loon, by his Gingham Umbrella."

T.R. skilfully portrayed Arabella, S.O.D. acted the perfect nobleman in disguise, and P.M.'s manners were conspicuously lacking.

The Spanish Ballad (which preceded the above) was sung by S.O.D. and, incidentally introduced by him as a heart-rending portrayal of unrequited love, devoid of gilded sentiment and fraught with true passion and emotions. The spurned gentleman-from-Madrid is played by Burnham, while Hicks is the haughty maid he courts in vain. And here we print the ballad:

There was a man of old Madrid
Who loved a lovely maid, he did,
Of lovely maids the pearl and pink -
Oh tink-a-tink-a-tink-a-tink.

He followed her both near and far
Performing on a light guitar,
And often at her feet he sank,
Oh tank-a-tank-a-tank-a-tank.

But she remained both grim and grave:
"I wish," she said," you would behave,"
And so he went and was a monk,
Oh tunk-a-tunk-a-tunk-a-tunk.

Saturday (Cont'd)

We must mention that the light guitar was a landing net, sans net, with some strings stretched across the loop. But the guitar looked so real that we are certain that it had nothing to do with the lady's turning down the gentleman.

Most of us know the "Black Sambo" tale. It is the story of a family: Black Jumbo (father), Black Mumbo (mother) and their little son Black Sambo. On several occasions Sambo is nearly devoured by lions on his strolls through the jungle, and is saved only upon giving an article of bright apparel to each of the three threatening lions. But when the lions meet, each wants the others' prizes.They fight, grabbing each other's tails and run round in a circle so fast that they turn to melted butter with which Mumbo makes many pancakes. The happy parents eat scores, but Little Black Sambo consumes 169. L.E.W. directed, and read the argument.

A.C.N was Jumbo, Sam Sloan Mumbo (reminding us all of "Aunt Jemima") and Mike Bridgman played the part of the little blackamoor who so nearly lost his life.

"The Raft" was taken from Leacock's " Across the Footlights" and concerns the adventures of a young man: " Harold Borus, Story Tale Adventurer, Rafts, Rescues, and other specialities. Hairbreadth Escapes Shaved to Order."

Saturday (Cont'd)

The raised curtain discovers R.L.C. adrift. A lady is to be seen in the water near the raft, and R.L.C. quickly spruces up to welcome her, shining his shoes and searching in vain for a collar button. But R.L.C. must resuscitate the lady who has barely escaped drowning. He proceeds to do so, reading the directions as he works. The whole skit is fully as absurd and amusing as was "The Sub Contractor" and is full of the most ridiculous dialogue. M.B.N. played the part of the heroine, Miss Croydon.

The Camp Song, as usual, brought the Sing Song to a close, and then the negroes went in for a dip to change their black skins for white ones. The evening had been a great success.

The half-past-niners played Mythology before retiring.

Skowhegan-on-the-Point (Aug. I2)

A decisive victory, 6-3, for the Mamelukes, though the Muscovites gained 9 runs and 8 shots in the fifth game.

Mamelukes	I			II			III			IV			V			VI			VII		
	K	S	R	K	S	R	K	S	R	K	S	R	K	S	R	K	S	R	K	S	R
J. N.			1	X					1	X			X					1			11
Abbot	X			X						X			X					11	X		
Bridgman			1			1	X						X			X					1
Chisholm	X			X			X						X					11			11
Hicks	X					1	X			X			X			X					1
Remey			1	X					1	X			X			X					1
Sweeney			1			1			1	X			X			X					1
Sloan			1	X					1	X			X			X					1
	3	8	5	5	8	3	4	8	4	6	6	0	8	4	0	5	8	5	1	8	1

	VIII	IX	X	XI
J. N	X	X		
Abbot	X	X	X	
Bridgman	X	X	X	
Chisholm	X 1	X	X	
Hicks	X	X	X	
Remey	X	X	X	
Sweeney	X	X	X	
Sloan	X	X 1		
	8 1	8 6	6 0	

Numerals	I	II	III	IV	V	VI	VII
G.C.M.	X	X	X	V	II	X	X
Burchan	X	X	X	X	II	X	X
Ball	X	X	X	X	II	X	X
Gibson	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Wilhelm	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
R. Crum	X	X	X		X	X	X
Long	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
Wheaborough	X	X	X	X	III	X	X
	0	0 8	5 2	8 4 0	6 6 0	4 8 1	8 5 0 8 1 0

	XI	IX	X
G.C.M.	X	X	X
Burchan	X	X	X
Ball	X	X	X
Gibson	X	X	X
Wilhelm	X	X	X
R. Crum	X	II	X
Long	II	II	X
Wheaborough	X	X	X
	1	2 0 6	8 3 8 6 0

Very foggy early this morning, and Oak was invisible. The fog lifted later, however, though it was cloudy for the rest of the day except for an hour or two of blue sky after lunch.

Sunday
Aug I3
B 29.9
T 54
W SE
Cloudy

Mr. and Mrs. Riegel (the former an Old Camper of 'II) and their son of three visited us for two or three hours, staying for lunch. They had motored up from Larchmont, New York, where they live.

There was some question as to whether there would be a water picnic, soccer, or boat building since no one felt sure what the weather would do after lunch. At last there was posted the enigmatical:

Homo Sapiens at Play

Will o' the Wispering — Abbot
Puff — Ball
Marbleheading — Burnham
Pleoning — Chisholm

Lighting — Eddison
Gilding the Capitol Dome — Hicks
Budding — Hildreth
So — Long

Audubonning — Putnam
Baccardi — Rumery
Agonistes — Sweeney
Linimenting — Sloan

Squaring the — Wheelwright
Philandering — W.D.T. R.G.A.
More Coal — R.L.C.
Getting Back- to the S.O.D.

T.R.ANCE
The Owl - I2:30 — P.M.
Greasing — A.C.N.
Chiropody — G.E.H.

Drifting — J.N.
Time? — E.S.T.
Shaving Cream(Molle) — M.B.N.

Stuffing the Goose — R.M.D.
Ywhiing — L.E.W.

Into the forest primaeval, midst the murmuring pines and the hemlocks at 6:I5.

Sunday (Cont'd)

Well, anyway, most of us, a little ruffled by the sobriquets given us, built boats for the greater part of the afternoon. M.B.N. found a huge and venerable Snapping Turtle near the Lagoon and brought him to the Shop to say hello to us shipwrights. He looked like a creature from the "Lost World" with his spiked tail and pointed beak. But, after he had paid us his respects, Snapping Turtle, Esq. was taken back to the Lagoon in a basket by Johnnie Burnham. It would have been quite difficult to keep him in captivity.

We had supper in Pine Parlor near the Bob White, and A.C.N. and G.E.H. built us a fire to toast marshmallows over, though an ox could easily have been roasted in it. Some of our more energetic members felled dead trees after the last marshmallows had been consumed, then, after some songs, we returned to Camp for hymns.

E.S.T. has started a new book "The Man Without A Shadow," by Cabot, and we have omitted to say that she has been reading for some time at morning Reading " From Fo'castle to Cabin" by Captain Samuel. Cabot's book is an old favorite of the Half-past-Niners.

It drizzled during Reading and remained cloudy throughout the morning and afternoon. Near supper time, however, the clouds lifted, the wind (though there was at first little) tended westwards, and the sunset presaged fine weather for the morrow.

Monday
Aug. 14
B. 29.62
T 62
W SSE
Overcast

During the morning H.R., R.R., and E.S.T. motored to Gardiner to see if the Five Minute Bell could be fixed and to get some costumes for Fancy Dress. We were glad to hear that the bell can be fixed by acetylene welding, and it is promised us by tomorrow afternoon.

R.G.A. visited railroad yards, farmhouses, firehouses and stores in search of a bell, but came back empty handed. Now that the bell problem has been solved, crowbars, iron pipes and gongs will gladly be put into the discard.

J.R. brought L.E.W. with him shortly before lunch, but the former stayed only for five minutes, afterwards proceeding to Ashburn, N.H. Mike Bridgman's parents also came for lunch, and they are going to spend the night:

Avis M. Bridgman
G. Temple Bridgman.

There was this afternoon a ferocious game of

Soccer

Bells	Gongs
W.D.T.	R.G.A.
T.R.	P.M.

Monday
(cont'd)

Soccer (cont'd)

Bells	Gongs
S.O.D.	A.C.N.
J.N.	R.L.C.
Abbot	Putnam
Ball	Sloan
Burnham	Wheelwright
Sweeney	Eddison
Long	Rumery
Hicks	Hildreth
Bridgman	Chisholm

And what a tintinabulation there was up on the old rectangle! But stop, ah stop, to shed a tear for the vanquished, for, though the mallets beat gallantly, yet their heads flew off, and the Gongs failed to give a tone true and clear. The fact is that the teamwork of the tinkling cymbals was inferior to that of the Bells who rang changes many a time and oft.

The deepest and loudest bell was J.N. who was, indeed so ear-splitting as to damage twice a rusrty metal dome, Goalie P.M., (both times in the second period), so that the latter was able only to clack for the remainder of the game. There were no goals made in the first period thanks to the flawless playing of (Chinese) Gong R.L.C. and (Kicking the Gong) A.C.N. And of note was the playing of Eddison who showed his metal for the first time this afternoon. In period three, P.M., Putnam and Sloan came pretty close to clanging the old bell-buoy for a humdinger, but they were ably repulsed by W.D.T. and Goalie J.N. And, alas, throughout the afternoon, whenever the Gongs

attempted to rally and organize their forces, no mellifluous sounds made they, but rather they sounded like so many tire rims being belabored by garage mechanics.

So, although the Gongs kept the clappers from swinging in three periods, yet were they never able to puncture the half-inch bell metal for a tinkle or two.

There was no outstanding stellar malleteer, but, for the clangers, Abbot's and Burnham's ringing was of note.

It was clear and calm after supper, and Boats furnished the evening's entertainment, many boaters going to the Lagoon in search of turtles, and others making their way to Merryweather Beach. The boats and kayaks got in in better time when " all in " was called than they did on the preceding boating evening.

At Faculty Supper, to our delight, arrived:

Eliot Hatch Jr.

He had motored directly here from Middlebury, Vermont, where he has been taking courses in French.

Tuesday
Aug. 15
B 29.62
T 68
W WNW
Fair

L.E.W. left this morning with the Bridgman's. The latter are motoring to Nova Scotia and are going to drop her at Deer Isle.

After Swim there seemed a not too remote possibility of a Canoe Test wind, but the ever hopeful candidates were again disappointed.

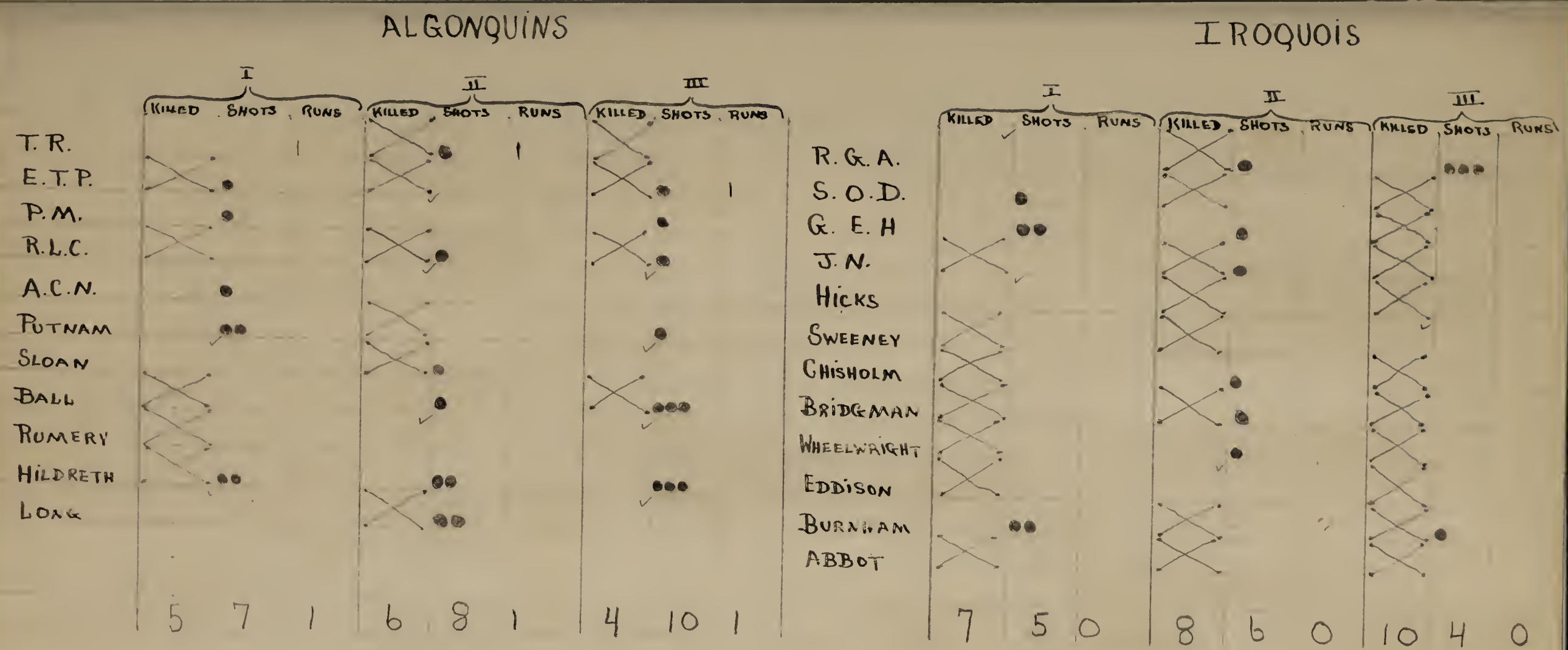
Shortly before lunch arrived to spend, alas, only a day with us: Richard Walden Hale Jr

He is now teaching History at Antioch College and is, as usual, spending his vacation at Schooner Head, Maine.

Though the wind all but dashed the hopes of some of us this morning, yet it turned out to be ideal for the Great Sport, and a cheer went up after Reading when the Campers heard the decree. E.T.P., whose timely arrival was most fortunate for the losing team, learned his enemies' names during lunch, after which H.R. and R.R. left for Gardiner, primarily to bring back the bell.

We worked on boats after supper until Digestion Club on the Point where R.R. continued the Camp history. Then we sang "Mush, Mush" before the Half-Past-Eighters said goodnight.

The others, feeling very much in the mood for a few more choruses, sang lustily until Reading.


ALGONQUINS
I
II
III
KILLED SHOTS RUNS
T.R.
E.T.P.
P.M.
R.L.C.
A.C.N.
PUTNAM
SLOAN
BALL
RUMERY
HILDRETH
LONG
5 7 1
6 8 1
4 10 1
IROQUOIS
R.G.A.
S.O.D.
G.E.H
J.N.
HICKS
SWEENEY
CHISHOLM
BRIDGMAN
WHEELWRIGHT
EDDISON
BURNHAM
ABBOT
7 5 0
8 6 0
10 4 0

Rumors that the fighting blood of the Gonks was up were substantiated when they took all three games this afternoon. At the first cries of "go" E.T.P.'s long strides brought him out of the North Woods at the head of the Algonquin offense showing us all just what could be done in the way of running. The Iroquois flooded up and over the South End hill, but it was some minutes before the two teams fired. Then the ghosts started to drift in, and at the end of the game the deaths were five to seven in favor of the Algonquins. T.R. reported a run, thus clinching the game for the Gonks.

The running was just as fast as possible from the South End at the beginning of the second game, but this time the Iroquois were on the alert, and E.T.P. was one of the first to join us in the Boneyard. Bridgman followed soon after, but this time as a rubber ghost. At the end of the game he tried to get through with the "all in" criers, but the efficient guard felled him making the shots 8-6 for the Gonks. Their captain again made a run, and the second game followed the first.

By this time both teams spurred themselves on to greater efforts, pushing their offenses and strengthening their guards. The Iroquois started fast from the South End, but the Gonks were ready, and an unexpected ambuscade sent J.N. and Abbot to the Boneyard, the skir-

Tuesday (Cont'd)

mish taking place not a hundred yards away. Perhaps the Iroquois were too eager; perhaps the Gonks were unexpectedly alert, but in either case, by the last ten minutes of the game the entire South End offense was with us. Their guards held pretty well, however, and only E.T.P. broke through to score. The shots were 10-4 for the Algonquins and the game was easily theirs.

There is one afternoon of Scouting left, and the games stand 8-6 for the Iroquois with one game tied. It is almost time to polish up the Scouting Cup, and certainly time for every Camper to bend his efforts toward placing it at the north or south end of the Parlor. Which will it be?

An omission: yesterday there was:

Wednesday
Aug. 16
B 29.92
T 66
W NW
Fair

Wrestling

Putnam vs Abbot: Putnam in 1'
Burnham vs Hildreth: Burnham in 1'43"
Bridgman vs Long: draw in 3'
Rumery vs Sweeney: Rumery in 48"
Sweeney vs Wheelwright: draw in 3'

Burnham tripped Hildreth in just a few seconds, getting him on his back, but though the latter was underneath most of the bout he was very game and gave Burnham no little difficulty in forcing his shoulders to the ground. Bridgman and Long had a close bout. Towards the end of the three minutes the former received a light blow on the neck which knocked his wind out, but from which he soon recovered. Sweeney, it may be seen, fought much better in his second bout than in his first.

There were two extra-ordinary squads this morning. R.G.A. and Abbot did some tidying up in Fourway to prepare it for its occupants, and another squad was appointed to pick blackberries near the swamp at the north end of the Underground.

Shortly before we sat down to lunch there arrived to stay with us for several days:

Arthur M Colton

Amy Richards Colton

Wednesday (Cont'd) It was a sunny and breezy day, and it was decided that for the afternoon's sport there would be:

Senior Baseball (at 2:45)

Tongues		Clappers
J.N.	c	T.R.
E.T.P.(capt.)	p	S.O.D. (capt.)
W.D.T.	I	A.C.N.
Wheelwright	2	Putnam
Rumery	3	Sloan
Bridgman	ss	Ball
Long	rf	Hicks
R.L.C.	cf	R.G.A.
Burnham	lf	P.M.

Boatbuilding

G.E.H.	Abbot
Chisholm	Eddison
Hildreth	Sweeney

After the memorable game was over, we found that the Fourwayers had arrived. R.W.H. left us just before the game drew to a close.

Sixth Charade Evening

I. Primaeval - R.L.C.

Scene One: Prime. Louis XIII and Anne of Austria (R.L.C. and M.B.N.) are seated on their thrones. Enter Prime Minister , Cardinal Richelieu declaring to their majesties that he has discovered a plot to assassinate him, and that he has apprehended the intriguers. S.O.D. Ball and Sweeney are brought in guarded by soldiers Wheelwright Hicks and Sloan and condemned to die.

Tongues vs. Clappers of Gallery Gate at 19

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
			1	Burnham	7	K			K		K							4	1	1		
1	2	2	2	J.N	2	K							K					6	0	3		
13	6	1	3	E.T.P.	1			K			K							5	2	2		
9		2	4	W.D.T.	3													3	2	0		
		3	5	K.L.C.	8	K				K			K					3	1	0		
1		1	6	Rumery	5													5	0	0		
			7	Bridgman	6													4	1	1		
		4	8	Wheel	4		K							K				4	0	1		
		1	9	Long	9			K	K			K		K				4	0	0		
			10																			
			11																			
			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	0/0	0/0	0/0	2/2	2/4	0/4	0/4	2/6	1/7	/	/	/					

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Strnck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases
						1-b. on errors.					
Muffed fl fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.	Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
						Batt'y errors.					

Umpire G.E.H. of Scorer M.B.N

Clappers vs. Tongues of the tin at 19

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
3	0	1	1	Putnam	4								K					5	2	3		
5	0	1	2	A.C.N.	3				K									5	3	3		
1	2	1	3	R.G.A.	8	K					K							5	1	0		
1	2	3	4	T.R	2													5	3	5		
		5	5	Sloan	5	K												5	1	1		
17	5	10	6	S.O.B.	1													5	3	3		
		2	7	Ball	6													5	1	3		
			8	P.M.	7					K								4	0	0		
		1	9	Hicks	9		K		K		K	K						4	0	0		
			10																			
			11																			
			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	2/2	1/3	0/3	2/5	2/7	3/10	0/10	4/14	/	/	/	/					

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Strnck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
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						Batt'y errors.					

Umpire G.E.H. of Scorer M.B.N.

Scene two: Evil. And now a row of squatting monkeys turn round and round, first covering their mouths, then their ears, then their eyes with their hands. They are the monkeys that " speak no evil, hear no evil, see no evil."

Final scene: Primaeval. Each Camper in this scene was provided with a lettered card indicating that he was either a pine or a hemlock. Then all in unison swayed and murmured as Longfellow surely would have had them do. Evangeline enters crying for Gabriel(S.O.D.) but cannot find him and makes her exit. Then S.O.D. makes his appearance and with heart-rending moans (though he could hardly suppress his laughter) calls for the lovely M.B.N., but in vain.

2. Barbarous - T.R.

Scene one: T.R., a backwoods farmer, sits down to rest. E.S.T. comes in escorting a group of young picnickers. He warns her that this is a dangerous place to picnick, for he has shot a b'ar, some wolves and coyotes. Wolf A.C.N. enters growling to substantiate the old farmer's tale, but at E.S.T.'s cries of "Nice pussy" he becomes perfectly amiable. Nevertheless the party deems it advisable to leave.

Scene two: T.R. as the Doctor (jet locks and all)

Wednesday (Cont'd) brings in the famous wheelbarrow, and with an exclamation " oh, nerts," recounts his experiences while scouting out of bounds amongst the blackberries (pronounced black-barous). He then begs A.C.N., who has been listening to his tale of woe, to excuse him, for he must off to work on his boat.

Final Scene: Barbarous. Barbarous indeed: much to much so to be presented on the stage. P.M. (A.C.N.) has walked around the Pond, and feels very much like a short nap at Faculty Coffee. He soon becomes the target of sticks and other missiles, and, upon remonstrating, is relieved of some of his clothing.

3. Iconoclastic - R.G.A.

Scene one: Icon. A submarine is cruising in search of an enemy ship. After making some use of the conning tower and the periscope, a ship is sighted, and Chief Officer G.E.H. is advised by R.G.A. (who is up in the tower - more strictly the rafters) to submerge. The torpedo is released and from the crash of a moab we learn that it reached its mark.

Scene two: No class. While Teacher (L.E.W.) is absorbed in writing figures on the black board, her keen pupils sneak out one by one to play hookey. She is not a little surprised when she turns round to find there is no class.

THE BELL

(In commemoration of the cracking of the Five Minute Bell)

It was a phantom of delight
When first it gleamed upon our sight:
A lovely machination made
To be a warning to the staid:
Its tone as deep as any well
As sweetly on our ears it fell,
And everything about it seemed
When we from it the dirt had cleaned,
The very thing to make a noise,
To haunt, to startle all the boys.

We saw it upon nearer view
And false conclusions from it drew,
As with hearts beating light and free,
By night we hung it on the tree,
Confident that when morning came,
In lovely chords it would disclaim
To him still sleeping in his bed
'T is time to come in to be fed;
That on the table waiting are
Things which left on the stove would char.

And more we scarcely have to tell
Of our betrayal by that bell,
An object beautiful to see
Over which we had laughed with glee.
The moment came, the clapper we raised,
And fairly and hard with it grazed
That lovely object nobly planned
To warn, to startle and command,
But now all its soul dead and gone,
Just like an eaten ear of corn.

OTHER
MASTERPIECES
COMMEMORATING
THE CRACK FIVE MINUTE
BELL

SAME
AS
ABOVE

Baseball - Tongues vs Clappers

This afternoon the incoherent ululations from the ball park bespoke the bellicose cacaphony betwixt the turbulent tongues and the cantankerous clappers, a discordance which proved the Pope's " Bell, book and candle" a minor league curse. E.T.P., imported clanger-creator, toiled in the belfry for the linguae while S.O.D. adorned the steeple for the clappers as tintinabulator extraordinary.

The wise clappers reverberated the tocsin twice in the initial belaboring, but S.O.D., discerning a metallic clinking in the bell metal of the oral appendages silenced the tambourines temporarily.

One rather squeaky twanging augmented the carillon of the clappers in the second chiming, principally through the jangling of Ball, the outstanding bell-buoy of the game. This comprised the only tuneful note until the fourth paean when the tongues decided that they had not done right by their knell and belted belligerently, sounding the alarum twice. S.O.D., the bell-wether of his aggregation, retaliated with a thunderclap to the clock tower roof, and Ball and Putnam booted him across the tin, the former denting the alloy himself.

The tingues continued their belated jingling for two more abrasions with the bludgeons of J.N., W.D.T., E.T.P., and Bridgman synchronizing in a tattoo on the

The bell is bust
Its echoes fust
Did call us to our provender
But now its faint
It's echoes ain't
Just what they once was used to were—
Clack clack plink plank bell
" " " " "

So R. G. A.
One lovely day
To the railroad yards did fly
To farms he hied
But ne'er he spied
A bell that he could buy—
"Bell, bell, no can sell,
" " " " "

The time was ripe
For an iron pipe
And also for a crowbar
But both did fail
To make us quail
And hurry from a far far—
Plunk, funk
Kick dack dunk.

Beside it sent Deep

The bell
Has knelled its last knell.
We are not glad,
We are sad,
And a feeling of crust-
Fallen gust
Drills in my breast,
As I muse
Upon the news
That were given to me because I was late
At my breakfast plate,
Because I did not hear the knell
Of the Bell,
I have cleaned
And scened
It, I find
That I know
It shall not go
out of my mind,
When it was whole,
It made a loud tole.
But it has a crack
Down its back,
It is now gone,
and they use the horn,

— Ogden Nash

Dirge

When you're lying abed
With a cold in the head
"And repose is bereft of anxiety"
Then the notes of the bell
Like the sounds of a knell
Are distinctly offensive to piety
For you're cold and your lazy
and tis chill and tis hazy.
You'll admit tis awful & sad,
But e'en Beelzebub's glad
When it sings in a way that is crazy
Then you wake by the horn
And your aspects forlorn
As you haste into breakfast belated
and you feel
a great deal
Like an unfortunate seal
With your neck quite heavily weighted.

The Bell did toll
And Echoes Roll
We knew that sound full well
But our blaspheming
Must have jarred its seaming
For the Great Camp Crier fell

A pipe usurping
Makes a woeful chirping
For our curs'd five minute knell
May some Sprite discerning
Answer to our yearning
For the old time ding dong
Bell.

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tambour, but thereafter they were tongue-tied until the octave session was attained. Meanwhile the clappers were playing that popular tune:" Going, going, gong," adding three more cracks to the Liberty Bell. A.C.N., T.R., Sloan and S.O.D. hid in the latter's mustache and threw their dinner bells into the outer pasture, completely nonplussing R.L.C. who had hidden under a cow-slip bell and was looking for honey.

In the eighth, the tongues belled the cat, with Burnham, the boy naturalist, putting salt in its tail, and E.T.P. and W.D.T. glueing the clappers, but this was the end. In the ninth their tolling the knell of parting day lacked resonance enough to make up for four more peals into the gallery by the adversaries. The final count was I4-7 in favour of the clappers.

For the tongues, J.N., the Belle of Beacon Street, and E.T.P. were particularly raucous; Wheelwright, playing his first senior ball game wangled a nasty wagon tongue. For their opponents, Putnam and Ball gave Edgar Allen ("the Bells") Poe a run for his money. R.G.A. spent the afternoon running after a railroad train with a swell shiny bell at .06¢ per lb., but so far as discerned, never caught up with it. P.M. practised up in his jackstraws to great effect in the left orchard, and G.E.H., as umpire, bellowed

beautifully.

Scene three: Tick. A troubled farmer (P.M.) has lost several cows through a mysterious disease, and he brings his troubles to Theobald Smith (G.E.H.) who asks him to examine two cows upon which he has been experimenting. The cows, very wobbly indeed, stagger in to die, while the farmer discovers teeming insects on them.

Final Scene: Iconoclastic. The Reverend * * * (P.M.) is being shown through the museum by G.E.H. They come to four idols (Putnam as the "Spirit of Liberty," Chisholm as "The God of the Mountain," Long as Buddha, and Bridgman as the Golden Calf.) Though he does not object to the first image, the indignant clergyman knocks down the others, and finally in a frenzy knocks down the "Spirit of Liberty" as well.

"Renzo" and "The Hiram Q" brought a glorious and successful evening to a close.

Thursday
Aug I7
W SW
Fair and
Warm

The Weather Man was so excited over the prospects of an All Dayer that he quite forgot his duties. We arose to find another perfect day, though there was a little mist. It appears that August's disposition is as sweet as July's was sour. There was a Camping Trip posted on the door.

CAMPING TRIP-AUGUST 17
II

ABBOT
BALL
CHISHOLM
EDDISON
LONG
ROMERY
R.G.A
J.N

WILLIWAW
IDENTICAL

Lest its leader omit a certain detail in his write-up of the trip, we record it here: The two Rangeleys were off at ten, their occupants all in high spirits, the new oars glittering in the sun. But shortly before they reached Monkey Point, R.G.A. discovered that he had left behind his boat's lunch. When he got back to the Float, he was greeted with a placard reading "Who's looney now?" and he found that G.E.H. had motored to the Mills with the neglected meal.

Four cars sped out of Camp this morning, turning their backs to a hazy southwest wind and running-

THURSDAY
~~Wednesday~~
(Cont'd)

galloping in fact - through Wilton and Weld to the foot of Mount Blue. The last car experienced a minor casualty when the right front tire blew out, but her able crew, assisted by S.O.D.'s party, which swerved sympathetically into a ditch, made a quick change, and we arrived in good time.

We stopped for lunch in a field at the beginning of the trail, and, having hidden our supper from the curious cattle, we started the steep ascent. E.T.P., T.R. and A.C.N. and Hicks were in the van, and, following our leaders, and encouraged by the trail signs, we all ultimately reached the top. Something ventured something won - and there was the view as an additional reward. Although the visibility was low, the indistinct shapes of the mountains around us and the farms and lakes below left little to be desired. Saddleback and Tumbledown loomed up in blue outlines that would have invited any less weary Campers to another climb. Our descent was uneventful and pleasantly broken by a visit to the Blue Mountain Spring. Supper was informal and on the whole wilfully meagre and, it is whispered, we covered the fifty two miles of homecoming in an hour and a quarter

We washed the dust off ourselves at a Soap on the Point, and then completed a happy day with a game of Monkey in Sight.


MT. BLUE
L.E.W.
S.O.D.
M.B.N.
E.T.P.
A.C.N.
T.R.
R.L.C.
P.M.

Camp Looney

On Thursday, August 17th, a select party of eight composed of Ball, Long, Abbot, Chisholm, Rumsey, Eddison, J.N., and R.G.A. left Camp in the Idenhal and Pantasote planning to return late the following afternoon. But alas! We came back sooner than we expected. Half way to Monkey Point we discovered that the lunch had been left behind, so back we rowed only to be greeted by a large sign bearing the inscription "Who's looney now?" upon it and to be smiled at pityingly by all of Camp. It transpired that G.E.H. had taken the lunch over to the Mills for us and that many people had endeavored to tell us so as we rowed away. We had taken it merely as a friendly farewell greeting. As we look back on it some of the shouts were rather loud, but at the time it all seemed natural enough.

The story so far has been bad enough, but to our shame we have to admit that there is still more to relate. Having arrived at the Mills and obtained our lunch from George, we made the carry and had already started out into the waters of Long Pond, when frantic gesticulations from Indian Joe suddenly made us realize that we had left the lunch behind again!

With what for us must have been rare skill and cunning we transported the ill-fated basket to the

other side of the pond, where, after a refreshing swim, we ate it, and let it be said right here that it more than made up for our shame over the atrocities we had committed before.

About half past two we started down long Pond and had a swim at the little island diagonally opposite from our camping site (the point nearest Belgrade Stream). Several of the party felt so energetic that they swam around it, but let it be quickly added that the island is not very large.

Arriving at our camping place a short time afterwards we pitched the two tents and got firewood enough for an army. Then supper and afterwards a combination Sing Song and Charade Evening in which unsuspected dramatic ability was displayed for the first time. One of J. G. W.'s Indian stunts was so faithfully reproduced that we really thought we were seeing it again.

In the morning we awoke to find an overcast day with a fairly stiff south wind blowing. After breakfast it increased sufficiently to allow us to lash the two rowboats together and spread our canvas (the ground cloth). Off we went at a speed estimated all the way from four to twenty knots and quickly reached a path which took

us to the Hornbeam road. While the rest of us stayed at the farmhouse and talked to its owner, J.N. and George Ball climbed up the Hill.

After lunch the wind was still blowing strong and we sailed all the way to the point opposite the Mills. The carry was warm but uneventful and at four we found ourselves in Great Pond again.

Friday
Aug 18
B 29
T 68
W SW
Overcast

We are all missing E.T.P. who left us yesterday morning early - sometime between five and six.

E.S.T. has finished "From Fo'castle to the Cabin" and has started "Famous Adventures and Prison Escapes of the Civil War" in morning reading.

At Swim time, taking us all by surprise, a good spanking southwest breeze sprang up, and the word was shouted about Camp that it would soon be Canoe Test. Soon every one was on the hop, running to get bathing suits, paddles and canoes, and the first one out was T.R. With the wind as it was, it was declared wiser to head into the wind on the first leg instead of striking out for Pickerel - just reversing the course that one follows when the wind is from the northwest.

T.R. had shipped a lot of water by the time he neared the float again. He jumped out and climbed in again most successfully, but his canoe soon sank beneath. Better luck next time, T.R.!

R.L.C. was the next man out. He completed the course with little difficulty, but as the wind had rather slackened , his trial did not count.

And so with the the other attempts - T.R.'s was the only one during which the wind kept up. But the breeze remained stiff enough to give an opportunity for much worthwhile practise. A.C.N., S.O.D. Sloan and P.M. all took canoes out.

Friday (cont'd) It was go-as-you-please this afternoon, giving everyone a chance to work on their boats. The Camping trip returned at about five, report- a glorious time.

After supper the horn blew for Going to Jerusalem of which we had four galloping rounds, won by M.B.N., W.D.T., R.G.A. and Bridgman. At half-past eight, we had reading on the float, for the first time this year.

Saturday
Aug 19
B 29.78
T 68
W SSW
Cloudy

The Coltons left us after breakfast. Mrs. Hicks and Miss Corbit came in time for lunch, and in the afternoon arrived an old camper: Joseph O. Procter 3D. with Mr. and Mrs. Searle and their son Dickie. Just before supper, there arrived to our great joy, Mr. and Mrs. Ted Reese. (We are sorry to have missed their signatures)

Final Boat and Canoe

1. Junior Sitting Doubles
2. Senior Standing Doubles
3. Junior Standing Singles
4. Senior standing Singles
5 Kayak Race
6. Rangeley Race
7. Coxswains Race
8. Four Paddler Race

Junior Sitting Doubles - Time 4'15.2

1. Eddison and Rumery	-	Hecuba
2. Chisholm and Long	-	Squannacook
3. Sweeney and Bridgman	-	Pink

Though the Squanny crew was the strongest, Chisholm stopped paddling too often to steer, and making the turns with difficulty, the Squanny was a poor second. Rumery and Eddison, keeping perfect stroke all the way and taking long and easy strokes won with no trouble at all. The Pink was unable to steer a straight course, going in to far near the Point, and was behind from start to finish though her crew made gallant efforts to catch up.

Senior Standing Doubles

Heat One:
1. Sloan
2. Ball

Sam Sloan lurched just as he was leaving the Float, but recovered himself. The start was fast and clean, Ball taking long slow strokes while his opponent took shorter and quicker strokes. The race slowed up a bit off the Point, but once those flags were negotiated, they were off again. Sloan was ahead at the Float, and Ball's poor turn off the Copley Slip lost race for him. Time: 5'15.2".

Heat Two:
1. Burnham
2. Putnam

A breeze sprang up, so the course was reversed, the competitors starting for the slip instead of for the Point. Burnham was first to round the Copley turn and, taking long powerful strokes and paddling a good deal on one side, won easily from Putnam in the excellent time of 4'50".

Saturday (Cont'd) Boat and Canoe (Cont'd)

Heat Three: The northwest breeze freshened more,
1. Abbot
2. Hildreth though it hardly bothered anybody.

Before reaching the first flags a collision was only just averted. Though Hildreth first made for the wrong flag and lost his slight lead, he made up his lost gain and was again in the lead back at the Float. But he turned counter clockwise at the Point, and Abbot, making the most of his error, barely beat him. It was an exciting closely contested race and the time was 5'22".

Junior Standing Singles

Heat One: From the first it seemed fairly cer-
1. Bridgman
2. Rumery tain that Bridgman would win. Taking steadier strokes and holding a straighter course, he easily defeated Rumery in 5'55.2".

Heat Two: The Skipper and M.B.N. now joined the
1. Long
2. Sweeney assisting Rangeleys in the Grayling. Greater strength and superior paddling on Long's part won the race for him while Sweeney was still trying to turn round the flags off the Point. The latter had difficulty getting under weigh and making the turns, and he made the mistake of backing water to straighten out. It must be said, however, that Sweeney did his utmost, and next time we expect him to show up well. The time was 6'40".

Heat Three: There was a collision just after the start but there were no serious results. Neither paddler was able to keep from veering off his course, and Eddison was unsure of himself throughout the race. Chisholm, never fully burying his paddle nor exerting himself, won in the rather poor time of 7' 35.6". Eddison was game all the way, but with his little experience was unable to do better.

1. Chisholm
2. Eddison

Senior Standing Doubles - Time 4'32"

1. Sloan and Hildreth	-	Pink
2. Burnham and Putnam	-	Squanny
3. Hicks and Ball	-	Hecuba

With the Squanny paddling gingerly, the Pink took the lead at the Float. Half way over the last lap the Squanny capsized in the twinkling of an eye, and Hicks and Ball nearly tipped over. The race went easily to the Pink with the Hecuba a poor second. The Squanny after emptying finished a gallant third.

Finals - Junior Standing Singles - Time 5'35.2"

1. Long
2. Bridgman
3. Chisholm

Long and Bridgman went neck and neck all the way, till the former just nosed out Bridgman at the finish. Chisholm, again failing to bury his paddle and taking a long time in shifting it, was a poor third.

Saturday (Cont'd)

Boat and Canoe (cont'd)

Finals - Senior Standing Singles - Time 4'26"

I. Burnham
2. Abbot
3. Sloan

This was perhaps the closest and most exciting event of the day. Burnham took the lead at the end of the second lap with Abbot at his heels where he remained till the finish where he nearly tied the winner. For the last twenty yards it looked as if Abbot might catch the other, but taking too short strokes in his excitement he just missed out. Sloan was a not-too-good third, failing to live up to expectations. The time, though nearly six seconds slower than that Burnham made in the Trial Boat and Canoe, was good.

Kayak Race - Time 4'45"

I. Chisholm
2. Wheelwright
3. Sweeney

Chisholm, always proficient in a kayak easily won the event. Wheelwright, in a kayak for the second time in his life, and profiting from his experience in the last Boat and Canoe where he sat forward, won a justly deserved second place with Sweeney just behind him.

Rangeley Race - Time 4'I6"

I. Rumery and Bridgman (Wheelwright, cox)
2. Chisholm and Long (Eddison, cox)

Though Wheelwright had trouble at the Copley turn, Chisholm's failing to keep perfect stroke gave the former's boat the lead. Steering a straighter

course and emulating a shell cox as he urged his crew to greater efforts, Wheelwright largely accounted for his boat's winning. The other boat was a fairly good second.

Coxswains' Race - Time 5'57.2"

I. Wheelwright
2. Sweeney
3. Eddison

Wheelwright and Sweeney interfered with each other at the Copley turn but avoided a collision. All the way the rowers went in the order in which they finished. Just after Wheelwright had turned off the Point he impeded Eddison who was going south and the latter lost considerable ground. The winner was little bothered by his opponents, rowing a good race all the way.

Four Paddler Race - Time 7'I"

I. Hildreth, Hicks, Long and Burnham - - Cob
2. Abbot, Sweeney, Chisholm and Sloan - - Worry
3. Putnam, Rumery, Bridgman and Ball - - Abagad

As usual this race was run over twice the course. With Hildreth skilfully steering from the bow, the Cob was the first to make the Copley turn and was still first at the Float, with the Worry second. Back again at the Float the Abagad gained considerably, but Ball had difficulty in handling her. Though the Cob, well in stroke and paddling for all it was worth was way in the lead at the finish, the Worry only just defeated the Abagad. A good race.

Saturday (Cont'd)

Boat and Canoe (Cont'd)

On the whole the times were distinctly poorer than for the last Boat and Canoe, and only in the Rangeley Race and in the Junior Sitting Doubles Race were the preceding times bettered. In the Trial Boat and Canoe the time for the Coxswains' Race was 3'52" while in today's event the time was 5'57". The disparity in the times is largely explained by today's breeze and by the fact that today's crews were more evenly matched. Still, there is much room for improvement.

Seventh Sing Song

1. Overture - - - - - - - - - - - - medley
2. Stunt - - - - - - - - - - - E.S.T., M.B.N.
3. Choruses - - Marching Through Georgia, and Rollin' Down to Rio
4. Merryweather Quartet - - Round, There is a Tavern, and Daniel (Spiritual)
5. Stunt - - - - - - - - - - - - T.R.
6. Choruses - - Merryweather Boys and Merryweather Races
7. Stunt - - - - - - - - - The Prefects
8. Camp Song

The first stunt was given by two gum-chewing made up stenographer friends of ours whose poor grammar and nasal accents were wonderful to listen to. E.S.T. had spent a month at Camp Jo-lee, and M.B.N. had been a lady in that queer Camp Merryweather. The discussion centred around the cute and blushing Merryweather secretary who is reputed to sleep with barrels, to throw himself into the water with all his clothes on (only to repeat the act with dry

clothes) and to do, in short, all sorts of the most eccentric things imaginable. The stenogs discuss the Camp diet of frogs and raw eggs (shells and all). They discuss that funny game they play up on the hill, where every one lies down all afternoon in the grass without speaking to anybody else - and that person who chose the patch of black-barous for his resting place. And the Merryweather vocabulary is quite beyond the girls : " birdish, brutish, nerts, etc." Then there is another funny game they play of which the object is to see who can be the first to make holes in a piece of wood. Once the Jo-lee girl saw the secretary and a friend asleep among the daisies in Gleason's Field. They had just taken a long trip in little unsociable boats and were too tired to bother about them any longer.

The acting , the dialogue and the allusions brought constant guffaws from the audience who were as thoroughly appreciative of the stunt as they could be.

The quartet first sang a round:"Here's a health to All Those that We Love," which was followed by: "There is a Tavern in the Town." Then, in conclusion, they sang the first two verses of "Daniel" with a topical verse concerning R.G.A.'s leaving his Camping

Saturday (Cont'd) Trip lunch behind, for the third and last verse. R.G.A. took his medecine well, actually going so far as to point an accusing finger at himself.

An original stunt of T.R.'s came next. A fair lady, Dulcinea, (Rumery) is seated in her garden. Along comes the sorcerer Cromango, disguised as a hag, who sells a golden apple to Dulcinea who, upon eating it, falls into a faint and is turned into a dragon by the wicked T.R. Exit Cromango, and enter the knight Sir Eglanore (Ball) who despairs at finding a moster where his love had been. He determines to disguise himself as one of his subject spirits, and thus he will kill the fiend.

In scene two, Cromango is seated at a high desk, poring over a huge tome. The bell strikes midnight and Cromango arises, saying:

O spirits of the baneful night
In horror and in sable dight
Awake from out your loathsome fen
And flit about the earth again:
Spread death and horrid fear and hate;
Haste ye, haste ye, the hour is late.

Then enters a ghost (Chisholm), and T.R. says to him:

O spirit vile and dismal shade
I have a recent captive made,
Her eyes are blue, her beauty rare:
Speed and fetch her to my lair.

The ghost thereupon departs, and Cromango, after much pondering, he speaks again:

Come forth, o Moon and leave your sphere;
Come down to earth and enter here.
I dislike cheese, so have no fear.

As the Moon arrives on the scene so do the ghost and the dragon appear. Now the Moon is Sir Eglanore in disguise, and revealing himself he runs through the foul sorcerer and is reunited with Dulcinea. The properties, costumes and acting were all of the highest order, and there was a real fountain playing in Dulcinea's garden which had been contrived from a bucket and hand pump.

And after the next two choruses came the Prefects' stunt:

Murder in the Nunnery or
An All-Dayer to Beach Hill

Dramatis Personnae

Sherlock Holmes----------G.E.H.

Dr. Petrie---- ----------J.N.

Dr. Watson (the false one, really Arsene Lupin)----------S.O.D.

Dr. Watson (the real one)-----Wheelwright

The beautiful One Lung--------Hicks

The insidious Dr. Fu Manchu--A.C.N.

Scene I----Dr. Watson's office.

Scene II---The same, two hours later.

Scene III--Opium den in Shanghai.

Scene IV---Holmes' sitting room in Baker Street.

Saturday (Cont'd)

Scene one discovers the false Dr. Watson in the throes of an unknown malady, and leaving his skipping rope he lies down on the floor. Enter Dr. Petrie who performs an operation with a carving knife on the prostrated patient, extracting a chicken. In the chicken is a bottle; in the bottle is a note which reads:"Fu Manchu will get you." Fu Manchu is heard without; the sages retire and the insidious one enters. While reaching for the chicken his hand is caught in a mousetrap and Petrie rushes in rapturously with a " He who titters tardiest has the heartiest guffaw."

In scene two the screen parts revealing Manchu hanging by his thumbs with his bare feet in a tub of quicklime. The false Watson, we are happy to see, is twirling the skipping rope once again while Holmes and Petrie make a cat's cradle. Now One Lung enters to rescue her father and nearly chokes the false Watson with his skipping rope. She has the decency, however, to untangle the cat's cradlers who have got into an awful mess. Fu Manchu freed, both depart in triumph, and the Chinaman declares:"It's fun to be fooled, but it's more fun to know." But the fugitives have left a wisp of hair behind them. For no particular reason the detectives think it is either a yak's or a woman's. If it will fizz, they are sure it will be the latter's. It does fizz and

away they go crying "Excelsior, to the conquest." Just where or why they are going nobody (the detectives included) knows, but anyway - -

The next scene finds them in a Shanghai opium den. Enter " Smokey Joe " (Holmes in disguise) who wails for Minnie the Moocher (Petrie in disguise). Lupin, the false Watson, is also at hand, and from the detectives' rough treatment of him we imagine that they have found Lupin to be Lupin and not Watson. The keen trackers down leap upon Fu and his daughter when they appear, and all three captives are wheeled away in S.O.D'.s nice new wheelbarrow.

The aftermath finds Holmes and the real Watson (who had been tied up in a potato sack in the basement of the Empire State for three months until his impersonator should be apprehended) yawning, now that their task is over. Holmes first, then Watson, takes a small dose of cocaine (though he calls it cod liver oil) and then both fall asleep murmuring One Lung's name.

The Prefects' stunt met with a roar of laughing applause, and with the Camp Song, the Seventh Sing Song drew to a close.

Blackboard Relay for the half-past-niners brought some amusing results:

"One day we meandered all night," "Pleasant words

Saturday (Cont'd)

sound liquid when they echo," " Cupid often shoots his darts at girls," "Over water Lucy landed pickerel fishes," " Each foot treads lightly on clams," were outstanding.

Sunday, Aug.20
B 30.I
T 69
W NW

The sky was somewhat leaden as we hurried out for Soap on the Point, but it turned later in the morning to a cloudless blue.

Joe Proctor and the Searles left before lunch, while two other visitors - the Reeses - quitted us a few hours later for Bass Rock.

All the Sloans were here for lunch - Mr. and Mrs. Sloan and Ben and Bill (both Old Campers) stopped on the way to Northeast Harbor to see Sam.

Mrs. Hicks and Freddie went out to lunch taking Putnam, Ball, Burnham and Abbot with them.

It was the ideal day for a long picnic, but since the Merryweather Races are not far off and as there was more boat building yet to be done, we worked on our dustpans and sharks until five when, with an azure sky and a glassy Pond, we set forth for Merryweather Beach, making the circuit of Pine Island en route:

Picnic to Merryweather Beach

Sunday
(Cont'd)

Ouani

L.E.R. & R.R. (pass's)

J.W.S.	E.S.T.
L.E.W.	R.H.S.
Wheelwright	Hildreth
Ball	G.E.H.
Putnam	Chisholm

W.D.T.

Worry

Abbot
Long
Hicks
Burnham

Abagad	Terror	Williwaw	Yammer
Sloan	R.G.A.	R.L.C.	T.R.
Rumery	S.O.D.	J.N.	P.M.
Bridgman	R.M.D. (cox)	M.B.N. (cox)	Sweeney (cox)
A.C.N.	Eddison		

We were honored by the far too rare presences of L.E.R. and R.R. who were passengers in the Ouani while J.W.S. and R.H.S. were included in her crew.

Though the fleet didn't make extraordinary speed, still it kept a good steady pace and reached the beach in fifty minutes or so. The ladies " buttled" this time, and with such spirit and efficiency that the usual butlers suggested their taking over the job permanently.

When the last piece of chocolate had been consumed and the last cup washed, it was "all around in a circle" for songs. We had brought the Community Song Books with us, and instead of singing the usual rounds sang from the books, after we had rendered the Picnic Song. We chose old favorites, such as "Jingle Bells," "Dixie" and "Old Black Joe" and then tried "There is a Tavern in the Town" (which

Sunday (Cont'd) the Merryweather Quartet had sung last night) with great success, though only one verse was printed in the books.

Before we knew it we were heading back for Camp - the Picnic had lasted, so it seemed, for only a few minutes.

It was one of those rare clear late August evenings, still but for the occasional buzzing of a motorboat, with a sunset quite beyond description. R.R. saw northern lights after the ladies had left Faculty Supper.

There was a blackberry squad under S.O.D.'s direction this morning, and we enjoyed the fruits of its labor at supper. We voted for our favorite desserts at lunch; the results appear later in today's log. At two o'clock C.H.C. arrived on the scene, for a longer visit, we hope, than last time. Clarence H. Conning

Monday
Aug 2I
B 30.I
T 64
W NNW
Overcast

Society turned out in gala array for this afternoon's sport, bedecked in the latest (and rather daring, we might add) fashions.

Final Track and Field

Classes

A	B
Abbot	Bridgman
Ball	Chisholm
Burnham	Eddison
Hicks	Long
Hildreth	Rumery
Putnam	Sweeney
Sloan	Wheelwright

Shot Put

Class A: Burnham won all the events he entered save the Broad Jump in which he gained second place. With his greater length and strength Burnham put the shot for first place with a 23'II". Putnam was a close second with a 20'I" put, while Sloan, who showed great improvement in all the events, placed third with I9'4".

Class B: Though with a lighter shot, Long exceeded Putnam's mark in the Class A shot put by seven inches, showing smooth form. Bridgman came second with a put

Final Track and Field (cont'd)

of 18'2" while Wheelwright followed him with a 17'4".

High Jump

Class A: Burnham, though he did not use the "scissors" form, jumping directly towards the bar instead, displayed the agility of a deer and won the event with a leap of 4'6". Putnam was next with 4'4", while Sloan jumped 3'9".

Class B: Rumery's form left nothing to be desired, and kicking his legs high and clearing the bar almost parallel to it, he made 4'. Wheelwright's work this afternoon was admirable, for with a hurt ankle he placed in every event. He was second in the High Jump, clearing the bar at 3'8", while Long (jumping with Burnham's technique) placed third with 3'7". It was, as their leaps indicate, a close match between the last two.

100 Yard Dash

Class A: Putnam had had no difficulty in winning this dash before Burnham (an August Camper) came, but the latter walked away with the event this afternoon, breaking the tape in 12.3". There must have been five yards between the winner, and Putnam, who placed second; and Putnam and Sloan, who placed third, must have been the same distance apart. The others were bunched far behind.

100 Yard Dash (cont'd)

Clas B: Chisholm won in 15.1 though Long came close upon his heels. Long stumbled and nearly measured his length on the ground shortly after the gun went off but he recovered himself well. Again, credit is due Wheelwright, who placed a good third.

440

Class A: This was anexciting and close race until the finish where Burnham led Putnam across the line by fifty yards to win in the excellent time of 1'9.2". Abbot was a fairish third though he ran a game race, and Sloan, who had showed up until this afternoon as a poor runner gained a well-earned fourth place. As, in all the events, Burnham had the advantage through his greater strength and length of limb.

Class B: Another good race was the B 440. No one felt sure quite who would win until the finish. At the gun Chisholm and Bridgman took the lead, until Wheelwright usurped their position a few yards from the home plate. On the home stretch, Long came up from behind, however, and followed closely by Rumery and Wheelwright, who finished second and third respectively, broke the tape in 1' 21.3".

Monday
(Cont'd)

Final Track and Field (Cont'd)

Prefects' Race (440)

With G.E.H. out of the running with a bad toe, we discussed the advantages and disadvantages of short and long legs in the various running events. Some declared that A.C.N. was built more for the mile than for the quarter mile and that J.N.'s shorter powerful legs would win the race for him. At any rate we waited expectantly to see the results. A.C.N. won in 57 and one fifth seconds, but J.N. was thundering close behind him at the finish, and undoubtedly if the loser had sprinted sooner and held it, he would have won, for A.C.N. did not sprint at the finish, but , with lengthy strides, rather loped across.

After our swim we found that William Ladd had come, having motored from Boston.

All except S.O.D., A.C.N., and P.M. played " Spin the Platter" after supper. The three went fishing (with crayfish) instead, but had such poor luck, that they suspected a malicious design (having become over wary and skeptical as to every one's sincerity) had been planned for them. They were very abashed to find that not the bait, but the fact that they were poor fishermen, had brought them no fish.

For the redeeming of forfeits, C.H.C. and Chisholm gave a cat and dog fight, while L.E.W.'s self-eulogy afforded much amusement.

Monday
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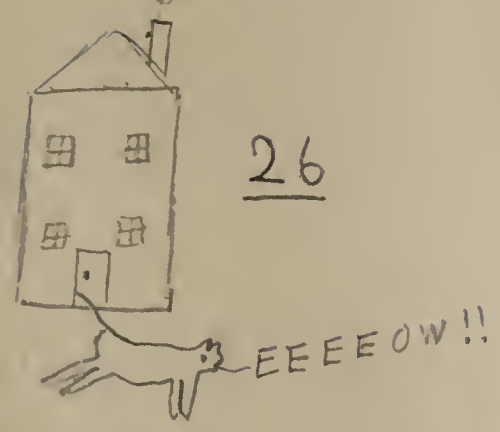
1) 

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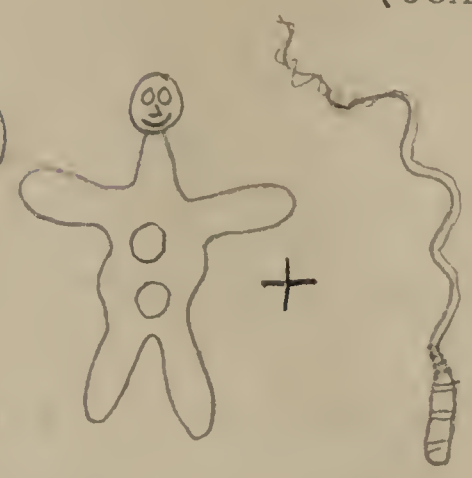
5) 

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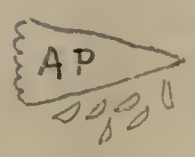
3) 

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During lunch T.R. gave us each pencil and paper to vote for our desserts, and this is how W.D.T. told the results:

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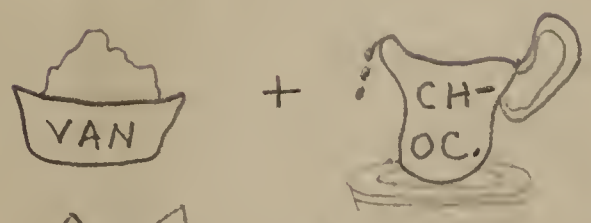
1) 

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Monday (Cont'd) After a prolonged absence, J.R. returned to our midst, to remain some time, we hope, in order to make up for the many weeks he has spent away from Camp.

Tuesday Aug 22
B 30
T 68
W light NE

No, we are mistaken about J.R., for this afternoon he left for Wiscasset Inn.

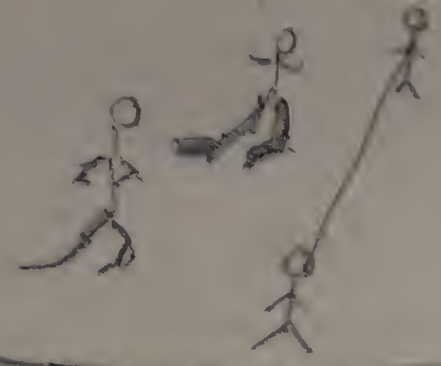
Wrestling

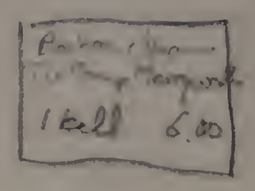
Rumery vs Wheelwright:	Rumery in I'40"
Long vs Abbot:	Abbot in 2'40"
Hildreth vs Putnam:	Interrupted
Sweeney vs Eddison:	Draw in 3'
Bridgman vs Rumery	Draw in I'30"

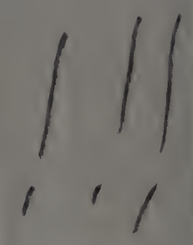
In the first match Rumery hadn't much difficulty in getting his opponent's shoulders to the ground because of his advantage in weight and strength. The loser's wrestling was very commendable nevertheless. The second match was very close, Long putting up a splendid fight throughout. Putnam and Hildreth, closely matched as usual, were interrupted when the latter was called to clean up the piazza. Eddison fought the hardest, perhaps, of any one this morning. When we were convinced that Sweeney would get his shoulders down in just a few seconds, the latter would always manage to roll over. Though Sweeney was clearly superior, the match was declared a draw because of the disparity in their weights. The last bout promised to be interesting but the Horn cut it short.

R.G.A. directed knot tieing instead of E.S.T.'s reading, and afterwards he and Abbot tacked the panels and the Service Flag in place over the mantelpiece. The "Dutchess Trousers" advertisement was relegated to a place over the closet door in the north annex. We are all getting enthusiastic over " rebuses," C.H.C. and T.R. and others having composed an excellent one of English poets, and there was tacked on the door after Faculty Coffee:

Tuesday (Cont'd)







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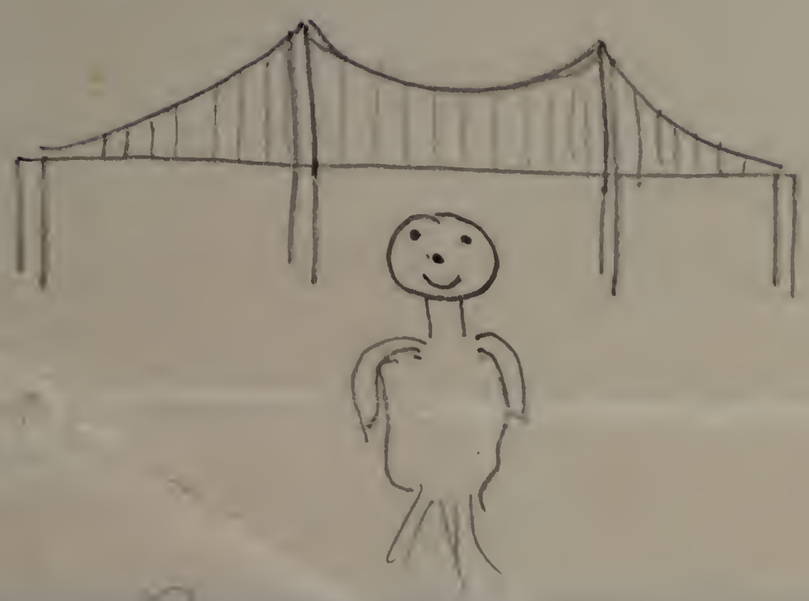

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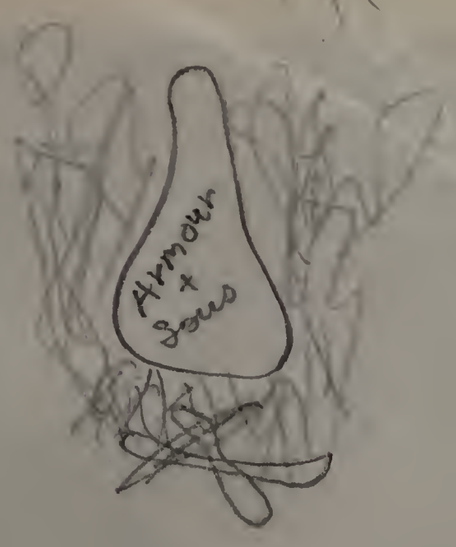

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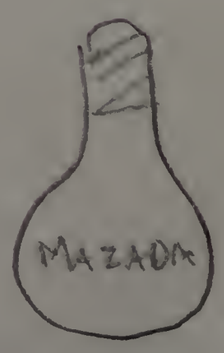

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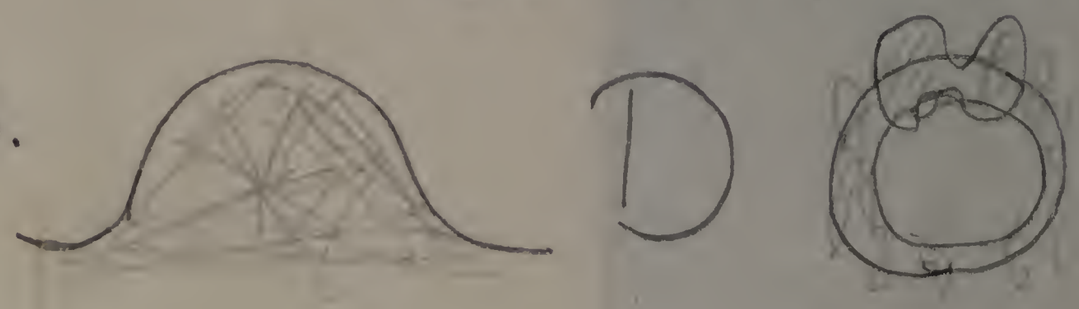

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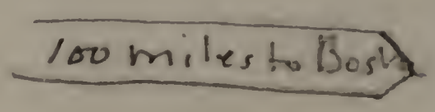

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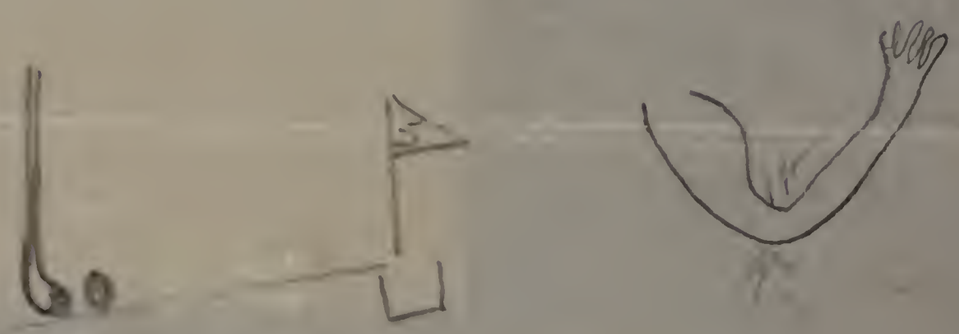

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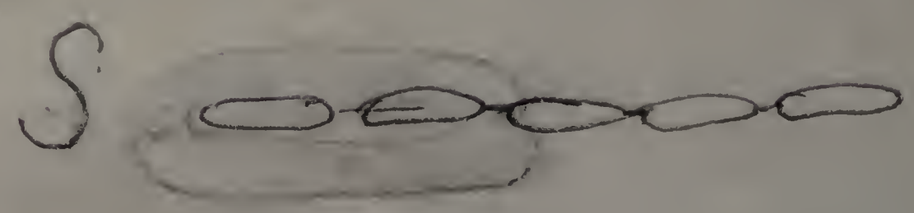

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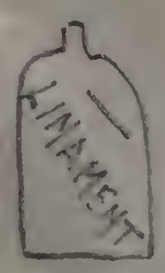

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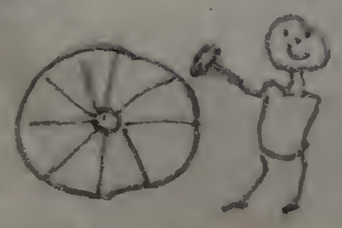


Tuesday (Cont'd) So we all busied ourselves with building boats, some of us completing them and trying them out in the Pond.

C.H.C. took L.E.R. and R.R. for a drive over Royal to Vienna while our work was in progress.

After supper we gathered in the Parlor to take, while H.R. read the questions:

<u>The Intelligence Test</u>

I. What do the following stand for - S.O.D?
2. " " " " " " - C.O.D?
3. " " " " " " - R.M.D?
4. " " " " " " - R.F.D?
5. What relation is W.D.T. 3rd to the Skipper?
6. What happens on five toots of the horn?
7. What kind of fish are caught with the Tink spinner?
8. Who killed Abel?
9. What sort of craft is the Shagpat?
IO. On what wall of the Shop are the bits?
II. " " " " " " " " spoke shaves?
I2. " " " " " " " " dividers?
I3. Where is the Camp telephone?
I4. What is the Casino?
I5. Who is the lady on the Screen?
I6. What sign is there on the south side of the boat-house?
I7. What happens in Faculty Coffee?
I8. What holds up the Float?
I9,20,2I,22. Name four islands on the Pond.
23. Where does the Camp drinking water come from?
24. Who lives in Harley Street?
25. " " " " "
26. How many chimneys are there in Camp?
27. How do you spell the name of the biggest canoe in Camp?
28. What is the circumference of the earth?
29. How far is it to the Mills?
30. In what year was the Declaration of Independence signed?
3I. What is the Mousetrap?
32. What is the Rat Trap?
33. What direction are the Mills from Camp?
34,35. What two things does E.S.T. stand for?
36. How many rowboats are there in Camp?

Intelligence Test (cont'd) Tuesday (Cont'd)

37,38. What are the names of the two black boats?
39. How long is the slip to the Float?
40,41,42. Name three mountains that you can see from Camp.
43. What is the motto of Belgrade University?
44. Who is the official janitor of Belgrade University?
45. What kind of light is the Merryweather Light?
46. Who tends the Merryweather Light?
47. How many people are there in Camp?
48,49,50. What do the following do in the Winterline; W.D.T?, M.B.W?, H.R?
51. What is there in a perfect vacuum.
52. What is a barometer?
53. What is a kilometer?
54. What is a speedometer?
55. What is an anemometer?
56. What time of day does the second Scouting Game start?
57. What kind of wood are the paddles made of?
58. " " " " " " " " "
59. What kind of wood are the oars made of?
60. " " " " " " " " "
61. Who is the portrait of the viking?
62.63,64,65,66. What games have the following terms: Chukker? Divot? Scrum? Let? Carrom?
67. Why is the drainage system of Camp called " Mexico?"
68. Where does the drainage system of Mexico go to?
69. Who won the Scouting last year?
70. What is the spring board made of?
71. Which way does the earth revolve?
72. What are the tallest trees on the Camp land?
73. How many kinds of pines are there on the Camp Land?
74. What does 212 degrees F. stand for?
75. " " 100 " C. " " ?
76. How many people in Camp live in tents?
77. Who brings the afternoon mail?
78. How many cubicles are there in Copley?
79. Towards what point of the compass does a south west wind blow?
80. What is a tent fly?
81. How many buildings are there in Camp?
82. How many buoys does the Camp put out?
83. How high is the flagpole?
84. What color is black?
85. What is the nearest star to the earth?
86. What is a joss stick?
87. How many teeth has the average man?

Tuesday (Cont'd)

Intelligence Test (Cont'd)

88,89,90. How old are the following: S.O.D?, M.B.N? and W.D.T?

91,92,93. How much do the following weigh: R.G.A.?, L.E.W?, and J.N?

94. What relation is L.E.W. to L.E.R?
95. Who or what is "Bijah?"
96. Where is the real Harley Street?
97. What device, other than flashlights, operates by electricity in Camp?
98. Who or what is "Diana?"
99. How long before meals does the Five Minute Bell ring?
100. What is M.B.N'.s first name?

Answers to the Questions

1. Smith O. Dexter.
2. Collect on Delivery.
3. Ruth M. Davis.
4. Rural Free Delivery.
5. Great grandson.
6. Five minutes to meals.
7. Butlers.
8. Cain.
9. Canoe.
10. West.
11. West
12. North.
13. Ain't none - (Anderson's).
14. Cookies' House.
15. Morgiana.
16. Geo. Sims Boat Builder Putney England.
17. Afternoon is planned.
18. Pontoons.
19. Pine.
20. Oak.
21. Shute.
22. Hoyt's.
23. Pond.
24. Doctor.
25. Mr. Rodd.
26. Eight.
27. Ouananiche.
28. 24,000 miles.
29. 4 miles.
30. 1776.
31. An island.
32. The grannery in the storehouse.

Answers to Questions (cont'd)

33. W.
34. Elizabeth S. Ticknor.
35. Eastern Standard Time.
36. II.
37. Erebus.
38. Terror.
39. I07.
40. Phillip.
4I. Royal.
42. Muskrat - Sugar Loaf.
43. Sudor et Lachrimae.
44. W.D.T.
45. Gasoline.
46. G.E.H.
47. 38.
48. Teaches at S.P.S.
49. Attends Bryn Mawr.
50. Lives in Gardiner.
5I. Nothing.
52. Measures air pressure.
53. I000 meters.
54. Measures speed in m.p.h.
55. Measures speed of wind.
56. Four P.M.
57. Spruce.
58. Maple.
59. Spruce.
60. Ash.
6I. Skipper.
62. Polo.
63. Golf.
64. Rugby.
65. Tennis.
66. Billiards.
67. Because it's greasy.
68. Soccer Field.
69. No one.
70. Spruce
7I. West to east.
72. Red Pine.
73. Two.
74. Boiling point of water.
75. " " " "
76. Four.
77. Chas. J. Anderson.
78. I6.
79. N.E.
80. Top of a tent.
8I. 26.
82. II.
83. 50 ft.

Tuesday (Cont'd)

84. No color
85. The Sun.
86. Punk.
87. 32.
88. 26.
89. 20.
90. 25 .
9I. I86.
92. I27.
93. I65.
94. granddaughter.
95. Shaws' dog.
96. London.
97. L.E.R.'s bell.
98. Swimming rock - Goddess of the Hunt.
99. Five Minutes.
I00. Mary

And here are some answers that missed the mark:

R.F.D. stands for " refined."
W.D.T.3rd is Skipper's grandfather.
What happens in Faculty Coffee? They drink coffee.
The circumference of the earth is 380,000 miles.
The Declaration of Independence was signed in I929.
Names of two black boats: Erebus and Terribus.
What kind of light is the Merryweather Light? Very bright.
Who is the portrait of the viking? Stevenson.
Where does the drainage of Mexico go? In the Pond.
How old is W.D.T? 42.
Which way does the earth revolve? Around.
What relation is L.E.W. to L.E.R? Nephew.
A Joss Stick is Chinese Good Luck.
" " " " what you steer an airplane with.

Tuesday (Cont'd) The scores were not nearly as good as last year's:

79: A.C.N.	57: Hicks
73: W.L.	56: Abbot
7I: L.E.W.	5I: Ball
68: Burnham	44: Sweeney
66: Putnam	4I: Chisholm
6I: Sloan	37: Bridgman, Hildreth and Rumery

We are ashamed of going further.

The Test took till half-past-eight, and afterwards the half-past-niners corrected them.

C.H.C. and W.L. left this Morning for Katahdin, and R.G.A. taught more knots to a circle of eager (and we may well add, adept) pupils.

Wednesday
Aug 23
B. 29.6
T. 67
W. light SW

There was a special squad with R.G.A. to repair certain boards in the slip which had become broken.

It was a sultry and rather still day - excellent weather for the wagon tongue and horsehide:

Junior Baseball

Anabolisms		Katabolisms
S.O.D.	c	T.R.
J.N.	p	A.C.N.
Burnham	1	Putnam
Ball	2	Sloan
Abbot	3	Rumery
Long	ss	Hildreth
Bridgman	rf	Chisholm
Sweeney	cf	Wheelwright
Eddison	lf	Hicks

The scores and write-up appear on a later page.

After afternoon swim, a good many of us tried out our boats, with varying success. There are so many novel designs this year that the races promise to be especially interesting. Among the shark builders are L.E.W., S.O.D. and Abbot, and J.N. has built a dustpan from a shingle.

R.R. and R.M.D. took a short and uneventful trip to Waterville this faternoon.

And at seven thirty (the last Wednesday night, alas, of Camp) came the:

Wednesday
(cont'd)

Last Charade Evening

1. Bolsheviki - R.G.A.

Scene One: Boll (weevil) A band of cotton pickers hum their way along with "Old Black Joe". They find, to their consternation, insects on the blossoms, and show them to G.E.H., the inspector, who, with a nod, corroborates their misgivings.

Scene two: "Chevy". R.G.A. and G.E.H. as Chevrolet salemen describe their various models to two prospects, Putnam and his wife (L.E.W.). There is the Airless Cabriolet, in which the perfect vacuum omits back-seat driving. Then another model is equipped with a beer tap and a Fridgidaire. The most revolutionary model of all has only one wheel, which has a flat tire, eliminating the danger of blow-outs. Then a testimonial from W.D.T., the proud owner of a Chevy is read.

Scene three: Key. G.E.H. is reading in his messy cubicle, when Bridgman appears to tell him that the Doctor wishes the key he has le nt him. But G.E.H. is unable to find it. A rather impatient Doctor (P.M.) now makes his appearance, and with an "Aw, nerts", finds the missing key immediately.

Final Scene: Bolsheviki. A "Red" is the guest-of-honor (though no one knows he is a Red) at

Camp Merryweather. When asked to give a talk, he (P.M.) spouts unintelligible Russian, but all present soon gather that he is a Bomb Thrower, and they fly on him in rage.

Wednesday (Cont'd)

2. Pandemonium- R.L.C.

Scene One: Pan.M.B.N. leads a class in cookery at Camp Merryweather, assuring her pupils to listen in all eagerness since before long man's place will be in the home. With frogs and raw eggs (shell and all) she makes a "Pan Pie."

Scene Two: Demon. S.O.D. (as R.G.A.) enters the front door and walks down the aisle towards the stage, followed by J.N. who obviously intends to kill him, which he does no sooner does his victim cross into the stage. R.G.A. is questioned by the demons, of which R.L.C. is Chief Inquisitor. R.G.A. gives the demons a good account of his earthly doings, but the demons are skeptical. Has he not failed to build the wheelbarrow he has intended to build? Though captain of the Iroquois has he not made only one run? Though he built a dustpan did he not run it down and tear sail and deck? Did he not also leave a certain lunch basket behind? And without further ceremony R.G.A. is condemned to keep the fiends company for eternity.

Wednesday
(Cont'd)

Scene Three: " I 'um." A large family of country bumpkins are gathered together. Matilda wishes to go to the fair, but she is told to stay home and tend the farm. " You ain't goin' t' th' fair." " Oh, yes, I 'um." The stubborn girl gets up and walks out the door.

Final Scene: Pandemonium. One of our members (Sloan acts the part) is baited and teased, until a terrific uproar ensues, and R.M.D. (M.B.N.) and J.N. arrive in haste to see who is murdered.

3. Parsimoniousness - T.R.

Scene One: Parsee. The parsees, with A.C.N. as their chief, sing weird incantations. Enter Rajah T.R. and his son (Eddison) who drive them away. The third syllable is also contained in this scene: Moan.

Scene Two: 'e , us. Members of the loyal order of Beetles go through strange motions, seated around a table. T.R. tells those present that a certain enemy of theirs must be done away with. Much is at stake: if the enemy does not die, something dreadful will happen to the Beetles. " It will be he or us," he says, and motioning first with the right hand, next with the left, he continues," 'e - us."

Now Inspector * * *, who, disguised as a Beetle, has been attending the meeting, jumps up and, throwing off his disguise, arrests the intriguers. Enter two inquisitive, innocent little children who ask the Inspector (A.C.N.) how he did it. " Just by eating Post Toasties," he replies, and the children wander off to ask their mother to give them lots of Post Toasties. The children were E.S.T. and Rumery.

Wednesday (Cont'd)

Scene Three: Ness. The Men of Ness, all brave warriors, are about to set forth to conquer new lands, but first they ask the advice of an old and trusted prophet (T.R.). He forsees doom and destruction, and angers the Men of Ness, who call in the prophetess (E.S.T.). She predicts an auspicious future, and with shouts of victory the warriors depart on new quests.

Final Scene: Scotch, kilted A.C.N. gets on a train, and walking up and down the smoking car, sniffs here and sniffs there so as to get a " free smoke." From his talk, A.C.N.'s watchword is clearly "parsimoniousness."

It was perhaps the funniest and most enjoyable Charade Evening of the summer, and we are all sorry that we have seen the season's last Wednesday go by.

1. Oh, Mr. Skipper we need an ark,
There's one wide river to cross;
Please build it out of your birch bark
There's one wide river to cross.

2. The drops came dropping one by one,
There's one wide river to cross;
Everything was tight as a drum,
There's one wide river to cross.

3. The drops came dropping two by two,
There's one wide river to cross;
They wetted us and also you;
There's one wide river to cross.

4. The drops came down in three by three,
There's one wide river to cross;
We can't stay dry even under a tree,
There's one wide river to cross.

5. The drops came down in four by four,
There's one wide river to cross;
We tried in vain to keep it out at the door
There's one wide river to cross.

6. The drops came down in five by five,
There's one wide river to cross;
We wished we were dead instead of alive,
There's one wide river to cross.

7. The drops came dropping six by six,
There's one wide river to cross;
Oh, can't you help us out of this fix,
There's one wide river to cross.

8. The drops came dropping down at seven,
There's one wide river to cross
We hoped that it would clear for eleven,
There's one wide river to cross.

9. The drops came dropping eight by eight,
There's one wide river to cross;
To wet our feet we truly hate,
There's one wide river to cross.

10. The drops came dropping nine by nine,
There's one wide river to cross;
And for the sun we all did pine,
There's one wide river to cross.

11. The drops came dropping ten by ten,
There's one wide river to cross;
Its terribly wet in the kitchen;
There's one wide river to cross.

12. The drops come down it's
eleven eleven,
There's one wide river
to cross;
And it's just the same as
it was at seven,
There's one wide river
to cross.

13. The drops came down in
twelve by twelves,
There's one, etc.
We wouldn't believe it till
we counted ourselves,
There's one, etc.

14. So please Mr. Skipper, build us an ark,
There's one wide river to cross;
Build it anywhere we dryly can park,
There's one wide river to cross.

Kalamazoo vs. Buckeyes of ..... at ..... 19....

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
3	1	3	1	Stone	4		K		K									3	1	0		
	1		2	Rumery	1													4	0	1		
3	1	1	3	Pabst	3													4	1	1		
1	3	1	4	A.C.N.	1													4	2	2		
		1	5	Abel	8	K						K						3	1	0		
1	1	2	6	T.R.	2													4	4	4		
			7	Hicks	9													3	0	0		
			8	Chamberlin	7		K			K								3	0	1		
	1		9	Hawk	6													2	0	0		
			10																			
			11																			
			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	1/1	1/2	3/5	0/5	2/7	0/7	2/9	/	/	/	/	/					

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
						1-b. on errors.					
Muffed fl fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.	Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
						Batt'y errors.					

Umpire..... of ..... Scorer.....

Buckeyes vs. Kalamazoo of ..... at ..... 19.

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4 3	5 4	6 5	7 6	8 7	9 8	10 9	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	St. ba
2	1		1	Burnham	3						K							4	3	2		
3	1	2	2	Ball	4													5	3	4		
10	6	5	3	J.N	1	K												5	4	4		
		1	4	Long	6													1	0	0		
		3	5	Abbot	5	K						K						4	1	0		
			6	S.O.D.	2													4	4	4		
		1	7	Bridgman	7					K		K						4	0	0		
			8	Sweeney	8					K								1	2	0		
			9	Edison	9			K			K							2	2	0		
			10																			
			11																			
			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	1/1	5/6	X	6/12	5/17	1/18	2/20	/	/	/	/	/					

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
						1-b. on errors.					
Muffed fl fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.	Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
						Batt'y errors.					

Umpire..... of ..... Scorer.....

Of A.C.N. what shall be said,
That noble soul, who bravely tried
To feed the pills? Friend of the dead
Say naught but good; for though defunct
A warrior's death, he died.

Yet e'en as on a starry night
Some constellations far outshine
Their sister sparks, so, in this fight
The Putnams, Nesmiths, Rodds and Balls
Stand forth as shapes divine.

But why pick these? For others too,
Stood ever nobly by their guns.
To them the fighters praise is due,
Especially to Eddison,
Who scored a pair of runs.

There now is little left to say,
But, as you may divine,
The Ana's on this fateful day
Brought home the bacon neatly with
A score of runs to nine.

We arose to find a pall of mist upon us, with all the Pond landmarks except Oak Island blotted out. As we sat down to breakfast the rain descended in sheets, and poor Mrs. Sawyer found herself the target of two very bad leaks as she was seated at breakfast. The rain kept up at a furious rate till after eleven, then it stopped to be occasionally interrupted by intermittent drizzling. No one was able to keep dry in such a rain as this - a rain that inspired a poem which will be found pasted to the preceding page.

Thursday
Aug. 24
B 30
W NNE
T 66

Fishing was seriously considered as a possibility for the afternoon, but so many boats were yet to be completed that it was decided to have boatbuilding.More boats were tried out in the fairish breeze off Pickerel. S.O.D. became desperate over the failure of his ?th rig and threatened to hack his snark to pieces; we are glad it was nothing more than a threat.

For supper came Frances Gardiner, Anne Warren and Nancy Ayer (who was on last year's Faculty for a month), and they and the rest of us were invited to attend after supper, a one act play entitled " Dishwashing," with a most eminent cast headed by R.G.A.

More boats were tried out after supper with results both happy and disheartening. We sang choruses till 8:30.

Friday Aug 25
W SE
T 68
B 29.2

Still more rain with too little wind for the Races. T.R. motored R.R. to Gardiner in the morning and in the afternoon J.W.S. drove L.E.R. and R.R. to Waterville. There were more rehearsals as the big night draws nearer.

W.D.T. and R.G.A. chopped up a red pine tree, the former wading back to Camp, pulling the white boat, in which the branches had been stowed, after him. Then the two of them tacked up the choice bits of greenery which had been chopped off the branches with bolos, and the Parlor is now a beautiful sight to behold.

Mr. Tom Curtis (an Old Camper - 1913-19) and Mrs. Curtis paid us a short visit this afternoon, and two friends of M.B.N. stopped for an hour.

With so few days left let us hope that the clouds will disperse and the wind blow for Scouting and the Races.

Late in the afternoon we were happy to greet Samuel R. Payson and Varland Wightp.

They joined us at the ever-popular game of Boston which we played till 8:30.

E.S.T. finished "The Man without a Shadow" at half-past-nine reading, and , oh shame, we forgot to say that she has been reading "Kidnapped" to the half-past-eighters for ever so long.

We had no sooner resigned ourselves to a lifetime of rain than the fog lifted - though the sun remained hidden. In the morning R.R. and T.R. motored to Waterville.

Saturday
Aug 26
B 29.48
T 66
W NNE

We thought a wind might stir up in time for the Races, but, though a slight breeze began to blow from the NW, it soon died down.

So we had rehearsals (and S.O.D. was given time to rehearse for his special act - of which more , later) and put finishing touches and effected minor repairs on our boats.

Almost before we knew it, supper was over, and we got into our costumes before going to the Guest Cabin where M.B.N. (who, by the way, took a course in Makeup at Bryn Mawr) skilfully applied pencil and paint.

Then the Grand March:

Lord Winterset	-	W.D.T.
Lady Mary Carlisle	-	E.S.T.
M. Beaucaire	-	R.L.C.
M. Mirepoix	-	S.O.D.
Lady Mary's duenna	-	R.M.D.
M. Molyneux	-	Ball
Prince Henri	-	Sloan
Beau Nash	-	J.N.
Wicked Uncle	-	A.C.N.
Babes in the Wood	-	Eddison and Sweeney
Two Remorseless Fiends	-	Long and Hildreth
Robin	-	Chisholm
Mrs. Nickleby	-	Wheelwright
Kate Nickleby	-	Abbot
Halfwit	-	Bridgman
Ali Baba	-	G.E.H.
Morgiana	-	L.E.W.

Saturday (Cont'd) Grand March (cont'd)

Robber Captain	-	R.G.A.
Robbers	-	Burnham, Hicks, Rumery, Putnam, and G.E.H. (Ali in disguise)
Two Slaves	-	Sam Payson and Worley Wight
Lady Allonby	-	M.B.N.
Lord Rokesle	-	T.R.
Simon Orts	-	P.M.
Punshon	-	R.L.C.

Starting, as usual, from South Dormitory, the procession made the circuit of the Parlor three times, passing before the Skipper and L.E.R. who were seated in the North Annex. Then every one sat down before the screen and waited expectantly.

The first act was "M. Beaucaire," in which the cocky French prince betters the overconfident Winterset. E.S.T. was a beautiful Lady Mary, now doubting her English lover, now doubting the Frenchman, and finally overcome with grief and shame when she finds out who Beaucaire really is. W.D.T. was a splendid Winterset, ever disgusted with and skeptical of the " varlet barber with his ribbons and toys." Though R.M.D. filled a minor role, her acting as the phlegmatic duenna to Lady Mary was commendable. S.O.D. announced the innumerable titles of Beaucaire, the prince, with the greatest assurance and aplomb, and the part of Beaucaire's brother was ably played by Sloan.The prince's confident and ready attendant, Ball, did very well, and J.N.'s portrayal of

Beau Nash was noteworthy. And, before we forget it, let us say how much we admired the accent and French mannerisms of R.L.C.,which were very true to form.

L.E.R.'s inimitable "Babes in the Wood" came next, with Sweeney(dressed in pajamas) and Eddison (in a long white nightgown and wig) as the Babes. A.C.N. struck terror into our hearts as the wicked Uncle, while the Fiends , dressed from head to toe in black, looked formidable indeed. Chisholm was a good Robin, and congratulations are due M.B.N. for furnishing him with realistic wings and tail. M.B.N. also accompanied on the piano.

In a delightful scene taken from "Nicholas Nickleby"and dramatized,Wheelwright showed us some real acting and almost brought Mrs. Nickleby to life, while Abbot's performance as her diffident daughter Kate was decidedly praiseworthy. The half wit's (Bridgman's) aspect was almost winning, and we can understand why old Mrs. Nickleby was so fond of him. The set for this scene was well executed and lifelike with flowers, pine trees and all, and Mike Bridgman threw a large summer squash right at Mrs. Nickleby's and Kate's feet. We are to thank E.S.T. for the scenery.

And, oh, we can hardly express our admiration and amusement at the fine interpretation of L.E.R.'s "Ali Baba." R.G.A. as the Robber Captain, G.E.H. as Ali, and the rest of the robbers too not only acted skilfully but

displayed remarkable physical endurance as they crept and crawled round and round, shouting "Revenge" for all they were worth. L.E.W. was a most graceful and agile Morgiana; we thought her almost capable of touching the rafters with her toes.

If our two visitors, Payson and White, had arrived sooner they might have been given bigger parts to act. However, they were as good slaves as one could hope for.

Two insignificant details that went amiss added rather than detracted from the performance. G.E.H. tried five or six times without success to light his hookah; he was unable to suppress a "drat it." Then, again, in the final scene (where Ali and "Morgie" dance the dance of victory) G.E.H.'s sneaker, abbreviated because of his sore toe, flew off.

The set - India prints, rugs, etc.- looked most realistic, and the daggers(carved from wood the night before by R.G.A. and G.E.H.) looked like the best a Moslem could desire.

"Simon's Hour," taken from a short story of Branch Cabell's and dramatized by M.B.N. we insert here in the log. M.B.N. was a proud and beautiful Anastasia, not, however, without her moments of fear and doubt. The role of the degenerate Rokesle, cool and relentless, (his sleek black boots made, incidentally, from paper by

M.B.N.) was admirably portrayed by T.R. Simon, the drunken parson, (P.M.) manifested a cynical and sinful nature, not however, without some vestiges of nobleness and courage. R.L.C., though he made but a brief appearance, was a meticulate and self-contained butler of the highest order.

It had been a most sucessful evening for all concerned. After a welcome epilogue - in which every one had a part - entitled "The Consuming of Sherbert," we retired at 10:30 with a half hour's extra sleep to look forward to.

In the midst of Fancy Dress Robert S. Russell appeared. It is so nice having him here again.

S.O.D.'s special act with which he entertained us at Faculty Supper consisted of eating a raw egg shell and all. He had lost a bet he made with R.G.A. Certain that a certain Electric Oar advertized for sale was intended to work by sculling, instead of being equipped with a propeller, he found to his dismay that he was mistaken.

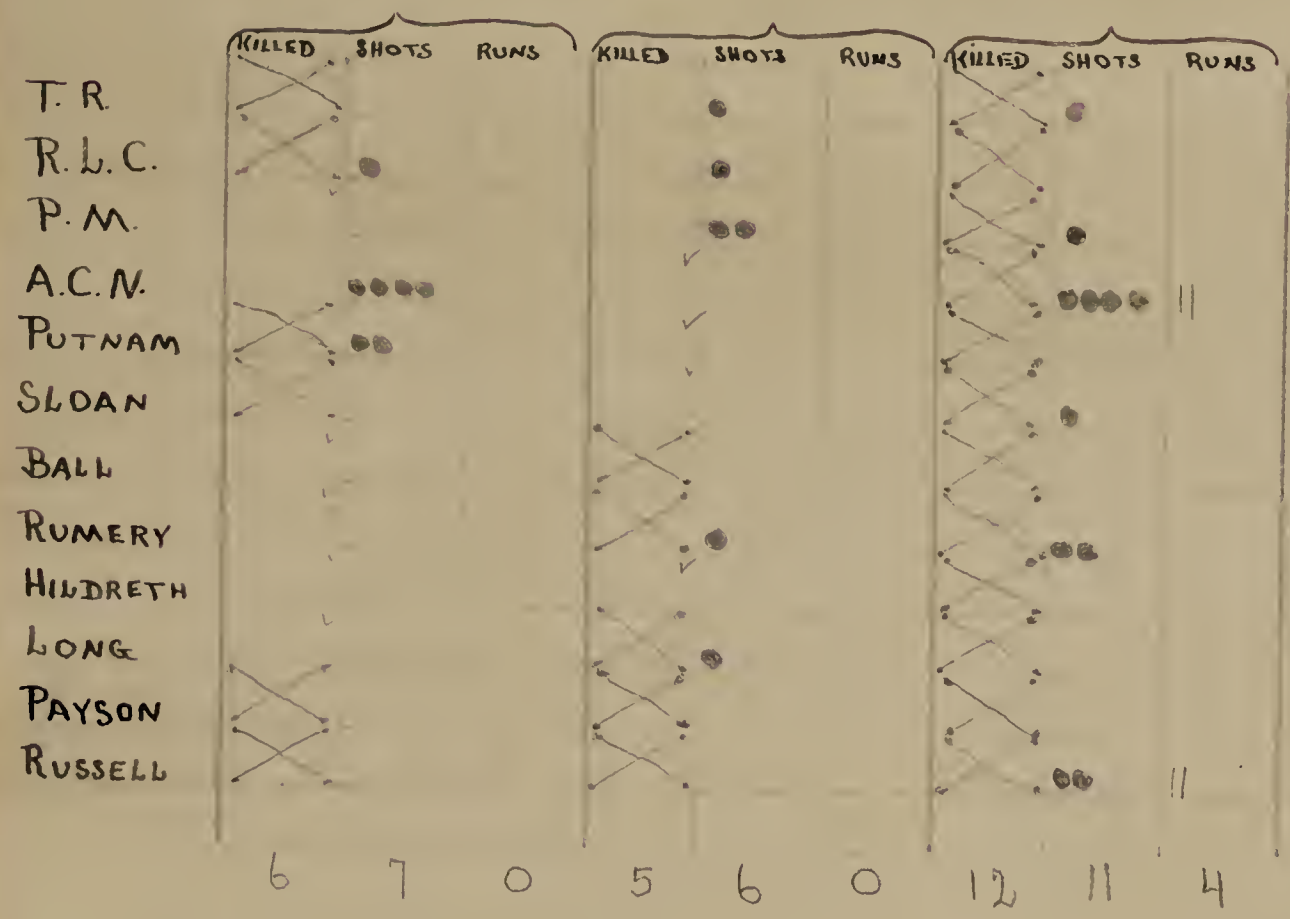
Sunday Aug 27 Calm

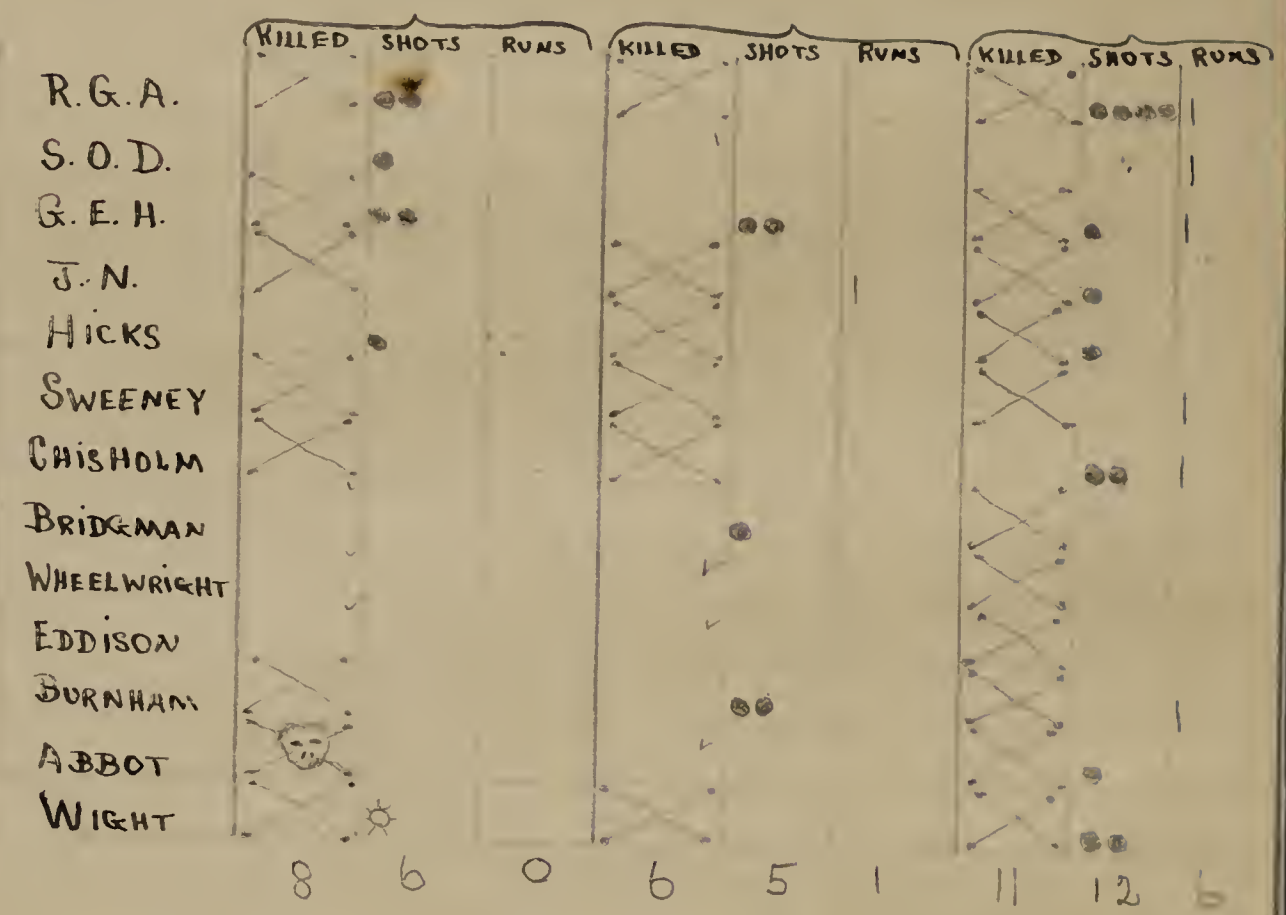
It was a very calm and hot day, and it seems to have affected the Weather Man's memory again. Though it was far from ideal Scouting weather, we had to have the final game. With much tension and excitement on both teams the game was under weigh with a bang, with Wight playing for the Iroquois and Payson and Mr. Russell for the opposition.

Final Scouting

The total score stood at 8-6 for the Iroquois, as both teams plunged into the first game with strong guards and a spirited offense. Russell, still running from the south end, was the first to be sent to the Boneyard, and then came J.N. After a tense wait A.C.N., guarding in an unexpected corner in Pine Parlor, shot G.E.H., Wight, Sweeney and Burnham, seriously injuring the Iroquois attack. They suffered another casualty with Abbot's murder, but before the game was over, the shots had more or less evened up, and the Gonks lead by only one. No one got through for a score, and the games now totalled 8-7.

The second game began to look like the old question of the irresistable force, and the immovable object when no ghosts had appeared after fifteen minutes. Both teams were playing cautiously and hard, and for this


ALGONQUINS
KILLED SHOTS RUNS
KILLED SHOTS RUNS
KILLED SHOTS RUNS
T. R.
R. L. C.
P. M.
A. C. N.
PUTNAM
SLOAN
BALL
RUMERY
HILDRETH
LONG
PAYSON
RUSSELL
6 7 0 5 6 0 12 11 4


IROQUOIS
KILLED SHOTS RUNS
KILLED SHOTS RUNS
KILLED SHOTS RUNS
R. G. A.
S. O. D.
G. E. H.
J. N.
HICKS
SWEENEY
CHISHOLM
BRIDGMAN
WHEELWRIGHT
EDDISON
BURNHAM
ABBOT
WIGHT
8 6 0 6 5 1 11 12 6

once, anyway, winning played a part superior to the love of the game. After seventeen minutes the harassed Iroquois captain joined us on the ridge, and it was not until twenty-four minutes had passed that a second shot felled Chisholm. There were only six minutes of play left when Russell was killed, and six of the eleven ghosts hadn't time to report their deaths until " All in" was called. It looked really hopeful for the Gonks when the shots stood 6-5 in their favor, but the Iroquois runner, J.N., had got through by crossing and recrossing the ridge at the north end, and his run lost the season for the Gonks. In spite of the heat and unusual stillness, this second game was one of the year's best. After the first few minutes the gobbling turkeys were all that disturbed the silence of the Boneyard, and the outcome showed the sterner stuff of both parties.

With the season nominally over, both captains put all their men into the offense in the last game. In contrast to the comparative quiet of the Boneyard in the second game, there were fourteen ghosts in the first fifteen minutes. T.R. was shot on the run, but he was not for long the only dead man. With ten minutes left to play there were only two men on a side still fighting. A.C.N. and Russell were in good cross country training, and each scored two runs. The Iroquois topped

Sunday (Cont'd) Scouting (cont'd)

this however, with R.G.A., S.O.D., G.E.H., Sweeney Chisholm and Burnham all getting through once. For all concerned it was a cheerful way to end the afternoon, and a good bit of relaxation after a close Scouting year.

After Soap-on-the-Point "All out for the Picnic," and we formed a circle there, since it was, of course, too late to picnic off the Camp grounds. We were happy to have H.R., L.E.R., R.R., J.W.S., R.H.S. and J.D.S. with us for they are rarely all together on picnics. Patsy and Bijah, unable to face the prospect of staying at home, trotted after to be well fed and petted. After we had sung some rounds, L.E.R. sang "The Merryweather Light" as she always has done on the last Sunday evening, and we joined in the chorus.

Then rain - " for a change," some one said to console himself. It poured really hard before half-past-nine Reading, but stopped in no time.

L.E.R. read Kipling's "Envoi" and "The Maltese Cat" before we sang taps. It is hard to believe that there is only one more day of Camp.

Monday
August 28
B. 29.8
T. 70
Calm
Cloudy

Another calm, cloudy day, with occasional spits of rain. To our regret Sammy Payson and Wally Wight had to leave, just before knots.

After knots there were mighty packings of trunks and suitcases, that all might be finished before the races. And in the afternoon:

YACHT RACES.

With a slight south wind showing all signs of increasing, we all repaired to the Point after reading.

Judge - W.D.T.
Starters - R.G.A., R.H.S., Abbot, Burnham.
Pickers-Up, Carriers-Out, etc.-

P.M.	A.C.N.	G.E.H.	S.O.D.
Long	Putnam	Sloan	Ball

Shore Committee-
J.N., Wheelwright, Bridgman, Sweeney.
Messenger Boys-
Chisholm, Eddison.

Preliminary Round

First Heat

1. Creeping Paralysis
2. Midget
* Flying Barb
* Walloping Window Blind

The Walloping Window Blind was the first casualty of the afternoon, upsetting almost immediately, and damaging some vital part. The Creeping Paralysis, a combination dustpan and shark forged steadily ahead to win, while the Midget, a six inch dustpan, crept in a late second.

Second Heat

1. Texas Longhorn
* Guy, Slingsby, Violet and Lionel
* S.P.S. Special

All three boats in this heat upset immediately, and when set up again, upset almost at once, and so on for some time until the Texas Longhorn recovered and won easily.

Monday August 28 cont'd

Third Heat

1. Paradise Lost
2. J.T.Morse
* Yellow Fever
* College Humour

The best heat so far, in spite of the fact that neither the College Humour nor the Yellow Fever finished. The Paradise Lost went very well indeed, and the J.T.Morse was a close second.

Fourth Heat

1. Dying Gasp
2. Bauble Oswald
* Accident
* Minnie the Moocher

The Accident and the Minnie were over almost as soon as launched, and the finish was closely disputed between the Bauble Oswald and the Dying Gasp. The latter is a a shark whose progress consisted of a beautifully steady series of curtsies - most effective.

Fifth Heat

1. Alley Cat
2. Sinker
* Scarlet Fever
* Bee-Buh-Dee-Bope

Another good heat. The Alley Cat (another shark) maintained an easy lead throughout, with the Sinker following very smoothly.

Sixth Heat

1. Next Time Get Ethyl
2. Pale Horror
* Blue Mist
* Galloping Consumption

First the Blue Mist and then the Galloping Consump- bowed to the uneven wind. The Ethyl led throughout, upset almost at the finish line, but was picked up, and won with the Pale Horror fairly close on her heels.

Seventh Heat

1. Mickey Mouse
2. Roddbarous (Heeeee !)
* Benson B.
* Bear Cub

The Roddbarous started well, going very fast, but

about half-way along the course, tipped over and when set up again, came into a piece of calm water, and slowed up. The Mickey Mouse made slow but steady progress throughout.

Monday August 28 cont'd

Eighth Heat

1. Kitty Higgins
2. Pipkin
* Govenor Bodwell
* Lightning Bug

The Govenor Bodwell, a tiny shark, was almost invisible to the audience, but we are told she went well but slowly. The Kitty Higgins went very well, eluding the pickers-up at the finish, and giving them a real little chase before she was picked up. The Pipkin, a little dustpan, went slow and steady.

Semi-demi Finals

First Heat

1. Creeping Paralysis
2. Texas Longhorn
* Midget

The Midget did not last long in this heat, tipping over very early. The Texas Longhorn went fast, but tipped over several times, while the Creeping Paralysis did not show much speed, but went very steadily, the little sail above drawing well.

Second Heat

1. Next Time Get Ethyl
2. Pale Horror
* Alley Cat
* Sinker

The Alley Cat's boom yawed badly in this heat, and she did not do so well. The Ethyl was the first to tip over but after being picked up, she led the way home. The Pale Horror did well also after one upset.

Third Heat

1. Kitty Higgins
2. Pipkin
3. Mickey Mouse
* Roddbarous (Heeee !)

Monday August 28 Cont'd.

The Kitty Higgins led this heat throughout, the wind having fallen too much for the Roddabarous, who went over to the side of the course and sat on her tail. The two little dustpans: Pipkin and Mickey Mouse closely contested second place.

Fourth Heat

1. Paradise Lost
2. Bauble Oswald
* Dying Gasp
* J.T.Morse

The Paradise Lost, Bauble Oswald and the Dying Gasp sailed neck and neck for the first part of the race until the Dying Gasp went over, and the other two forged ahead : the Paradise Lost the swifter and the Bauble Oswald the steadier of the two.

At this point the wind died altogether to our dismay, and it was decided to postpone the rest of the races. In a few minutes a northerly air began to come in and the starters were re-stationed north of the float, with the finish line on a line with the float. Two more heats, the semi-finals, were attempted but called illegal on account of the failing and most unsteady wind, and the rest of the races were postponed indefinitely.

Supper at six-thirty, when we had the usual last evening ceremonies. As soon as we were finished, and the table cleared, the Algonquin Captain, T.R. presented the Scouting Cup to R.G.A. with a short speech, to which R.G.A. replied. Then the Cup was filled with pink drink and all were served, and drank toasts to the respective sides. Toasts were then proposed to H.R. and L.E.R.; W.D.T.Jr. and E.S.T. and W.D.T.[3] ; the Faculty and Ladies; and the last one of all, drunk in silence to A.M.R. and the Merryweather War Dead. We should have said that

the prizes were presented before the toasts, as follows: -

Monday
August 28
Cont'd.

Track and Field, A - Burnham
B - Long
Dormitory Prizes - 1. Putnam
2. Ball
3. Burnham.

We had time for a few rousing choruses when supper was over, before the bonfire, whither we adjourned at about eight-thirty.

It was indeed a noble pile! Its summit crowned by the Mikel, standing upright, and dangling from her prow the doomed Minnie the Moocher, all drowned in kerosene. In spite of everything being soaking wet thanks to a week of rain, the kerosene did its good work and soon all was blazing merrily. The Minnie swung and danced above the flames, bearing a charmed life, and refusing to burn. Finally the Mikel crashed amid a shower of sparks and we all joined hands to sing "Auld Lang Syne" and then flew in a furious and wild dance around the fire, until sedate young faculty were seen galloping around with the youth of the Camp upon their mighty shoulders.

Then, down to the Big Room, for the Camp Song and Triple Taps, followed by a brief swim.

As it was only nine o'clock, E.S.T. read "In the Absence of Rules" before Faculty Supper. We should have said that the three New York bound boys left in about the middle of the Races, R.L.C. accompanying Rumery, Hildreth and Hicks as far as Portland.

Tuesday August 29
Clear and cool
W. N.W.

W.D.T. called at six, this morning, for last Soap on the Point. Breakfast was at six thirty. After breakfast we had time for a few choruses before we piled into cars and departed for the Waterville station. While we waited for the train many rocks were unpacked from many bags, but there were willing hands to replace them after the owners backs were turned. The Boston train came in at eight thirty and pulled out again, bearing one of the nicest crowds ever !

A few departed by automobile, Wheelwright, Sloan and Eddison leaving later in the morning.

During the rest of the morning various chores were done, and the Prefects went out for a sail in the Bob-White. After dinner E.S.T. started Wodehouse's "The Indiscretions of Archie". After reading for about three-quarters of an hour, she paused to ask they wanted anymore. Her only answer was a melodious chorus of snores, delightful to hear.

In the afternoon there were mighty scrubbings of cabins and the tutorium, but almost everyone knocked off for tea in the big room - except T.R. who wandered about with a certain haunted look muttering to himself.

In the afternoon, also, arrived
Rosalind Wiggin
to make Camp complete. Alas ! They are returning to Deer Isle tomorrow, taking L.E.W. with them. J.R. returned in time for supper, and J.W.S. came down from Fourway for the meal. More of Archie at Eight Thirty

Wednesday - Another perfect day ! Many chores were
August 30
clear and cool accomplished in the morning; beds were
W. N.W.
repaired and put away, closets cleaned and checked, laundry put away etc., etc.,

And in the afternoon, directly after reading we all repaired to the float for the:

REST OF THE YACHT RACES.

Starters: R.G.A., R.H.S., G.E.H., A.C.N.

Pickers-up: T.R. S.O.D. J.R.
R.W. L.E.W. R.L.C.

Carriers-out: J.D.S.
E.S.T.

Judge: W.D.T.

Float man: J.N.

With a motor launch as carrier-out, and only two more heats to be run off in a moderate north-west breeze, the rest of the races proved to be a speedy affair. There was only one heat of the semi-finals, as the Texas Longhorn had been taken home, and the Bauble Oswald (belonging to T.I.R.) was not qualified to continue in the races.

Semi-finals

1. Pipkin
2. Next Time get Ethyl
* Kitty Higgins
* Pale Horror

The Ethyl led this heat for most off the way, but was slowed down by two upsets. The Pipkin went slowly but steadily, without a mishap, and won at a close finish. The Kitty Higgins, upset several times, and the Pale Horror was too slow.

Finals

1. Creeping Paralysis
2. Paradise Lost
3. Next Time Get Ethyl

 The wind had slackened quite a little for this heat, in spite of the starters waiting for a favorable puff, before letting the boats go. The Pipkin upset once which was the only casualty of the entire heat. Both the Creeping Paralysis and the Paradise Lost maintained a steady rate of speed throughout, the former keeping a consistent lead, and coming in to win.

Directly after the races, to our sorrow, L.E.W. and Posy departed taking L.E.W.[2] with them. Then there were mighty haulings in of boats, and supper time showed all boats and buoys in except two rangeleys. More Archie at eight thirty.

WEIGHTS FOR THE YEAR

Name	Final Weight	Change
Arnold*	$101\frac{3}{4}$	$-2\frac{1}{4}$
Ball	115	2
Bridgman	86	$-1\frac{1}{2}$
Calkins*	82	-
Carey*	$85\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{3}{4}$
Chisholm	96	6
Danforth*	$111\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2}$
Davison*	102	$\frac{3}{4}$
Sloan	122	$1\frac{1}{4}$
Burnham*	134	$6\frac{1}{4}$
Eddison	$58\frac{1}{2}$	2
Hicks	$100\frac{3}{4}$	$2\frac{3}{4}$
Hildreth	129	$2\frac{1}{4}$
King*	$86\frac{1}{2}$	3
Long	$89\frac{3}{4}$	$4\frac{3}{4}$
Putnam	103	-2
Rumery	$79\frac{1}{2}$	3
Sweeney	$77\frac{3}{4}$	$1\frac{1}{4}$
Wheelwright	$73\frac{1}{2}$	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Abbot*	$101\frac{1}{2}$	$1\frac{1}{2}$

Average gain - 1.66 lb.

* - one month.

Thursday
August 31
Clear and warmer.

This was a day of departures. R.L.C. left before breakfast, for Wickford. Then there were mighty packings, and about ten A.C.N. and G.E.H. pulled out, headed for Boston, after a little preliminary trouble with their spark plugs. (Thoughtfully disconnected by T.R.). Shortly after they had left S.O.D. and J.N. followed after foiling several ingenious attempts to delay them. E.S.T. and J.W.S. went in to Augusta at about eleven-thirty, staying for lunch and mighty shoppings.

During the morning R.G.A. and W.D.T. did mighty work with two great red pines, whose trunks they put up against the bank out by Bachellor's Row, which is falling away.

The Shaws all came down from Fourway to supper.

More Archie at eight-thirty.

Friday
September 1.
Clear and cool.

A day of last tidyings and checkings. Harry Ames came at about eleven and stayed to lunch, carrying R.G.A. off with him almost immediately afterward - and very sorry indeed we were to see him go. The Shaws came down from Fourway to both lunch and supper.

Saturday
September 2.
Clear and warmer.

R.M.D. was the first departure of a day of many sad goings and joyful arrivals. She left almost immediately after breakfast en route to Portland where she is to meet a friend and start on a brief motor trip.

The Shaws came down to lunch after which we had more Archie, and just as L.E.R. was finishing the chapter arrived:

J. R. Abbot Helen M. Abbot

followed shortly afterward by:

George E. Abbot Angelica Abbot

T.R. then left to catch the afternoon train to Boston. We are sorry to see him go, but we think that he may be able to use a little sleep.

In the evening there were several sailing excursions in the Bob-White, by the light of an enormous moon. Later we finished Archie, and wound up by J.R. read- two of Masefield's short stories: "The Western Isles" and "The Old Man and The Devil".

Sunday
September 3
"Smoky Sou'wester"
a good deal over-
cast.

The Chiefs decided against trying to have service, as we can muster so few voices. -- A tremendous Last Wash was sent off, and Linen listed in Nunnery and Infirmary. -- Lowell Goud went, in the morning, after a summer of fine work. (John Laselle left on Wednesday, so we now have Dick as sole Cookee. -- We had two of Ernest Cook's turkeys -- the flock that has so freely ranged the Scouting Field -- for d inner; muscular, but good. N.B. the turkeys are Ernest's first individual venture, on the farm; they are pernikcety things to raise, and he has done well to bring them through the year in such good shape.

Right after dinner J.R. and R.R. went with J.R.A. to Indian Point, to pick out the site of the proposed cottage there. -- G.E.A. and the Ladies Abbot took the Bob White for a last sail, and later she was put up for the winter. -- The Fourwayers moved down for the night. -- J.W.S. and E.S.T. drove to Mrs. Wallace's and elsewhere. -- In the evening L.E.R. read Ulysses -- very fine -- (she read the Kipling Envoy again, last night, for the Andoverians), and then The Sons of R.Rand (Arthur Colton); and E.S.T. read the Lost Blend.

Monday
September 4
Bright and Fair

First the C.A.S. (all but R.H.S.), then the W.D.T.jr. families started, soon after breakfast; both departures models of ease and promptness, we will say, but leaving a truly dreadful gap behind

them. -- Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, Warrie's Aunt and Uncle, with their David, came to lunch, and after a swim and a walk over the Scouting Field, took the G.E.A. family back to Cambridge with them, the J.R.A.'s departing for Boothbay at the same time; a merry tea party in the Rest House preceding both departures. -- But in the afternoon, to cheer and comfort us came Lawrence Terry.

A cosy evening, J.R. reading A. Colton's story, The Enemies. -- Later, we had the first beer ever had at Faculty Supper. A comfy sized roomful, for this after-season week; but how we miss Them that's awa'!

Tuesday
September 5,
Warm & Fair.

L.E.R. and R.R. drove to Waterville; where we found on the market, and brought home for supper, ten boxes of fresh raspberries, grown in a nearby garden; big, delicious ones, as fine as those of July. None of us have ever seen them here so late. -- J.R. and L.T. walked over for the mail, to Patsy's rapture, and after dinner L.T. and R.R. drove in to Gardiner, bringing back sword-fish for supper, and many vegetables from the Yellow House garden. -- Just before supper came the joyful arrivals:

Henry H. Richards
Julia C. Richards.
Henry H Richards, Jr
Anne Hallowell Richards
Hamilton Richards
Tolles Richards II res Y.C.R.
Tudor Richards
John Wiggins
Charles Wiggins 2nd

Wednesday,
September 6.
Warm and still.

The Wiggii, alack! departed after breakfast, for their last week at Deer Isle (J.W. is to begin work with the Draper Corporation, at Peacedale, R.I., on the 18th. -- J.R. and L.T. walked for the mail, and in the P.M., Kayaked and Singled respectively, the first round Oak and Pine, the latter round Oak alone. --

A more or less resting day. -- Little Jack not shy at all, but friendly with everyone; he is established with Billy's pen, crib, etc., and helps to keep us from missing that Perfect Being too much!

Began The Man With the Club Foot, a super-thriller, at evening reading. (A. Colton's A Visible Judgment, and Nausicaa, last night.)

Thursday,
September 7
Bright and Fair.

J.C.R.'s birthday. -- The Katahdin trip, Hal, Ham, Tudor and Bob, got off in fine form, at 6.30 A.M. on a perfect day. -- J.R. and L.T. circumnavigated Oak and Pine, in their respective crafts.

Friday
September 8
Beginning to cloud.

Three extra splashes, at early sunrise, first told us of the arrival, sometime in the night, of

John A. Ross
John W. Putnam
Thomas W. Rogers

A nice surprise. They have been Camping on the Grand Lakes, for ten days, with, they report, the Perfect Guide, and with Bill Ladd and Jimmy Putnam (who drove straight through to Boston). -- Soon after breakfast, the Indian Point Picnic started, the three remaining H.H.R.'s and J.R. in one car, L.T. and T.W.N. in the other. -- Johns, Putnam and Bross, started for Boston, by way of Oaklands, later in the morning.

Not too good a day for our mountaineers, or for Indian Point; thickening cloud, all day, and rain by night. The I.P. trip, however, proved a great success. -- Mrs. George Barstow came for lunch with the stay-at-homes. -- L.T. telephoned to Short Hills, after supper.

Saturday
September 9
Wind N.W. strong.

A queer day; hazy, with a furious northwester, blowing up just to full canoe test strength, all day; warm at first, then temperature falling fast. -- L.T. and T.W.N. left, after breakfast.

The Katahdiners came back last night in good form. They missed the fine views, finding clouds completely shut down when they reached the top of the mountain. -- The cereal, a main stay, had got left out of their outfit, so a slight tightening of the belt, as well as the thick weather, made the home trail seem good.

Began R.H. Davis's In The Fog, at evening reading.

Sunday,
September 10
Cold - 54°

A tremendous drop in temperature, and the same furious northwester blowing -- the Pond all bright warm green, in among the blue.

Blackberry picking (enough for the crowd, for three meals) by R.R. and A.H.R.; some bush-whacking by the Young Yents; a pleasant, sunny morning. -- Two more of Ernest Cook's turkeys for dinner.

The H.H.R.'s in to Oaklands in the P.M., to call.

Ernest Cook scrubbed the lower part of the kitchen porch wall. -- A huge last wash set out.

Finished In The Fog.

Monday
September 11,
Colder still - 49°

Brrr! And wind still blowing! Hard frost about South Gardiner, Pittston and Dresden, but Belgrade mostly escaped. -- Walter, Hugh and Charles Rowe began shuttering, and Ernest took in last two Rangeleys and R.R.'s Grayling.

The H.H.R.'s got off, a neat get-away, about 9:30 -- leaving us quite desolate.

Chests mostly packed, and further listings made. -- Ernest and John Cook moved the can of rubbish farther back, about thirty feet, so it can no lonver be seen from the road.

Tuesday,
September 12.
Warmer,
Bright & Fair.

Walter & Co. closed Fourway, and went on shuttering Downing St., Copley, Infirmary, etc. -- Packing and listing all day.

R.R. to call on Mrs. Wallace.

Wednesday,
September 13.
Bright & Fair.

The Grand Trek,
at 3.05.

Everything left in better shape than for several years: thanks to having Ernest work with Dickie, these last three days; but still more by the grand work put in by the W.D.T.'s before they left. -- Left quite a bit of food, J.R.'s warm sweater, Skipper's trousers, etc., for Walter and Ernest.

Mrs. Wallace and Minnie came to call.

Nothing untoward, save Patsy's actions. -- J.R. Farewell H.R. and Mabel: L.E.R., R.R., Charlotte and Patsy with Chas.; Dick with truck.

Auf wiedersehen.